PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY 1975 $1.25

GENTLEMEN KILLERS OF THE CIA BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

WHERE THE SPIES ARE: A PENTHOUSE MEMO TO SENATE CIA INVESTIGATORS

WICKED WANDA IS BACK!!!

EXCLUSIVE:
E. HOWARD HUNT
AN EXHAUSTIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE CIA SUPERSPY

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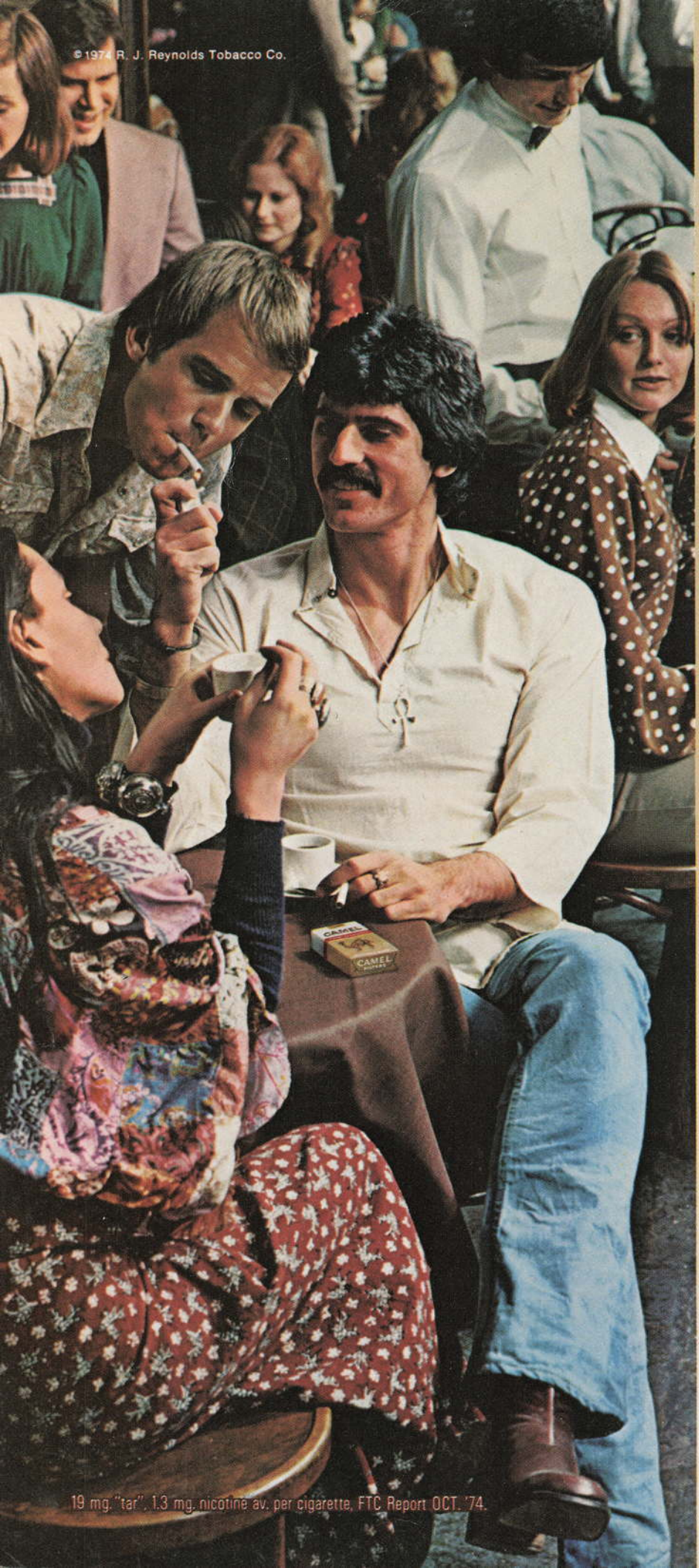

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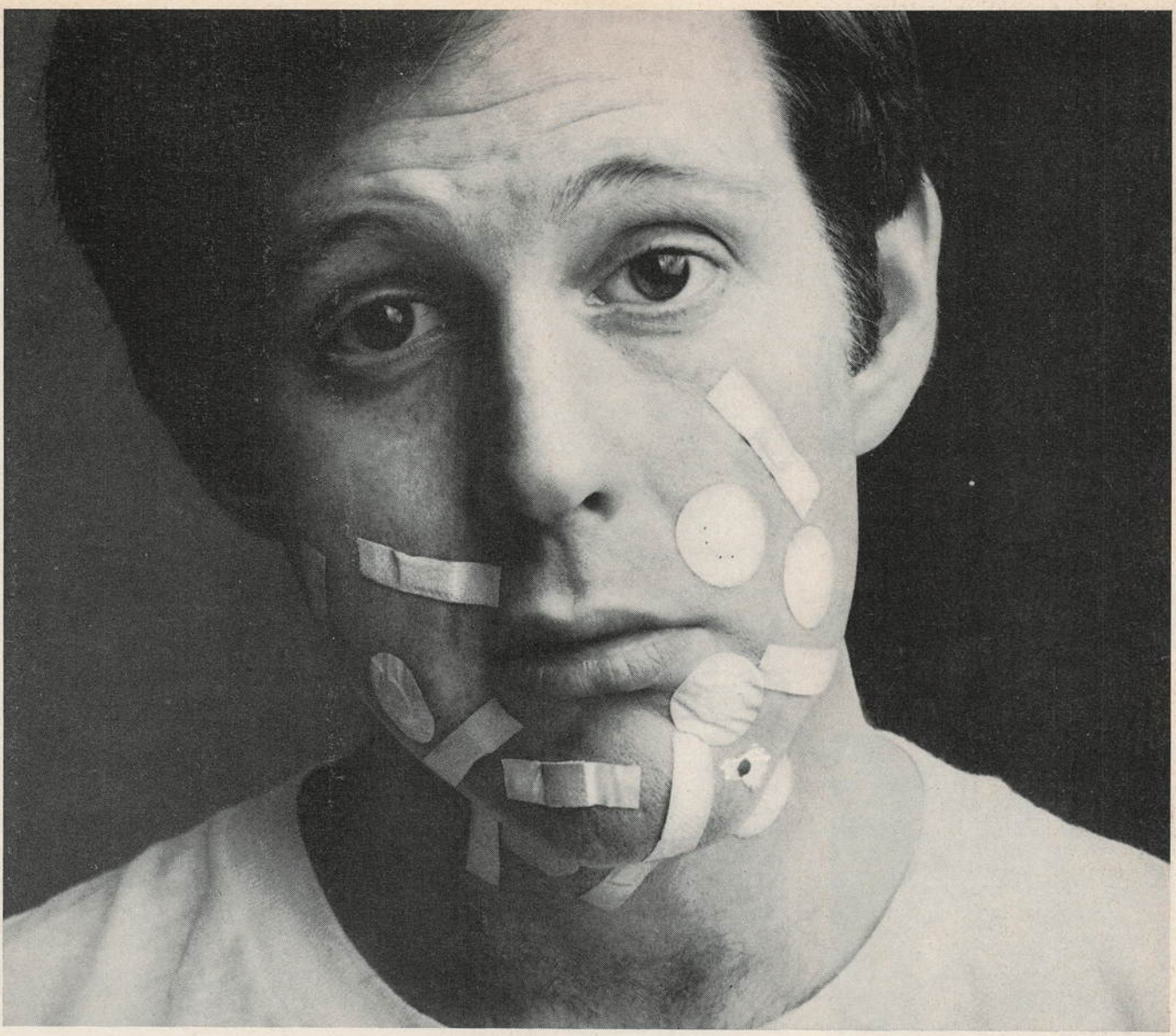

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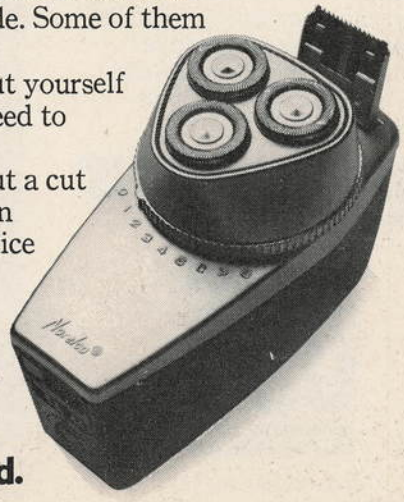

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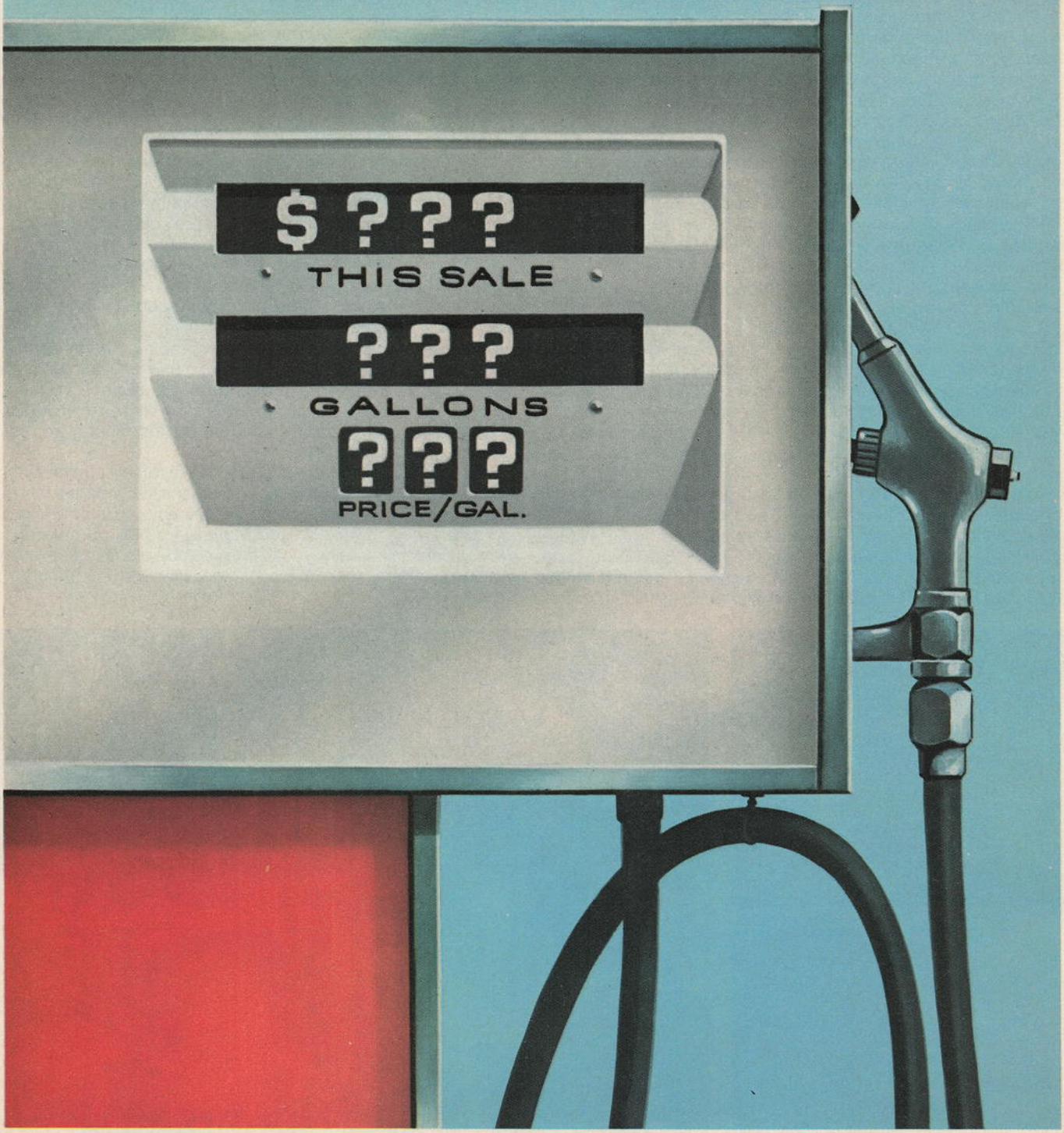

HOUSECALL

In the wake of Watergate, Americans have become totally disenchanted with certain federal institutions whose undercover activities were seldom questioned in the past. Prodded on by newspaper reports and the incredible revelations of murder and mayhem both at home and abroad by men like top CIA official Victor Marchetti (*Penthouse*, January 1975), many government committees are currently investigating the inner workings of the Central Intelligence Agency. Much of what the CIA has done—under the convenient cloak of national security—is now coming to light. But *Penthouse* feels that the CIA's activities represent only the tip of an iceberg, and that it is of vital interest to examine the entire sinister network of some nineteen overlapping agencies that make up this nation's intelligence community—organizations whose methods have often gone far beyond the limits and safeguards provided for and guaranteed under our Constitution.

To this end, we have assigned top investigative reporters to make their own independent inquiries and present their findings in a series of articles for *Penthouse*. And—as a guide to *his* investigation—we sent a memo to Senator Frank Church, chairman of the Senate CIA probe, telling him of ways to pierce the elaborate web of self-protection the CIA has carefully woven about itself. This memo, written by specialists who have spent years studying the CIA at first hand, is reproduced on pages 50 and 51.

Harrison E. Salisbury's shattering account of the hidden mechanisms and inner psychology of *The Gentlemen Killers of the CIA* is the first article in our series. According to Salisbury, a Pulitzer Prize-winning correspondent and retired associate editor of the *New York Times*, CIA operatives routinely subvert free elections in other countries, assassinate leaders, and overthrow unfriendly governments. Their allegiance to "The Company" is total. "Like the Mafia, the Agency is a true brotherhood," says Salisbury. "Members of the Company will do anything for each other—lie, cheat, subvert, bribe, corrupt, kill and kill again. If you are of the blood, the Company will care for you . . . except that in the clutch, alas, everyone is expendable."

E. Howard Hunt, however, was not considered expendable until after he left the CIA and went on to the less protected turf of White House espionage. Arrested in 1972 for masterminding the Watergate break-in, Hunt's subsequent demand for $132,000 in "hush money" broke the back of the Watergate case and left him a disillusioned and beaten man. In this month's exclusive *Penthouse* interview with **Ken Kelley**, Hunt reveals that his wounds are far from healed. "I've served eleven months in prison and I may serve more," he says. "I've lost my wife and I've certainly lost the way of life I knew and enjoyed and was dedicated to for many, many years. I've been humiliated, ridiculed—and lost a lot of what I now realize were so-called friends. And I wonder what further price I have to pay. If they want to see my blood running in the gutter, I'm sure that can be achieved too."

Another first this month is our new "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" page, a regular feature dedicated to helping the vets to help themselves. **Harvey A. Dennenberg**, the national commander of the American Indo-China Veterans Legion, advocates just that. Pointing to the success of Vietnam veterans in Connecticut, who lobbied for—and won—a 100 percent tuition waiver for vets in the state schools, Dennenberg suggests that the Vietnam vet should "get off his ass, get organized in his own state, and learn to deal with the state legislators." He adds, "It's not going to be easy, but we've proved it can be done."

In his sensitive story about a bunch of blue-collar characters from the wrong side of the tracks, National Magazine Fiction Award winner **William Kotzwinkle** demonstrates that you don't necessarily have to go through a war—and win—to learn about the Battle of Life. Kotzwinkle's kids in *Victory at North Antor* suffer a bitter defeat at the state basketball championships, only to score a resounding victory for the dignity of the individual in their classroom next day.

You could hardly call **K. C. Held** a Dead End Kid when he bares his all in *Confessions of a Teenage Sperm Donor*—a hilarious tale about making that rare kind of donation which is not only eminently pleasurable but profitable to boot. There's a catch, of course, but everything comes out all right in the end.

Bringing things to a head, **Ken Gouldthorpe**'s paean to *Beer: Class in a Glass* is required reading for those of you whose epicurean tastes lean to what some insensitive souls still insist on calling "suds." Gouldthorpe, a writer, bon vivant, and self-confessed sybarite who doubles as our managing editor, scorns such crass terminology as "unfitting for a brew of noble and ancient lineage" and espouses a return to imbibing beer and ale "with the same respect and ritual we usually reserve for other more potent and expensive beverages." We have the distinct impression that he knows whereof he speaks.

And speaking of imbibing, we hasten to raise a cup of our own to welcome back Wicked Wanda, who returns to our pages this month in a brand-new episode, fresh from the devious dreams and drawing board of her creators, **Fred Mullally** and **Ron Embleton**. With Wanda back in harness—so to speak—and old favorites like **Xaviera** and **Henry Morgan** on tap for the tasting, our cup runneth over. Prosit!

HARRISON E. SALISBURY

WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

FRED MULLALLY

KEN GOULDTHORPE

"Wind surfing the waves at Moorea is easy... if you happen to be a contortionist."

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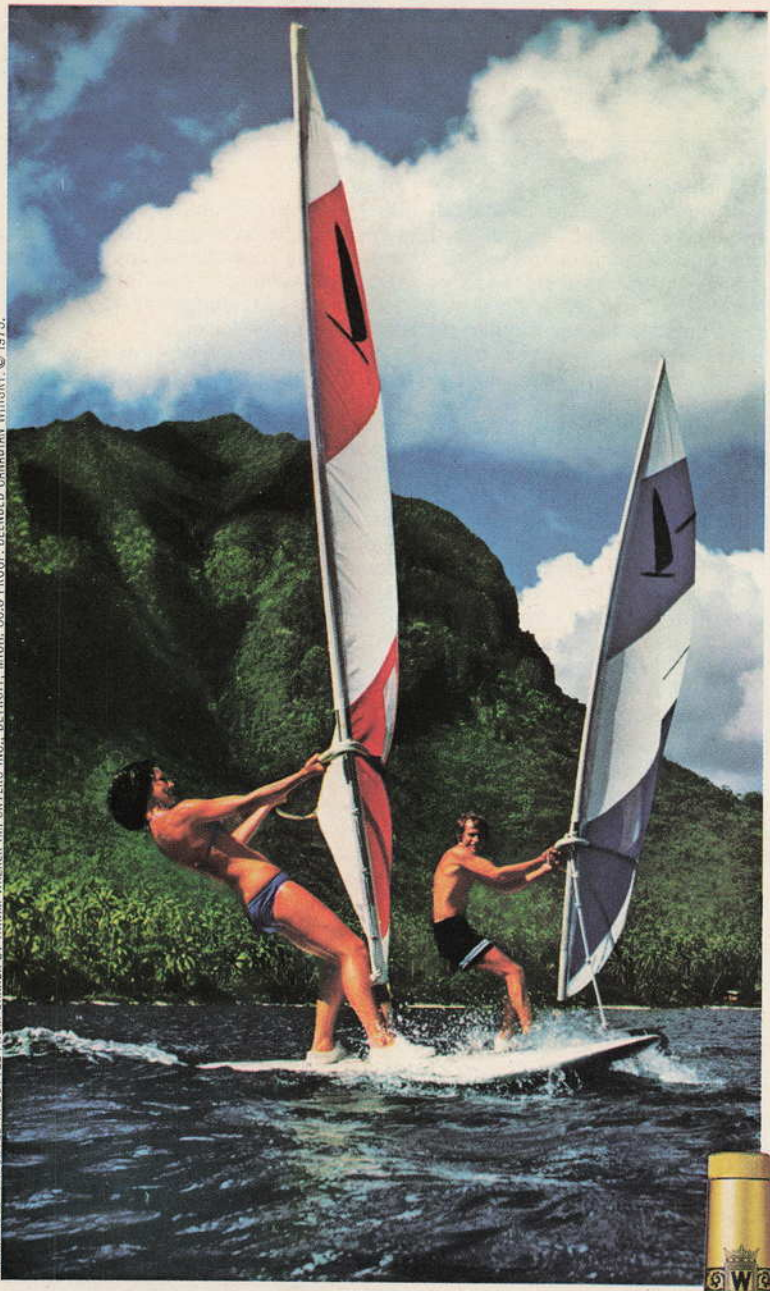

"In the Polynesian Pacific, the wind can be a devil. Because the breezes seem to blow from all directions. And when you're wind surfing... that means the wind keeps getting knocked out of your sails. So you have to be part tightrope walker, part acrobat and part contortionist.

"We were racing along feeling pretty cocky that we'd mastered the sport. Then, from out of nowhere, what seemed like a mini-hurricane struck...wiping us out. And two wind surfers suddenly became two deep-sea divers.

"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Bali Hai Hotel in Moorea."
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

A day without sunshine

I'm a traveling salesman and the tale I have to tell happened late one night in South Georgia. I had just stopped in for a quick cup of coffee and it so happened that the only person there was this blond waitress who must have had a 39" bust. I ordered coffee with cream; however, it turned out that they had run out of this much needed liquid.

Needless to say I was greatly angered, for coffee without cream is like a day without sunshine. But then, all of a sudden, she soothed my anger by releasing my bulging shaft from its narrow confinement, first placing it in her moist mouth and sucking on it, and then when she saw I was about to come she started to "cream" me off into my coffee cup.

To my astonishment when I added sugar it turned out to be quite a taste treat, much better than regular coffee. Now every morning I personally (or else the lucky young lady who has spent the night with me) put "cream" in my coffee. On special occasions I even throw in a little pussy juice. That really improves the flavor!—*Name withheld, North Carolina*

Autofellatio

In the ongoing discussion of the relationship of penis size to sexual gratification, one potential benefit to the well-hung male should be mentioned. If the cock is long enough, and the possessor limber enough, great pleasure can be found in giving yourself head.

The idea first came to me while exercising during a high school wrestling practice. Now I frequently suck myself off both alone and with my wife looking on as she masturbates. By lying on my back on the floor, and bracing my feet up over my head against a wall or bed behind me, I can get the head and about another inch or so of my cock into my mouth. At first the idea of swallowing my own semen was very distasteful, but now both the taste and the feeling are important parts of the entire experience. The swelling and stiffening of my cock, the anticipation of ejaculation, and the warm sensation of coming in my own mouth incredibly heighten the intensity of each and every one of my orgasms.

My cock is large, but not huge, about nine inches, so I am sure that other well-endowed men can enjoy this form of masturbation. After all, who could know better than yourself what feels good during a blow job? In fact, if you get really good at it, you can give your girl lessons. I hope this will introduce a new factor into the debate over the relationship between proportion and pleasure.—*Name and address withheld*

The Forum readers who claim to practice aural intercourse and autofellatio remind me of an appropriate old limerick:

There was a young man of Nantucket
Whose prick was so long he could suck it.
As he wiped off his chin,
He said with a grin,
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it!"

Seems like there's nothing new under the sun!
—*Pete Levett, Beverly, Mass.*

Pit stop

The *Penthouse* Forum devotes much attention to such subjects as enemas, sex with amputees, and other unconventional (by our Puritan society's standards) practices. But little mention has been made of underarm intercourse, otherwise known as armpit fucking.

Armpit fucking can be viewed as simply another facet of one's sexual repertoire, or as an alternative to regular screwing in instances of advanced pregnancy, or other circumstances where regular intercourse is either prohibited or undesirable.

During one of our regular intimate get-togethers my woman became very upset because an ovarian cyst gave her much discomfort during regular intercourse, and she failed to find satisfaction through oral sex. Someone once mentioned that the underarm is an erogenous zone, and, half in jest, we decided to try armpit fucking. Soon the idea of this type of sex gave me the largest and hardest erection of my life. Seeing my throbbing member, my woman sprang upon me with arms widespread, and trapped my love muscle under her arm. The caress of her soft breasts and erect nipples felt like heaven itself against my balls.

We would like to hear about the experiences of others who enjoy this highly erotic form of lovemaking, and urge those who have not tried it to give it a try.—*Name withheld, Lancaster, Pa.*

No fuss, take a bus

I would like to share with you an absolutely incredible experience that happened to me several months ago.

I am a twenty-six-year-old married female with a very strong sexual drive. This particular experience occurred while I was on a Greyhound bus bound for Scranton from Philadelphia. It seems that the bus began a very slow three-mile climb up a mountain towards the Lehigh tunnel. The bus began jerking in a very slow but rhythmical manner and I immediately became very excited. As the bus continued its journey up the mountain, I was finding it very difficult to maintain my composure—however, since there were forty-six other people on the bus, I really couldn't start screaming until we were entering the tunnel.

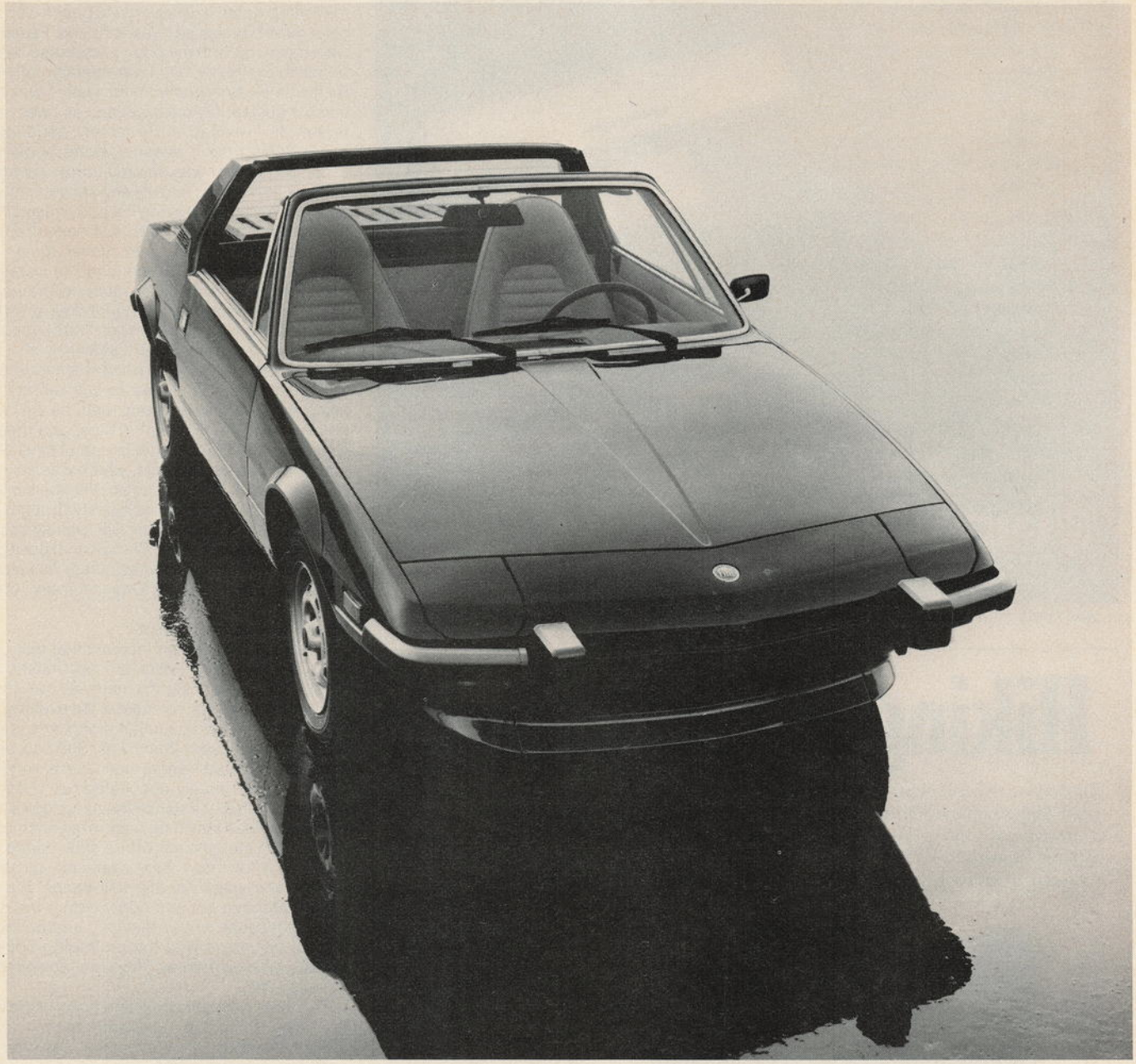
Finally, the opening of the tunnel loomed ahead, and as I reached an extremely intense orgasm, I could only scream very loudly, "Oh, what an exciting tunnel!"

I often wonder if any of your readers have had any similar experiences while riding in cars, boats, or planes.—*Name and address withheld*

Equus

Unfortunately my girl friend receives sexual gratification through masturbation via horseback riding. She is an avid rider, subsequently she doesn't need a man. This situation is very advantageous to her but not so to me. My problem is intensified by her verbalization of the fact that she likes horses better than men. The question is, how do I equal an equine without making a jackass of myself?—*Name withheld, Jacksonville, Ala.*

OUR SPORTS CAR CAME IN FIRST JUST STANDING STILL.



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Fun in the sun

I am a nineteen-year-old girl with an unusual sex drive. I just got back from Florida where I had a most unusual experience which I would like to share with you and your readers.

I was lying in the sun one day enjoying the feeling of the heat falling all over my body. I was beginning to feel hot, so I went to take a dip in the refreshing water. It was a private beach with a few other nude bathers, so I was not alone. Feeling the waves playing with my body and sliding over me began to excite me, and I was feeling really sexy. By the time I emerged from the water I was really horny. I got back to my towel and as I was drying myself off I noticed an extremely good-looking guy watching me. I became aware of his presence, and since I was already horny, I started to put on a little show. I slowly and sensuously started to dry myself off leaving my body naked. Finally I sat down on my towel, still naked, and the good-looking stranger came over to join me. Without saying a word he started to caress my body with expert strokes, as gently as the waves. I started moving my body to his strokes and slowly he went to my waiting clit—soon I was hypnotized by his expert tongue. I took his penis in my mouth and started to blow him (which I am terrific at).

Starting slowly, I started to quicken my pace using my tongue and hands, until he was at the point of orgasm, moving his hips, and moaning with pleasure. I quickly got on top of him, sliding him deep into my wet cunt, which was aching to be filled by his beautiful cock. With the sun beating down on our backs we quickly brought each other to a quivering orgasm. Completely satisfied I collapsed into his arms. We held that position for several minutes, and then as quietly as he came, he left.—*Name withheld, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

Which way to the egress?

I would like to relate an incident that took place when I was fifteen years old and attending a school dance. I went alone, horny as hell, hoping to pick someone up. For most of the evening I had been staring at this beautiful blond who couldn't have been any older than I was. She had beautiful, light, shoulder-length hair and a very short dress that just barely concealed her pussy. Towards the end of the dance the band took a break and announced they'd be back in ten minutes and would start the next set with a slow dance. That decided it for me. I went over and introduced myself, and asked for the next dance. We must have both been hot and horny before the dance started because when I playfully rubbed the outside of her dress with my protruding cock she looked at me as if to say, "My God, do something to satisfy me!"

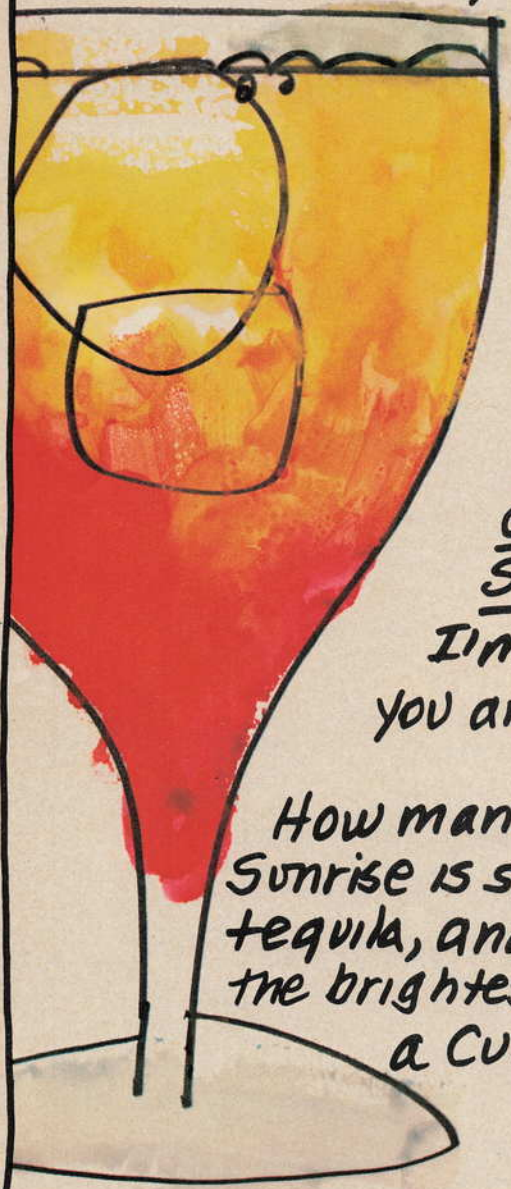
The room was quite dark and many of the dancers were locked in tight embraces. I looked around the room, saw everyone was into their partners, and decided to get into mine. Holding her ass with one hand I slipped the other under her dress and began to finger her. She was so wet and warm I came in my pants in about two minutes and she quickly followed.

A few minutes later the sponsors of the dance had a drawing for some records as promotional prizes. Everyone crowded around the front of the room. We both had our coats on and I was standing behind her holding her close, my cock rubbing her ass. Her coat was a maxi with a slit up the back and I kept rubbing her as the drawing went on. Suddenly I felt a hand gently unzip my pants and what happened in the next thirty seconds was pure ecstasy.

I entered her from behind—no one in the room (400 people) was aware of what was happening. She was even wetter and warmer than before.

The crowd cheered with the drawing of the grand prize and we both screamed as we came

Ethel, After years of waiting for the Sunrise, the light just dawned.



YOU!

It's clear that you're never going to learn that CUERVO MAKES THE SUNRISE. And that all I'm ever going to get from you are drinks that are a cloudy mess.

How many times have I explained that a Sunrise is simplicity itself? Orange juice, tequila, and a dollop of grenadine. And that the brightest Sunrise of all is the original... a Cuervo Sunrise.

Well, Ethel, I've got news. I've discovered Sonia. As a friend, Sonia has several advantages over you.
(1) She has her own apartment.
(2) She can whip up a perfect Sunrise at the drop of a hint. And now I know, if a friend doesn't know that Cuervo makes the Sunrise, you have to make a new friend. Like Sonia.

Alex

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BLACK VELVET
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
BLACK VELVET ® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80/86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY © 1975 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

together, our shouts of joy caught up in the crowd's cheering.—*S.T., Malvern, Pa.*

Tiny turn-ons . . .

I'm a fifteen-year-old boy about 5'3" and there is this dwarf at my school who really turns me on. What she lacks in height (she's close to 4') she makes up for with a terrific body. She has bigger tits than you expect on a girl her size. And the way her ass sticks out just drives me wild.

I would appreciate it if anyone who gets turned on by dwarfs would write in.—*Name and address withheld*

As fate would have it, Penthouse, *in its pursuit of truth, justice, and the American way, just happens to have two letters in our special preference file that are to the point—albeit it's a small point. See below.—Editor*

. . . small fry

I am a single guy who has been reading your magazine for as many years as you've been publishing it and I never had the nerve to write a letter to the Forum about where I'm at sexually. It's not that I'm shy—it's just that in all the letters you've printed in the Forum I've yet to read anything about people like me.

I am a midget—three-feet five-inches tall. There are probably a lot of men out there who wonder how we midgets get it on. Well, I can only tell you about *my* sexual experiences; I can't speak for all the other midgets across the country.

My first sexual encounter was in high school, when I was sixteen. The boys' phys-ed class was competing with the girls' and I competed one-on-one with a shapely, tall blond senior by the name of Kate. We matched our strength in everything from basketball to throwing a medicine ball. Kate was also receiving more than her share of harassment because of her partner, me.

On the way home from school that day Kate offered me a ride, probably to show me there were no hard feelings on her part. But there *were* "hard" feelings on my part . . . Kate was one piece of ass. We talked and laughed about our respective differences in height (Kate was 5'9" and I was only 3'1"), and then suddenly Kate grabbed my crotch and started to rub it.

I laughed as Kate unzipped my fly and let go with an incredible gasp when she freed my rather large dong. I told her to pull over to the side of the road and climb into the backseat. She did and started to remove her clothes at the same time. When I turned around to face her, her legs were spread wide open revealing the juiciest honey pot I'd ever seen. I literally jumped on her, aiming my throbbing stinger into her love nest.

Kate was incredibly impressed by my sexual prowess. For months we'd meet secretly at night and I'd titillate Kate in all sorts of new and different ways. We continued our activities through the summer, meeting in dark alleys or out-of-town bars, until the day she left for college and I joined a traveling circus. Even now, years later, I still remember Kate's last words to me as she boarded the train that would take her out of my life forever. "Eugene," she said, "I shall never forget the big kicks I got from you. You're a big person in my book." And in one sense I am a *big* man and many women know it.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . big guy

I would like to relate a *little* incident that occurred just a few days ago. First, let me say I'm a self-employed traveling salesman and make my living by knocking on doors and peddling my wares. Obviously I meet a lot of women in my line of work—especially housewives, and some of them *very* horny housewives.

Two days ago while passing through Delaware I had a very unusual experience—I was seduced by a midget. I've been on the road for a long time but never in the past seven years have I come face to waist, so to speak, with a midget—until the other day. When she first came to the door I thought she was probably a kid, but before I asked her to get her mother I looked down at her half-exposed boobs hanging out of her bathrobe and said to myself, a kid this isn't. She was probably in her late twenties and must have had 34C boobs which for a woman her size was almost unbelievable.

Looking down at those creamy, full globes gave me an immediate hard-on, which was particularly embarrassing because my stiffening cock was just about at her eye level. When she invited me into the living room the bulge in my pants was staring her right in the face. We sat down opposite each other and as she started to comb out her wet hair I sat gaping at her two delicious boobs. I was getting hard again—and then to make matters worse she "accidentally" dropped her comb and, bending over to pick it up, wriggled herself in such a way that one tit slipped out of her robe entirely. My eyes riveted to a dark brown nipple the size of a silver dollar. I must have stopped in mid-sentence because she raised her head to look at me—lifting her other boob out of her robe—and said, "You were saying?" I just looked at those two beautifully formed knockers pressing together on the outside of her little robe and told her that she had two of the most beautiful boobs I had ever seen. Then smiling, she stood up, and with both her hands took her breasts completely out of the robe and held them there in front of her. She started squeezing her nipples and paddled across the room holding her luscious tits in front of her like an offering. She was no bigger than the chair I was sitting on and

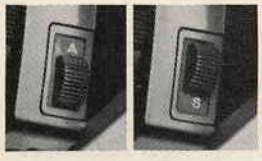
The toughest thing about 35mm photography is deciding which camera to buy.

If you're confused about 35mm single-lens reflex cameras, it's no wonder. There are all kinds of cameras, all kinds of prices, and all kinds of features and accessories.

Maybe we can help clear the air.

Metering systems: spot or averaging?

Spot meters are best for some kinds of lighting situations, while averaging meters are best for others. So to get the most value in a camera, narrow your choices to the ones that offer *both* metering systems.



The Creative Switch.

The Mamiya/Sekor DSX 500 and DSX 1000 incorporate both spot and averaging meters in one camera. And the exclusive Creative Switch lets you pick the right system for each shot. It's located up front under the lens where it's handy. As you look through the viewfinder, an arrow

tells you which system you're using. So instead of just taking photographs, the Creative Switch helps you create them.

Lenses and accessories to grow with.

Whatever camera you pick, make sure it has a variety of lenses and accessories available. Mamiya/Sekor offers a wide range of interchangeable lenses—from a 21mm super wide-angle to an 800mm telephoto. Plus a variety of accessories so you can build your own system as your photographic skills and interests grow.

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Price is only one aspect in selecting a camera. You'll find there are features you won't want to do without. Mamiya/Sekor has a price/value story that's hard to beat.

We have a quality story, too, and a two-year warranty. If there's a defect in parts or workmanship the first two years, we'll fix it free.

Sound like we're talking your language? Then see your dealer or write for more information.

For the complete story on Mamiya/Sekor SLR cameras, write: Len LaBonar, Bell & Howell Company, Dept. PH-52 2201 W. Howard, Evanston, Illinois 60202

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MAY

yet I was hotter than hell.

As she stood there in front of me she dropped her tits and with her tiny hands she reached inside of my zipper and released my aching erection. Her hand was so small that it didn't even go all the way around my cock and when she started to jack me off her touch was so light I couldn't believe it. Then she began to give me a grand blow job with her tiny tongue—but all I wanted to do was get into her tight little oven so I picked her up and put her on my lap. Once there she wrapped her little legs around my waist and tucked me into the warmest, wettest, and tightest cunt I had ever dipped into. She started bouncing up and down on my stick so quickly I thought the suction and warmth was going to kill me—and to top the whole thing off I had her two huge breasts bouncing up and down against my stomach.

Just before I was about to come she climbed off and whispered into my ear to stand up. All I wanted to do was fuck the hell out of her but she had already gotten off and was standing in front of me again. As I stood up she unbuckled my pants and quickly sent them to the floor. Then she put my cock in her little mouth and reached around to the back of my thighs and started to gently tug and squeeze my balls. Her mouth was just about the height of my cock and her tits were pressing against my legs. She was working on my prick with her pint-sized tongue and started brushing her erect nipples across my thighs. I got hotter and hotter and when I started to come she flicked her tongue a hundred times a minute over the tip of my cock and then squeezed my balls making me shoot off like I never have before. I just about collapsed into the chair behind me in total exhaustion.

After a short breather I started to regain some of my strength. I pulled up my pants and with my head still spinning I started to leave. But as I picked up my suitcase and headed for the door I heard a little voice behind me call out, "Hey, you." When I turned around my little lady just winked at me and said, "Good things come in little packages, don't they?"

They sure do!—*B.W., Trenton, N.J.*

Protruding proboscis

After years of reading "men's" magazines it was with great enthusiasm that I mailed in my first year's subscription to *Penthouse*. Every month I thrill to the sight of those juicy twat-shots. What's more, *Penthouse* provides enlightening sexual advice and the erotic sensualism of Oh, Wicked Wanda.

It's no small wonder then, after reading *Aural sex* (October 1974), that I must tell the story of my own passionate adventure.

Jacky, my chick, is endowed, not only with an extremely large pair of gazoobies, but with a proboscis to match. (One can see up her nostrils while standing a foot above her.) This appeared to be a flaw in her appearance until that fateful day.

I was tit-fucking her when, as a result of a particularly healthy thrust, I went sliding into her right nostril. The sensation was unbelievable and almost immediately I blew a load (nearly knocking off her head).

She was stunned momentarily, but seconds later had a series of orgasms that must have equalled the San Francisco earthquake in intensity on the Richter scale.

Soon afterwards I received a thorough dick-sucking that culminated with the placing of my throbbing wazoo in her left nostril and tossing what seemed like a quart of jism into her sinuses.

Since that day we have included Jacky's nose in the majority of our lovemaking which has been improved 100 percent. Jacky can finally breathe, for her sinuses which have bothered her for years are now completely clear (a hell of a lot cheaper than Vicks Sinex).—*J.Y., State College, Pa.*

Pet comment

Is it possible to fall in love with an ass? This is, it seems, what has happened to me. And through a photo yet. It is Jennifer's rear-end picture on page 57 of your January 1975 issue. At age sixty-three you can tell I am an ass man from way back. But I remember only one, belonging to my great, late love, a twenty-three-year-old Chinese miniature Venus of perfect proportions, that is a match to Jennifer's. She has that rare quality of thighs slightly separated at the crotch, rising like columns and leaving a haunting, beckoning gap, with gorgeous pubic curls offering a fleeting promise of her waiting, pouting lips. Jennifer is enchanting all around (although I go for the petite like my heartbreakingly beautiful Chinese Venus) and she has a face of character to boot. But her ass, her buttocks . . . oh! Full, pneumatic, succulent round globes, rising high and away to perfection, a total curve of infinite sexual expanse, with a deep cleft richly offering an eternity of touch and exploration. If that makes me a male chauvinist pig, a dirty old man—so be it. If making love is a form of prayer then I have made these perfect buttocks my altar of worship.—*Name and address withheld*

Your *Penthouse* Pet for January brought to mind, with an eery familiarity, another girl I once knew with the same resplendent beauty. She was a scintillating star shining on an otherwise starless morning, and even though I'm sure our girls can't be the same, it was nice of you to refurbish my memories with such a stunning likeness. I can still remember the yellow MGB, filter-tip doobies, drinking champagne from a paper bag, stoned trips to LA airport, the fear of running out of gas, and later walking down the street singing "Love Potion No. 9" in near-perfect harmony.

Thank you, gentlemen, for letting me hear those voices again and for helping me recollect those wonderful days of having empty pockets but full hearts—days when a sassy-assed little girl with dreams of an artistic nirvana sang "Summertime" at the Palomino Club on talent night. Thank you for offering me the chance for some soulful ruminating on pleasures of the past.—*Mark Weronko, Atascadero, Calif.*

What gives? Surely not the ladies you so lovingly show each month! I mean the looks on some of their faces! Enough to dishearten a female lover like me. Why, in most of the shots they look like they're on the verge of falling asleep. Why don't they smile? Dentures? Cavities? Surely not bad breath!

Ah, a smile on a lovely lady's face! What a truly lovely and ofttimes erotic thing it can be.

Take Miss Juliet Morris for example. In the January 75 issue she was shown in seventeen photographs. She only smiled in four of these pictures. With a face as cute as hers I should think you would have her smile in almost every shot. What joy I feel when I see a beautiful smile on a beautiful girl's face. Crazy? Perhaps, but I'm sure I'm not alone when I say that the female mouth is often the most sexy part of a woman's body!

Can a vagina nibble on your ear? You say wait, what about firm, full, bouncing boobs? Nice, granted. But I've never gotten a blow job from a pair of tits!

No gentlemen, a smile can radiate more beauty and love than imaginable. A smile is an expression unmatched by any other. So please, let's see these pretty babes with big, broad smiles. Smiles that will fill everyone with love instead of giving us

Rare taste. Either you have it. Or you don't.

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RARE
SCOTCH

Yes, the whiskies in J & B are rare indeed. But the essence of J & B Rare Scotch is in our uncompromising quest for perfection. For more than 100 years, no one has ever matched the rare taste of J & B. And never will. That's why J & B has it. And always will.

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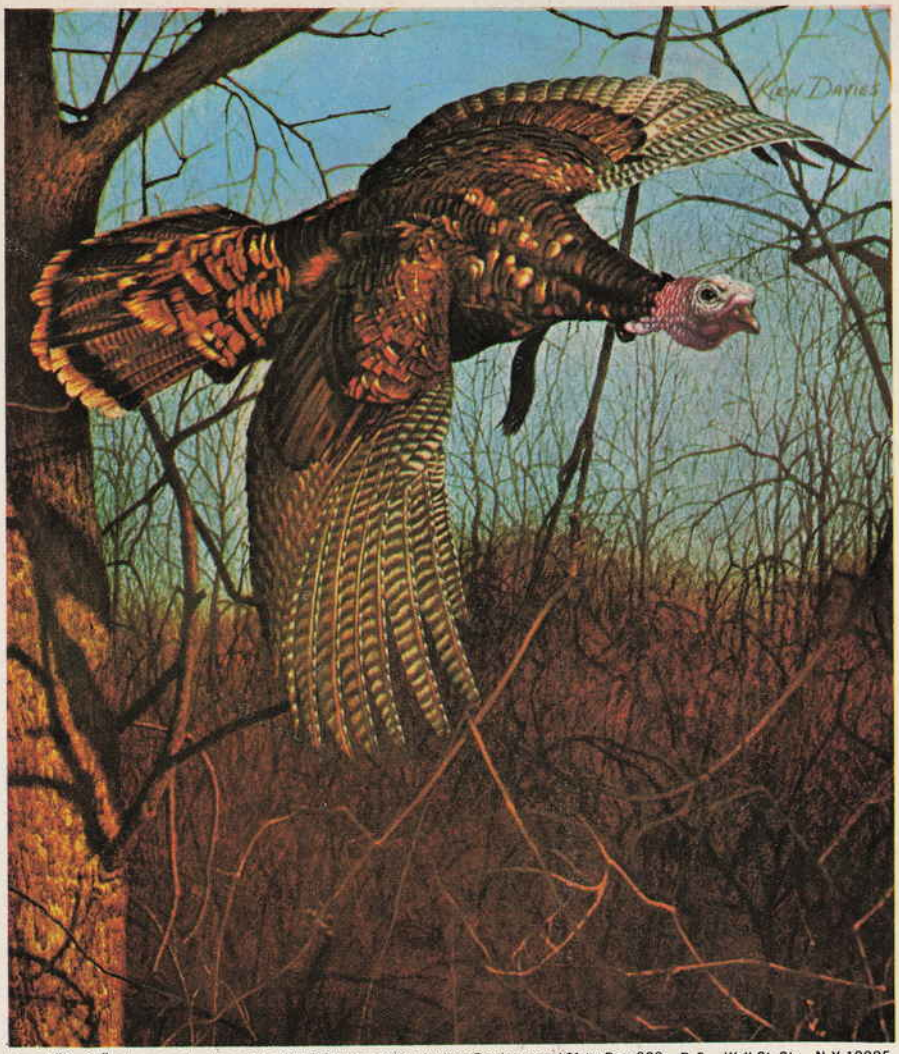
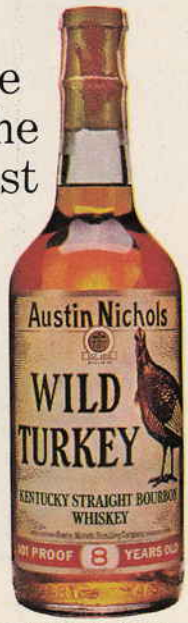


For 19" by 21" color reproduction of the Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, send $1 to Box 929- P-5, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005.

Wild Turkey Lore:

The keenness of sight of the Wild Turkey is legendary among woodsmen. Because of the position of its eyes, the bird can detect the slightest motion in a circumference of 300 degrees.

It seems fitting that the name of America's greatest native bird is also the name of America's greatest native whiskey– Wild Turkey Bourbon.



WILD TURKEY/ 101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.
Austin Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

the impression that the girls really couldn't care less if they're getting the pictures taken.—*K.S., Garden City, N.Y.*

Pet stats . . .

I now have in my possession sixteen issues of *Penthouse*. I recently spent hours gathering some statistics from these magazines. The particular issues I have examined range from March 1973 to January 1975.

Of the 528 pictures featuring female subjects, 303 showed some pubic hair. This gives you a 57.4 percent pubic-hair index (PHI). Not bad. Some of your competition may be outstripping that figure, but it's still quality that counts.

Of these expertly handled crotch shots, thirty-one showed some pink skin or other definite delineation of the female genitalia. (Of course, this area is subject to individual interpretation; I was conservative in my categorization.) This yields a labial efficiency rating (LER) of 5.9 percent. Here, your competition can't touch you. And since almost all of these have appeared in the last ten issues, there is a definite improving trend.

Your most impressive issue was November 1974, with twenty-six out of thirty-six photos featuring pubic hair, a PHI of 72.2 percent, led by five of the "pink" pix for an LER of 13.9 percent. Your top single pictorial essay appeared (you guessed it) in the July 1974 issue. Here Barbie Lewis was kind enough to offer us three views of her luscious labial lips, a sizzling 16.7 percent LER, and a total of fifteen glimpses of her cunt, a ball-curdling PHI of 83.3 percent. Love it!

Statistically, there is one problem area. There are fifty-six female models in the issues I own. Of these, one is Indonesian, one of half-African descent, and the rest white. Only 3.4 percent of your pictures were of nonwhite women. Now I would never foist quotas on you, but please realize that you are an "international" magazine. There are many types of women in the world other than white Anglos. This age-race homogeneity gets to be a drag. Variety is the spice of life, don't you agree? —*R.S., Southfield, Mich.*

The pickup . . .
victories

After years of experimenting with various sexual techniques I have finally developed an approach for getting laid that has *never* failed me. I am not the "spruced-up" great-lover type, nor do I possess wealth. This technique has worked on the super Pet and Playmate types right down to the Plain Janes. This is how it works: When you are out in the course of an evening you prime your date by making sure she has a good time—thus putting her in an agreeable mood. This makes it easier for her to oblige you when it's time to go to your pad, whatever your line may be (books, art, records, etc.). When you are in the process of explaining your hobbies or whatever, talk seriously about it and once in a while slip her a little kiss on the cheek to loosen her up. Then you spring it on her.

Excuse yourself for a moment and go into another room. Strip completely naked and walk back out again. Naturally your date is surprised, but after a few gazes at your body she loves it. Yes, stubborn ones come along once in a while but they've always surrendered to a few soft, passionate kisses—later they usually admit it was guilt feelings holding them back. But surprisingly enough this little ruse has never offended any girl I've ever been out with. Of course you must use this technique with grace and style. You can't look like a tackle going after a quarterback. I've shared this concept with my friends and they've enthusiastically assured me of their successes. I know that some letters to *Penthouse* are pure fantasy

Now you can put the most advanced idea in 4-channel sound right in the dash of your car.

Introducing the Panasonic CQ-999. A *discrete* 4-channel tape player plus FM/AM/FM stereo radio for your car. In a unit that doesn't look added on (see photo).

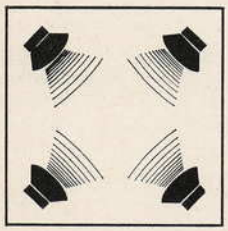
The Panasonic CQ-999. Plays discrete 4-channel tapes, regular 8-track cartridges, plus FM/AM/FM stereo radio.

The advantages of "discrete"

First a little background on 4-channel sound systems for cars.

There's an "almost" 4-channel sound system (some people refer to it as *matrix*). And there's a *true* 4-channel sound system called *discrete*.

With the matrix system, live music is picked up on 2 channels, recorded on 2 channels, then split into 4 channels for playback. You get sound from 4 speakers. But the sound is a *mixture*. Some of the music meant for the front speakers comes from the rear speakers. And some of the music meant for the rear speakers comes from the front.



Discrete 4-channel sound. Four independent speaker signals surround you with pure, "live concert" sound.

That's where a *discrete* 4-channel system (like our CQ-999) has the advantage. Live music is picked up on 4 channels, recorded on 4 channels, and played back on 4 channels. Everything's kept separate. So your speakers play only the music you were meant to hear. Result: big, full "live concert" sound.

"Unnecessary" features

The CQ-999 (like other Panasonic car stereos) gives you engineering features some manufacturers think you don't need.

- "Shock absorbers." We call them "vertical head movement." Our system for keeping the magnetic head from jiggling into the wrong channel when your car hits a bump.
- "De-wobblers." Instead of the usual one or two roller guides to keep tape cartridges from wobbling, Panasonic engineers insist on three. To help your tape stay where it should be. And help you get big, full sound.
- A "revver-upper." It makes our motor turn faster than the motors on some other manufacturers' sets. Result: less wow and flutter.

More than 25 models

Besides the CQ-999, Panasonic offers a wide choice of ways to put stereo sound in your car. 8-track cartridge players. Cassette units. In-dash. Under-dash. With radios. And without. You name it, and Panasonic probably has the exact unit you have in mind.

There's even a complete line of Panasonic car stereo speakers to choose from.

Check your Yellow Pages for the name of your nearest Panasonic car stereo dealer. Or if you prefer, write us: Panasonic Car Stereo, 200 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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This may be the last book on sex you will ever need!

BEYOND SEX THERAPY

A MANUAL FOR DISCOVERING
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BY MARTIN SHEPARD, M.D.

"You don't have to look anywhere except inside yourself to find all the erotic know-how for total sexual happiness," is the message of Dr. Martin Shepard, famous "maverick psychiatrist" and author. Using clinical experience and the intimate revelations of his own life, he shows the way to sexual self-confidence and how to tap the reservoir of sensual pleasure that exists inside each one of us.

BEYOND SEX THERAPY is a personal revelation that could change your whole awareness of sex.

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Also, send for our free Book Society Catalog.

but this technique has worked for me with over *fifty* different women. In the past I've tried the more conventional ways like making out on the bed or sofa fully clothed and working from there—but it just didn't work. So I suggest to your readers, try it—all it takes is the guts to do it.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . and defeats

After reading your magazine every month, the first place I turn to is your Forum section. Each month, I sit down to carefully study the letters which appear, and in seconds, tears come to my eyes.

As a junior in college, there are young women all around me but none who want to have sexual relations with me, and this fact always causes me to weep uncontrollably. Don't get me wrong, I use a mouthwash, take a bath every day, and keep my hair combed, so you can see my problem is not a physical one. After having several conferences with myself in which I acted the double role of psychiatrist and patient, I have come to the conclusion that my sex life is nil because I am a natural born klutz. I offer the following experience to prove my point because it is the most recent.

A week or so ago, I finally got the nerve to ask this beautiful chick out. I figured things could not get any worse so I just acted on impulse and asked her to be my date for the basketball game that night. As we entered the gym, everyone seemed to be blinded by my smile—I was that happy to have her at my side. We took our seats and as the game progressed, I figured "what the hell" and inched my right hand over her knee. She made no motion to resist. In fact, she didn't even blink an eye. I began to wonder if she had passed away on me so I slowly and very gently began to inch my way up her leg. I knew my destination and I could almost taste it. She turned to me and smiling asked, "You did say you had an apartment, didn't you?" I nodded. Before I knew what was happening, we had left the game and were en route to my apartment.

I was plenty scared to say the least. We finally arrived and went inside. In moments we were on the couch and I was fondling her breasts. It was like a dream! For once in my life, I was thinking positively. I took her hand in mine and led her into the bedroom and in one quick motion, I was upon her. Suddenly, the phone rang. I didn't want to answer it, but something deep within me seemed to pull me toward it. It rang again. I tried to resist but I couldn't. I got up and as I rushed for the phone I slipped head over heels in some grape juice I had spilled earlier. Unfortunately, I fell forward and almost crushed my erect penis. I grabbed my wound and rolled in pain. She quickly came into the room. Seeing me in such a predicament, I thought she would be sympathetic and try to ease the pain. Instead, she began to laugh hysterically. Somehow in all the madness, I managed to say, "It's not funny," which made her laugh that much harder. She did an about-face, returned to the bedroom where she hurriedly dressed. I had managed to scramble to my feet when she came back into the room. "I'm sorry," she said, "you're so clumsy you might just give me VD." I decided to let the bitch go because I could not perform even if I wanted to. When she had closed the door on her way out, I stumbled into the bathroom for a wet cloth where I sat for an hour consoling my injured penis as well as my pride.

As you have guessed by now, I am still a virgin. I would certainly like to break this curse. Perhaps some successful moments in the sack with a female would at least begin to convince me that there is a cure for klutzness. Somewhere there's one female in this world who is willing to help. As I search, I also hope to continue my writing, for it is

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only with pen and paper. . . . Hell this is silly, I guess I'll just go to bed. I'll lay you ten to one odds that I fall out sometime during the night.—*C.C., Carrollton, Ga.*

Pain and pleasure

It seems that in recent months there has been an increase in the number of letters in the Forum concerning women punishing their husbands. As most readers can see, this so-called punishment is more often than not very much enjoyed by the woman's husband or lover.

Our particular game goes like this: First, my wife forces me to accept an enema. She strips me naked and from this point on I am no longer allowed to stand. I must follow her on my knees throughout the house, and eventually into the bathroom. Here I receive two or three total "cleansings" with a special mentholated soap which, my wife says, "cleans even the pubic hairs down to the roots." This soap has a special burning effect that usually causes an erection in me that's difficult to describe. It's the first real "pain" that I receive in my humiliation but, surprisingly, it makes me so horny I'm ready to attack my wife right then and there. However, nothing doing.

At this point the humiliation really begins. My wife next takes a piece of special surgical rubber and slips it over the head of my very hard cock. Then, she ties a small noose around my cock with a long cord attached and proceeds to lead me down the long hallway to the bedroom, where the "punishment" really takes place.

Upon my arrival in the bedroom my wife positions me spreadeagled on the bed and ties my feet to the tops of the bedposts at the foot of the bed, so that my anus is a bit off the bed, and so that my legs are spread to their widest extent. Then, when she feels I have been securely bound, she leaves me there, "to think about it for a while."

Every time she comes up with something different, but the most mind-blowing experience I've ever had in this situation was when she came back to the room with her second favorite plaything, a dildo which is only six inches long, but three inches thick. As she entered the room, she held the back end of the dildo in her mouth and was spreading baby oil over the entire length of it with her hand. She was, of course, completely naked. She mounted the bed and straddled my face, her ass directly above my mouth. Helpless, I lay panting as she spread her ass cheeks and lowered her pink asshole onto my mouth. She never said a word; I licked her anus violently as she fingered her clitoris. Finally, she leaned forward and, with the dildo still in her mouth, began coating my own anus with the baby oil. Then, ever so slowly, the dildo began probing my anus. It was still in her mouth as my asshole was stretched almost beyond the outer limits. However, as it began to disappear into me, the sensations began to be excruciatingly pleasant, and then her lips were touching me. It was unlike anything I'd ever felt before. She slowly ran her tongue over and around my aching balls, slipped the elastic band off the head of my cock, and swallowed spurt after spurt of the most unbelievable orgasm I'd ever had in my life.—*Name and address withheld*

I am twenty-nine, five-foot eight inches tall, 140 pounds, 38C-26-36, and would like to offer a different view to some of the *Pain and pleasure* comments.

When I have done something that displeases my husband he has a terrific way of reprimanding me. He removes my sweater and bra, then he puts kitchen hot-pot gloves on my hands. He tapes the gloves behind my back so that my hands and arms are useless. Then with cotton balls and tape

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he covers my eyes so I cannot see. A pair of stereo headphones are taped over my ears so I cannot remove them. He plays some sexy music, but not loud enough to make me uncomfortable. Then I sit in a soft chair while he phones some men at the plant. In about thirty minutes they arrive.

I am led into our den still wearing my skirt, panty hose, and panties. The headphones are plugged into an outlet in the den and all I can hear is soft sexy music. The men in the room begin to undress me slowly and tenderly. They caress all parts of my body and I get turned on like a runaway diesel engine. This goes on for about one hour. Then I'm made to kneel on a soft cushion and each man sticks his dick into my mouth. First I lick it all over, then suck the head gently. When I feel him trying to get deeper, I start taking in as much as I can and sucking like wild. Soon as he comes I swallow it and receive a shot of bourbon with a half shot of cola. The next man does the same thing, and each in turn gets his rocks off and I start getting loaded.

My hands are untaped from behind my back, but the hot-pot gloves stay taped on. I lay down on some cushions, spread my legs, and now it's their turn. Each one tongues my pussy in his own special way until I come. Believe me, soft sexy music, tender caresses, booze, and French love make you come and come and come. My muscles tense up and relax so many times that I lose count. I am allowed to control their heads with my hands, but the gloves prevent me from scratching the men with my nails. Their wives would never understand how they got marks on their backs at work!

While I'm resting on the cushions the men leave and my husband takes over. He removes the blindfold and I can see he is as hard as a rock —far harder than he would be if only he and I had done these things. He makes me do the same things to him that I did to the others, and he does the same things to me. He removes the headphones and gloves and we fuck like two newlyweds for as long as we can.

So, to those girls who believe in whips, beatings, bondage, scalding water, enemas, etc., I say you're fucked up. And to the men who want to get the same treatment, I say you are not men, but sick little boys. I challenge you to try it our way sometime, and see if you don't get turned on more than ever before.—*Name and address withheld*

Enemas . . .

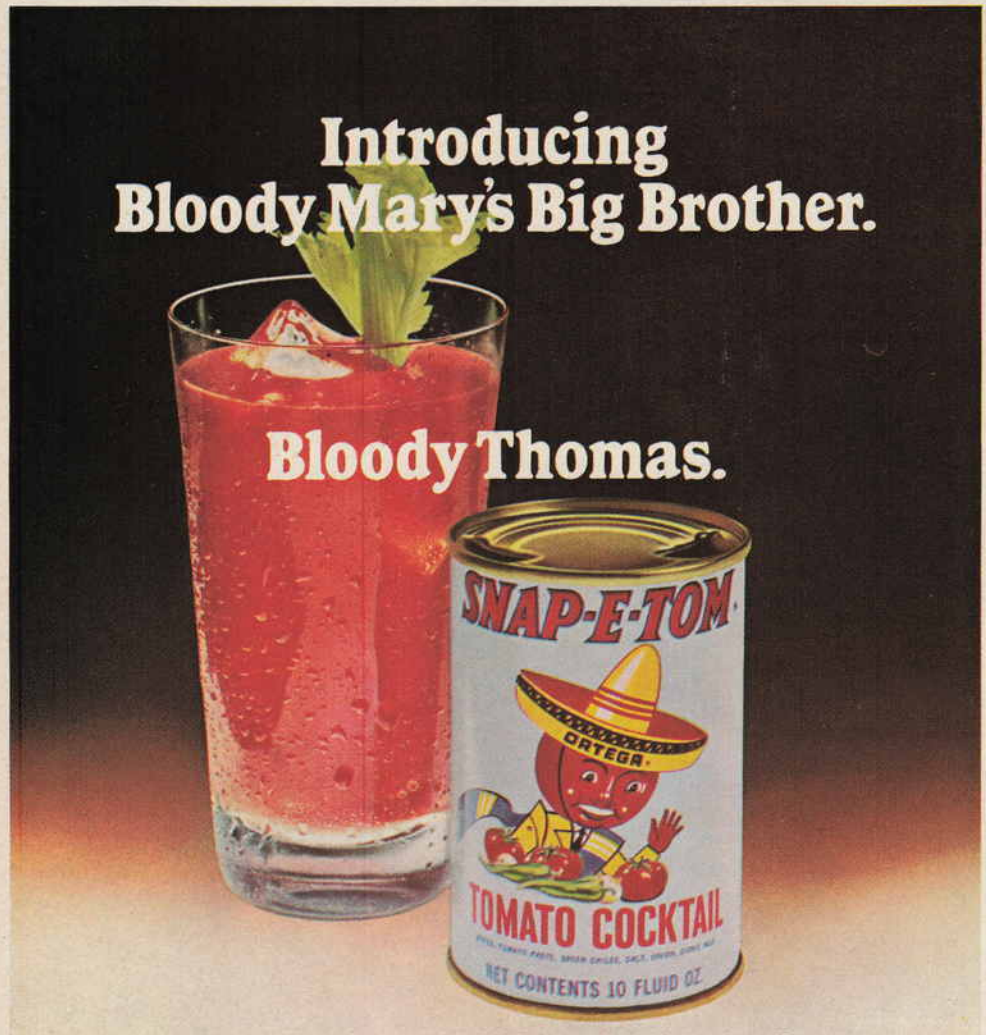
I have been reading your magazine since March 1974 and I am pleased to find that there are other enema buffs in this world. I have used enemas since I was a teenager, sneaking them whenever my parents were away.

Recently I've been dating a couple of registered nurses who quite conveniently are roommates who work different shifts. The last few months, a red enema bag has been hanging from their bathroom door and I would always get turned on every time I went to the bathroom. The thought of my girl friend using it on herself really made me hard, but I never had the nerve to discuss it with her. Last week, after being away for two weeks, I went to my girl's apartment and let myself in with my key. The stereo was playing loudly, and I went to the kitchen, and then to the bedroom. Lying on the bed, nude except for her bra, with her back to me was the roommate. A red enema hose was inserted between her buttocks and she was rocking gently back and forth. I stood in the doorway watching her for several minutes until she turned around and saw me—and as she did I also saw she had a vibrator inserted in her vagina.

We were both speechless for an eternity, then she pulled a sheet over herself. But soon she had to get up to empty herself of the enema. When she came back she was wearing a housecoat and sheepishly apologized. We started talking about her "act" and I expressed my infatuation with enemas and how I always wanted to administer one to a girl. This really turned her on and she volunteered to be my patient. I was so hot, my penis was bulging in my trousers. I picked up the enema bag and went to the bathroom and filled it with warm water. I hung the bag and sat on the bed while she lay across my lap. I coated the black nozzle heavily with Vaseline and lubricated her anus. I gently inserted the nozzle and opened the clamp; she immediately started moaning softly and rocking as the warm water entered her bowels. I massaged her buttocks and thighs until I was so turned on I couldn't stand it. I rolled her on her side and lay on the bed parallel to her. I spread her legs and began to perform cunnilingus on her. She went completely wild and must have experienced eight to ten orgasms within a five-minute period.

We were interrupted because she had to expel her second enema, but when she returned, I reinserted the nozzle. Again I began to eat her and gently slide the nozzle in and out of her anus. As I did this she inserted a lubricated middle finger into my ass and I immediately had an explosive climax.

Since that Saturday evening she has switched shifts with my girl friend on Mondays and Tuesdays, saying she had things to do in the evenings. On those two evenings, I have given her seven enemas, she has given me four. I want to break up with my girl and start going with her. I enjoy our secret enema sessions and have plans to call in sick at work, just to spend the day with her and her red enema bag, until my other girl gets home.—*E.M., Norristown, Pa.*



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Clothes encounter

In the February Forum a thirty-eight-year-old gal from Ontario, Canada, who worked in a men's clothing store wanted to know if any others have had experiences similar to hers. Here is mine:

I had been going to this store for some time and the same gal, about twenty-eight years old, always rushed to wait on me.

One day when I bought shorts she asked me how large my penis was and I told her about 8¾ inches hard. Later on when I bought slacks she measured me and had her hands over my ass and legs. As she brushed one of my balls she said I had better come back later for another fitting. I went back about two hours later, and she took me to a room and said to call her in when I removed my old pants.

I called her in and she started feeling my prick, which was getting hard. Then she said, "I need to be shown the 8¾ inches you say you have there." She removed my shorts, then she had me unbutton her blouse. She wasn't wearing a bra, and a pair of 36-inch tits stuck out at me. She got on her knees and started sucking my prick. When she was done she asked me to please come in at least twice a week—and I still do.—*Name withheld, Oakland, Calif.*

Just an average guy

I am an avid reader of your magazine who enjoys both the contemporary prose and the stimulating photography. The first section I turn to every time regardless is the Forum.

For a long time I have wished to relate my experiences to this magazine, but was held back by the fact that I am only a high school senior. Although a great many of us senior boys read your magazine, I'm pretty sure that few have had the experiences I have.

To most of my friends, male and female, I am just an average guy. I get smashed on weekends like everybody else, and I have had the normal amount of relationships, too. But, I have also partaken in some of the most titillating experiences imaginable. Recently, for example, I had the urge to do something daring and dangerous. So one day as I was sitting on the john, I realized I could really shock the girls of my school by exposing myself out the window of the bathroom.

Outside the window was a grassy enclosure where several dozen nubile freshmen, sophomore, and junior girls were sitting. The very idea gave me an incredible erection. Wasting no time, I got out of the stall, ran to the window, wrenched it open, and thrust my quivering pole outside. For several seconds there was no reaction; then suddenly I heard the girls whispering to each other and a general hubbub ensued. Soon the girls who weren't outright disgusted by my now eight-inch member came closer to the window, shouting to me to stop, and identify myself. This really excited me and I came almost immediately. The girls ran as a shower of hot semen cascaded over them. After I had finished ejaculating, I pulled up my pants, left the bathroom and hurried into a study hall. When classes changed, I looked for the girls coming in, and saw shiny semen stains on several girls' blouses.—*R.G., Glendale, Wisc.*

Can't get no sat-is-fact-ion

I am sure that many of your readers have encountered the problem of boredom on the job. I was suffering from that affliction myself until one day a few weeks ago when I quite definitely got a lot of job satisfaction.

I was bored that day as usual, so I went down to the office library to read some magazines. When I got there I met one of the secretaries whom I know (and have lusted after). I began talking to her. We were quite alone among the shelves, and so I

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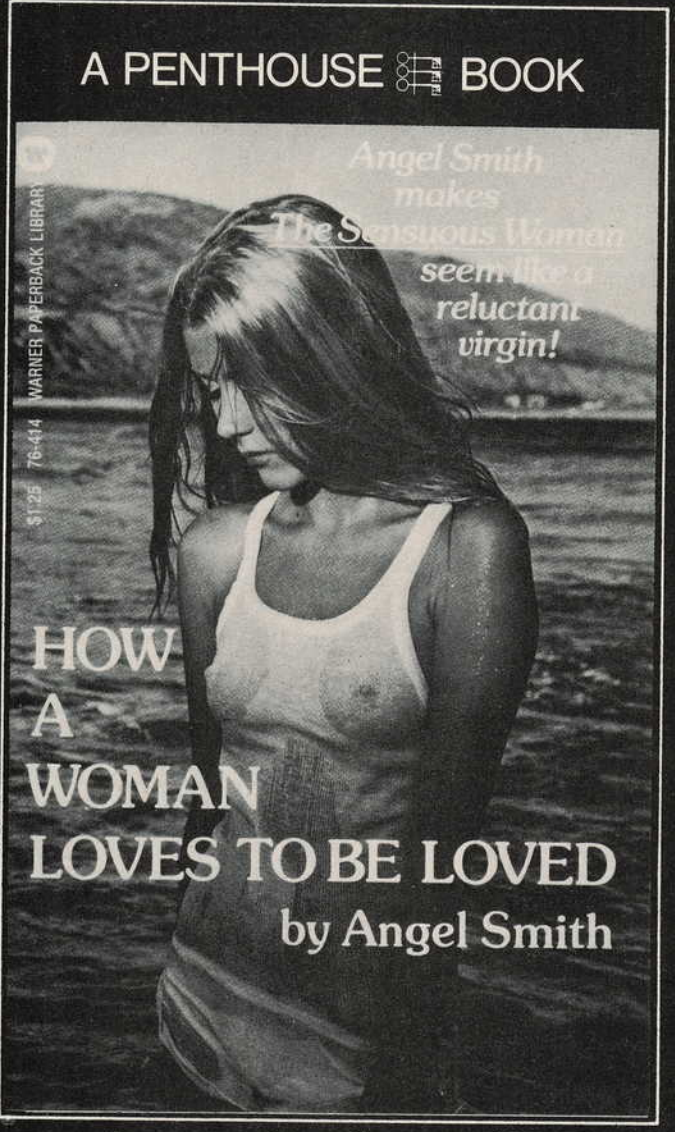
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began joking that we might take advantage of the situation to have a little fun. We laughed about the idea for a while and then I slyly bent over and kissed her on the mouth. Well, that was all it took!

She responded without hesitation. Before I knew it, I was kissing her and feeling her up like a ravished teenager. I couldn't stop! She was just as turned on, and not afraid to show it either, because after a while she unzipped my pants. She pulled them down to my knees and began giving me a great blow job! Up and down my dick she went, sucking and licking like a kid with a popsicle. My cock felt so good! The whole time she was doing this her blouse was pulled up above her tits, and her dress was up over her waist. I kept thinking about her warm cunt, and how I would like to shove my penis in it and fuck, fuck, fuck!—which is exactly what I did. We fucked fantastically on the floor of the company library, using back issues of *Business Week* for a pillow. We went slowly at first, then faster and faster, until finally we were thrashing and fucking wildly on the floor!

I wish I could say since then we have had many such encounters in various parts of the office, but such is not the case. We were discovered right at the moment of orgasm by the company librarian, Ms. Matilda Jones (that's not her real name). Ms. Jones reported our "shocking and repugnant behavior" to the company president, Mr. Stanley Quigly (not his real name). Needless to say the old asshole fired me.

Now that may not sound like much of a happy ending, but it is really, because my office fuck was so great that I don't regret for a minute what happened. I urge workers all over the country to enjoy the thrill of sex at work! I know that I will again as soon as I get another job.—*B.K., address withheld*

Monopede mania

I have developed into an avid reader of the "Monopede mania" letters and am happy to see that a publication is so aware of the disabled! My own experience may be of interest to some people, but regardless—keep up the good work!

I am twenty-three years old, fairly attractive, and confined to a wheel chair. Due to a birth defect I have short, clubbed hands and rather unusually formed flipper-feet attached to my hips.

One day this past summer I had some trouble with my air conditioner and a young man came to repair it. While I noticed his uneasiness, I also noticed a very large erection under his uniform! While he worked, I changed into shorts and halter to see what would happen, expecting the usual distaste due to my deformity.

He seemed to be very aware of my hands but when he saw my feet, he almost split his zipper! I pressed the issue by offering him a cool drink and when he reached over to get it, I touched his thigh with my toes and he almost came right then and there. We made drinks and I continued to massage his erection but couldn't reach it too well so I asked him to help me onto the couch and undress me. He undressed and lay next to me and I went to work on him.

We enjoyed some wild intercourse and it has now worked up to several times a week. I've asked him why he seems to get extreme pleasure from touching my toes with his organ and why his greatest pleasure seems to be having me jerk him off with my feet. He has never given me a direct answer to my question but I'm not complaining. We have a great relationship going and I'm not about to ruin it!

It may be strange to some people to get sexual satisfaction from a missing limb, etc., but if it works for you, why not? This is the first time I have ever gotten any satisfaction out of being a cripple but people must remember that although some of us are deformed in some way, we are all basic people with basic needs.—*Name withheld, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

"Yes, but is it art?"

I have been reading *Penthouse* for a year now. I am currently a student at an eastern college and I would like to relate a bizarre sexual encounter I had two years ago. It was the most beautiful and sensual event of my entire life.

Ever since I was a young boy I have been attracted to girls with one leg. In my senior year of high school there was just such a girl. Her name was Alice. She was tall and had the most gorgeous breasts I had ever seen. Alice also had only one leg. I had never gotten a chance to talk with her until the class picnic. She was sitting all alone at a bench near the far end of the lake. Immediately, she appealed to me. I walked over to her and sat down.

As I sat down I caught a glimpse of her bare stump protruding from her red plaid skirt. I was quite aroused and felt a bulge grow in my pants. I talked with her for what seemed like hours and asked her if I could have a date. She hesitated for a moment and then replied that I should come over to her house because her parents would be out.

That night I arrived promptly at her house and rang the doorbell. She answered the door and to my amazement was now wearing her artificial leg. I was very disappointed. I told her that I would rather see her without it. She sat down on the sofa and carefully removed her artificial leg and with revealing her bare stump which once more excited me so much that I almost came in my pants.

She sensed my arousal. Without a word, she slowly started to undress and I followed her example. I knew the absence of her leg would be a problem so I gently picked her up and carried her to the kitchen. There I rested her upon the kitchen sink while she slowly rubbed her stump against my balls. I couldn't stand it any longer. My throbbing erection was driving me to a point where I could no longer control myself.

I drove my cock into her and she gave out a great gasp. I sucked on her nipples while lovingly stroking her bare stump. I had never known such pleasure in my life before. I came and with her shudders I knew that she was also reaching her orgasm. After she came I lowered her to the floor and we laid there together for a while. Her stump once again started to arouse me, and I rubbed my cock against it until I came once more.

I shall never forget Alice. On midterm break I went back to my hometown. I wanted very much to see her again, but she wasn't living at the same address anymore. I'm still trying to locate her. I hope if she reads this she'll try and get in touch with me.—*Name withheld, Pennsylvania*

Over the bounding main

Reading letters to Forum has stirred childhood memories within me. One summer stands out in particular. A buddy and I had wrangled jobs in Mexico working on fishing boats and part of our job was to watch over fishermen's wives (make sure they were comfortable, give them drinks, etc.).

One particular trip this rich dude with a really stacked wife hired our boat for the day. His wife was about thirty, had auburn hair, blue-green eyes, fantastic tits, and a good ass. When our eyes first met I knew I had my work cut out for me. I was eighteen then, handsome, slim, well hung, and horny. So the best part of my morning was spent trying to figure a way to get her alone. Not coming up with any answers I just had to wait for the best opportunity.

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Later in the day we hit marlin and the rich cat hooked up. We had a battle going, and he had been fighting the fish for about an hour when the wind came up. The boat was getting rocky and his wife was getting seasick, so her old man yelled at her to get below—and then he yelled at me to help her. As I helped her down the ships ladder I could see that she was getting pretty sick but that didn't stop her from rubbing her tits on me. At the bottom of the ladder she moaned, "I want you," and all I could do was groan, "me too." We stood there rocking back and forth, kissing and clawing at each other. All of a sudden I could feel her stomach muscles contracting and I knew she was about to barf. I guided her into the head which really wasn't meant for two people and as she leaned over the john to barf I undid her jeans to help relieve some of the pressure on her stomach.

As my hands brushed her panties and bush she moaned back at me, "Fuck me." I slipped off her panties and pants to her ankles. Then I dropped my pants and penetrated her very wet pussy with my very hard eight-inch cock. She groaned, "Oh, my God." I held on to her slender hips and started fucking her doggy style as she leaned farther over the john. It was fantastic.

The rocking of the boat and our rhythm was giving us both unexpected pleasure. The sea was getting rougher. She got sicker and I got hornier.

The fuck was incredible but as I was about to climax she started vomiting. At first I was put off but when I felt her muscles contracting and she started undulating her wet pussy I had one of the best climaxes of my young life. She finished with a finale of heaving and coming at the same time and as she did her tightened vagina felt like it was lined with satin. I came as I never had before and had to repress a scream of pleasure. Oh yes, her husband tipped me $50.00.—*F.H., Seal Beach, Calif.*

'Tis the season to be jolly

I wish to relate an experience I'm certain few of your readers have even approximated. Indeed, before this sexual windfall I was convinced that the letters in Forum were mere vicarious voyages composed by snickering, confabulating charlatans for horny adolescents with *Penthouse* in one hand, their genitals in the other, and a wary ear against the bathroom door.

A friend and I, both students at South Dakota State University, were in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for the Christmas holidays. Unfortunately, the pursuit of yuletide cheer had gnawed at our travelling funds like some thieving mouse. Lacking the necessary cheese, we found ourselves hitching back to school. Midway through Ohio we were treated to much more than our thumbs had bargained for. Two average looking girls in an average looking Volkswagen invited us to what they described as an average party. Many thoughts, mostly libidinous, raced through our smoke-dazed minds. Taxing our logical faculties to the fullest we reasoned that if the rest of the evening was as good as their Columbian grass, we were in line for a red-pecker treat.

It wasn't long before we realized an "average" party meant only the four of us—unless you counted their cocker spaniel, Daniel. Two more quick joints preceeded a few cocktails and after that it was all "cocktrails." By the time I had realized my friend had split to another room with one of the chicks, the one beside me had her painted fingernails planted in my pubic hairs like M&M's in an Easter basket. If Christmas finances had taught me nothing else, I'd learned it was better to receive than give, so I let her hunt for whatever eggs she might find.

After a few minutes of routine sucking, she must have noticed (as I had) my erection was sagging lower than Daniel's ears. With athletic aplomb she spun across the length of the couch using my cock as a pivot. This brought me face-to-lace, as it were, with her dripping, thinly veiled vagina. She never relinquished her suction on my reestablished erection and I felt obliged to entertain the juicy portal I had recently uncovered. As my tongue darted along the slotted line, her aperture grew in liquid ferocity until—to my unprecedented surprise—her vagina was covering nearly two thirds of my face! For some inordinate amount of time I was literally breathless—my entire nose, mouth, and the greater part of my cheeks and chin immersed in that churning chasm. My hard-on waned no more, but pumped steaming streams of unmitigated pleasure. Our subsequent post-dinner dive might have been even more fulfilling, however a loud knocking on the bolted front door hastened our anticlimactic climaxes. The parents of my priapic companion were shocked by our presence. The girls feigned innocence and we were escorted unceremoniously to the door. With nary a good-night kiss we walked the two lonely miles to the main highway. To those daughters of delight we "extend" our appreciation.—*E.P., Brookings, S. Dak.*

"You know what I like about you, Ronald? In an age when almost anything is acceptable, you still manage to be perverted."

Fun with Forum

My girl friend and I are avid readers of your magazine. We especially enjoy reading the Forum section. The articles have been extremely sensuous and arousing, so much so that we have had a hard time deciding what to try next. Our solution to this problem is one that we wish to share with other *Penthouse* aficionados.

We start by cutting out each individual letter to the Forum. The letters are then placed in a large envelope. Before our nightly activities, we then pick a letter at random, read it, and proceed to reenact the situations described in the letter. The only hesitation either of us has is when we have to go out to buy special equipment, as some gadgets described in the letters are not ordinary household items.—*Name and address withheld*

Far-out family

I can't hold off any longer from telling about my most delightful sexual experience. I'm twenty-one and engaged to be married in the summer. Recently my fiancée left with her parents for a job interview in New York, leaving behind her three sisters—ages twenty-three, nineteen, and sixteen.

I decided to go up for a visit the first night they were gone and the three sisters were sitting around playing the stereo and drinking wine. I sat down on the shag rug just to relax and kill some time. The nineteen year old (I'll call her Gail) was getting ready to go out on a date. After she left, Nancy (sixteen) went up to her room to get out of her "school clothes." So there I was enjoying the company of Sheila, who's an absolutely beautiful woman, 5'10", 132 lbs., 35-24-36. She had taken a shower before I arrived and had nothing on other than a provocatively short bathrobe.

After a few more drinks, Sheila kiddingly said that I must be awfully lonely. As she did, she shifted her position on the rug to an Indian-like sitting position, exposing her luscious pubic hairs. I was ready to dive in head first. I told her I was lonely but I'd just have to wait a couple more days. "Why wait?" she said, and as she did she fell back, straightened her long legs, and showed me a spread you wouldn't believe. I really didn't know if I should, but I kneeled over her and she grabbed my pants, undid my belt, downed my zipper, and started rubbing my cock. Then she sat up just enough so I could reach her robe to unbutton it, exposing the brownest, fluffiest nipples I've ever seen.

Before I knew it she was guiding my stiff cock

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into her warm, wet honey pot. She wrapped those legs around me like she'd never let me leave. We were both moaning and groaning, and she told me she was ready to come. I'd held off as long as I could, and finally shot a fantastic load of hot sperm into her luscious cunt. We both went wild!

When we finished we realized Nancy had been watching the whole thing. With a big grin on her face she said it wasn't fair and she was going to tell on us. I told her to come down and I'd make it fair. She had on light green shortie pajamas that exposed her cute little tits and ripe nipples. I greeted her at the bottom step, and stripped down right in front of her. She watched me and responded by pulling her shortie over her head. She still had an amazing tan, and I went wild checking out the outline of her white areas. Sheila had passed out, so I carried Nancy over to a big pillow, propped up her adorable little ass, and ate out the sweetest tasting cunny I can remember. What a treat! She had a really wet come, and then returned the favor by sucking me off. When I shot my load in her mouth, she went wild. She pulled me on top of her and made me fuck her until she came again! She was a little tight being only sixteen, but she had all the moves, and enjoyed every inch of it.

Somehow we managed to get dressed before Gail came home. (She just wouldn't understand!) These are the kind of in-laws I've always dreamed about. I can't wait for the good ol' family reunions!—*Name and address withheld*

No biz like show biz

I would like to share my experience with *Penthouse* readers and hope that those who have had similar experiences will write about them.

I am nineteen and have worked at a local theater for over a year. One night recently I was filling in for the ticket girl who was sick. After we had been open awhile the manager's wife, who I might add is quite attractive for her forty-one years, came out to the ticket booth to remove some of the night's receipts. As she was leaving she "accidentally" dropped the cash box, spilling change all over the floor. I started to help her pick it up but she told me to forget it. As she was collecting the money from the floor her body, especially her large breasts, kept rubbing against my legs. This caused me to get an erection which I'm sure was quite obvious to her. She then began stroking the inside of my legs with her hands.

After this she unzipped my trousers, took out my erection and began to stroke and kiss it. I was still trying to sell tickets to the customers wondering if anyone could see what was going on below the counter. She tongued me for about ten minutes whereupon I had one of the strongest orgasms I have ever had. She then told me she had wanted to do that for a long time.

Since that night we've made love in many parts of the theater while at work. Once she even masturbated me in the projection room while her husband was preparing the projector. He never even knew it. I think every man should have an older woman. They're terrific!—*Name withheld, Tacoma, Wash.*

Gift of a lifetime

I am a twenty-three-year-old bachelor who received a very unusual Christmas gift this past December. I jokingly suggested to a lady friend that she arrange for me to have a different bed partner one evening. To my delightful surprise she did it! She conducted all the business arrangements; conditions were agreed upon by all three of us—such as a strictly one-night-stand basis, a time limit, the "gift's" wish that her last name not be known by me, etc.

When the night to exchange gifts arrived, imagine my delight when my gift turned out to be a very

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Scirocco. A hot new car from Volkswagen. Scirocco is as fast and powerful as the desert wind it's named after. Scirocco packs a gutsy 1.5-liter engine. And mounts it transversely in front over the drive wheels to give better traction. Overhead cam design makes for a sporty feel, a good torque range, and enough power to sprint from 0 to 50 in 7.5 seconds. Scirocco handles like nothing you've ever driven before. Its front-wheel drive and progressive rack-and-pinion steering make it exceedingly maneuverable, with sharp steering response and good neutral cornering ability. Scirocco virtually leaps to do your bidding at a touch.

And Scirocco rides like nothing you've ever ridden before. The front suspension has coil-spring/shock absorber struts with progressive action. But it's the rear stabilizer axle that's really new. It consists of two independent trailing arms joined at the front pivot points by a transverse T-bar. The T-bar's flexibility under torsional stress allows each arm to move independently of the other while maintaining tracking stability. The result is true four-wheel independent suspension with great roadability on tight curves and rough surfaces.

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THE HOT ONE

attractive, miniskirted young lady. Believe me, the next two hours provided me with the most memorable Christmas gift I've ever received or expect to receive.

This is the perfect gift for the man who has everything, but who hasn't *had* everything!—*A.L., Garner, N.C.*

Whore corps

It all happened a year ago when I was a junior in high school. I was on the basketball team, we had just won an evening game with Laurel Highlands High School. A little later I was leaving the gym when one of the cheerleaders asked for a ride. There was no way I could refuse, after all she was the toughest chick in school. As we were driving home Jackie (the cheerleader) kept edging closer to me. I didn't know what she wanted and was to embarrassed to ask. After I had turned the corner to go to her house she told me that her folks weren't home, which gave me an idea of my own. As we went into the house she told me to sit down on the couch and make myself comfortable while she got out of her uniform. Minutes later she called me upstairs and when I came into the room she was lying on the bed naked. I felt a slight stiffness below the belt. Then she said, "What are you waiting for?" So I turned out the lights and took my clothes off. She grabbed me by the cock and started jackin' me off and then, using two hands, she guided my swollen dick into her warm and moist pussy. I sucked on her rosy red knockers and I thought I'd never make it through the night.

But as I was leaving her house later that night she asked me for twenty bucks for services. I told her that the cheerleaders were called the Whore Corps, but I hadn't believed it until then.—*T.S., California, Pa.*

Where eagles dare

I was greatly intrigued by the letter in the January *Penthouse* from the college girl who had fucked in the library. I, too, am turned on by the idea of sex in a public place and my girl friend and I have tried it a few times. We try to exercise a certain amount of caution—after all, we don't want to get arrested—but sometimes we get carried away. Also, the possibility of being discovered adds an element of excitement.

One time last summer I was at her apartment while her daughter was there. We didn't want to have sex in front of her so we went out for a walk. It was about 10:00 p.m. and there was no moon so, except for streetlights, it was pretty dark. In a short time my hands were inside her blouse and on her breasts. Then I slipped my hand inside her slacks and played with her pussy for a while. She unzipped my pants and took out my penis, fondled it for a few minutes, and then knelt and went down on me while I played with her breasts some more.

Pretty soon we both wanted more so she pulled off her pants and lay down on the ground and we fucked. She started to come almost as soon as I entered her and I wasn't far behind. When we had finished we started towards home and as we rounded the corner of the building we almost ran into one of her neighbors, a person who would have told everyone in the building if she had seen what had happened. It was a narrow escape but that just added to the thrill.—*Name and address withheld*

Toeing the line

I am a male in my twenties, and ever since I can remember have always been attracted to a well-shaped female foot when it is clad in a nylon stocking. It may sound strange but this is on the level. When I was in elementary school there was a teacher of mine who would change her shoes at the close of the day. I would always try to walk up to her and ask her a question at this time so I could look at her stockinged feet as she was changing shoes. In junior high school, as well as high school, I would enjoy catching a glimpse of the girls changing into their boots during the winter season at the school day's end.

Above all during the summertime when I am walking downtown there is an abundance of opened-toed sandals. Don't misunderstand me—I really dig a good figure and a pretty face. However, for me, there is a great sexual appeal in looking at a well-shaped female foot with pretty painted nails, topped off by sheer hosiery.

At times when I do see such a gorgeous foot I daydream of how I would caress it with my hands and tongue. Finally I confess that upon purchasing your magazine my hopes are high in each issue for a picture of a nylon-stockinged foot.—*Name and address withheld*

I would like to go on the record as another reader requesting you do a feature on feet. Although most of your readers do not have the special appreciation of feet that I do, I'm sure almost all would enjoy a pictorial on the subject. Especially the foot men in your audience—because to us feet are right up there with breasts.

One of the greatest turn-ons I ever get is when I see a beautiful chick going barefoot. If her feet are tanned, it means she goes barefoot a lot. I particularly like it when she's unshod in a setting that generally requires shoes—such as in a store, or walking downtown. To any other guy, it would be tantamount to seeing a topless chick in public, something I don't mind either.

Before we make love, my girl friend and I always go for a barefoot walk. And when we do make love, much of our foreplay consists of fondling each other's feet.—*J.H., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Pygophiliacs

I agree completely with *R.M. Hollister* (Forum, January 1975). It is time for *Penthouse* to break new ground and do something for us anus lovers. Why is it that all your posterior shots are either from too far away or from a nondirect angle? In the January 1975 issue, page 72 would have been a magnificent shot if the camera had been placed behind Juliet instead of at her side.

Don't get me wrong, your frontal shots are great, but I think the anus deserves, if not equal space, at least a decent percentage of the space allotted to the labia. So many women today love analingus, and so many are proud of their posteriors including the anal opening. The anus is beautiful, and analingus is such a delicious prelude to cunnilingus.

Show us closer shots of the ass. Show us direct-angle shots of the ass. Show us wide-angle ass shots. And every once in a while have the girls spread their cheeks with their hands. Show us that magnificent orifice!—*L.F., address withheld*

After reading the January Forum, especially *Pygophiliac* from *R.M. Hollister*, I was extremely excited and wanted to taste and fuck an ass hole. I picked up an eighteen-year-old coed and asked her point blank if she'd try it. Her response was "why not," so off we went.

First we showered together and washed each other's body thoroughly. After drying we began fondling and doing a little "69." After ten minutes of this I gave her a backrub followed by a total body licking. I ran my tongue in her ass crack and she loved it. I finally flicked it into her hole while I finger fucked her (she was on her hands and knees). Then I put my prick in her cunt to lubricate it and slowly stuck it in her ass. Pure delight! Thank you *R.M.*!—*J.C., Montclair, N.J.*

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Come off it

Nothing excites me more than a man who has the so-called problem of "premature ejaculation." What could possibly be a bigger compliment to a woman than exciting a man to this extent. Think of it—what she must do for his imagination! If a woman has a man like this she is really lucky, she must be very exciting to her mate and in turn feel very good about her own sexuality. Who ever said a woman wanted a man who could hump all night—that's when I worry, when the man I am making love with doesn't ejaculate. I believe a woman really feels worse when she has to worry about when the guy is going to come.

I have had many experiences and I find it wonderful and unforgettable when I can excite a man to "ejaculate prematurely." I believe the real problem is when he zips up his pants and says he is sorry—that's when a woman is put in an awful position.

And finally, who ever said a man couldn't satisfy a woman after he has ejaculated? His senses are still there and he isn't totally paralyzed. . . . I have had many unforgettable climaxes after my mate has climaxed or ejaculated. Let's hear it for all you beautiful premature ejaculators!—*Name withheld, Kansas*

Maverick On The Bench

Your profile of the Honorable Judge Justin Ravitz—*Maverick On The Bench* in your December issue—was really something worth reading and knowing about. If there were more judges like him maybe there wouldn't be so many unnecessary "numbered" lives rotting, both physically and mentally, in prisons all over the country today.

I have learned from personal experience that the indigent defendant, because of his low social status and ignorance of the law, comes to accept the court-appointed lawyer's sing-song, "plead guilty and you will be better off." Hey, you ask, what about a defense? Defense, he exclaims in horror! And right then and there you know where you are going.—*Baldomero Cardenas, Leavenworth, Kan.*

Marchetti interview

Well I see that good old *Penthouse* has climbed aboard the "Let's Wreck the CIA" bandwagon, along with all the other guilt-ridden, masochistic liberals in the country (January 1975). Now that Watergate is about run dry, they've got to have something to rant about to keep from playing with themselves. Such utterly stupid naiveté!

Intelligence gathering is the same as war—rotten, dirty, and a necessary evil. Every world power, even the third-raters, have some kind of intelligence apparatus as part of its survival kit. To think that the U.S. can be a world power and not have something akin to the CIA is simply absurd. Without it we would be suckers for the Russians' efficient KGB, which, incidentally, has tripled its activities inside the U.S. since the so-called détente. Would you castrate the CIA, and leave these bastards to infiltrate our defense system? Would you leave them completely unchallenged, with no counterintelligence measures? Even a stoolie like Marchetti will have to admit that the U.S. never had an intelligence agency until after World War II.

Given a few years of unrestrained activities, both abroad and at home, the Russians would know more about our military capabilities than they should. Another Pearl Harbor-like attack might be quite attractive to the hawks in the Kremlin. Only the next one would make the first Pearl Harbor look like an afternoon tea party. It might even destroy such bastions of objective reporting as the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and even *Penthouse*.

As to the CIA doing domestic spying, if you're a traitor or a revolutionary, then you have it coming. If you aren't, then don't worry. The CIA isn't interested in you. As for Marchetti, he's like Ellsberg and all the others: he'll do anything for money and use his conscience as an excuse.

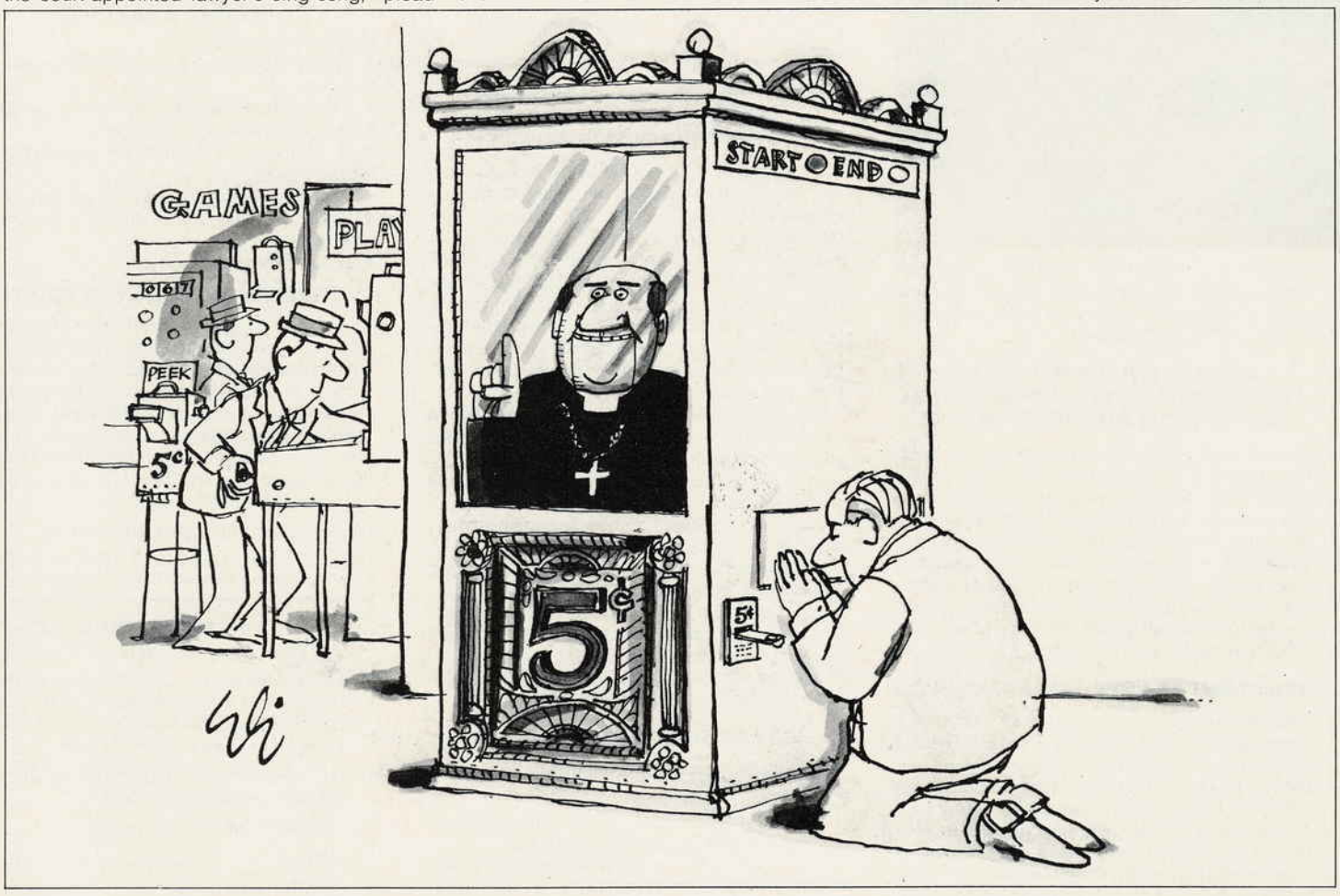
Grow up, *Penthouse*. There's a big, bad world out there. Alice and Wonderland never did exist. Somebody made it all up. The real world we are living in is a rotten place by comparison. But it's *real*, man, and you gotta play by the rules or die by them.—*Harris G. Westover, Louisville, Ky.*

Your interview with Victor Marchetti is undoubtedly the most astounding interview that I have ever read. Your "open letter" to the CIA as well as the article itself is, I believe, a step in the right direction. To think that in this supposedly "free" country a man can be denied his first amendment rights is a terrible injustice to the man and to the public.

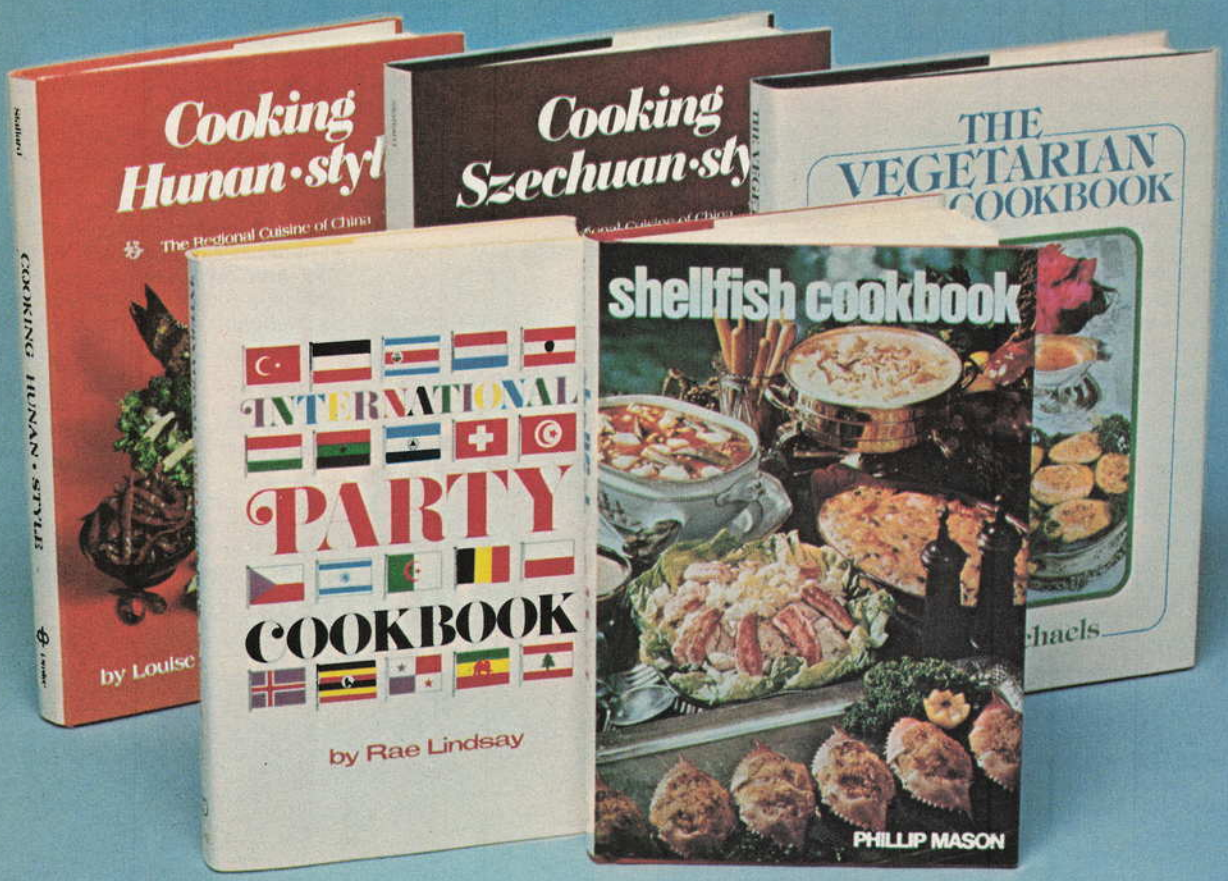
On top of that, to be secretly surveilled and have a tap on your phone reeks of "Big Brother" treatment. The parallels between Orwell's *1984* and today's politics are astounding. To anyone who gives a damn about this country I recommend reading this book; and to Mr. Marchetti, I think that you are a courageous man and worthy of my deepest respect. I pledge to help you in any way I can.—*Alan Nye, Milford, Me.*

Where Have All The Flowers Gone?

Congratulations, both to you and to Robert Westbrook. I just finished reading Mr. Westbrook's fine article, *Where Have All The Flowers Gone?* (January 1975). Having lived through the sixties, I know where he's coming from. But I do have one criticism: I think Mr. Westbrook did not go into enough detail about the fact that the news media helped destroy a beautiful dream.



There's more to life than eating...



but you won't remember what it is when you add these books to your kitchen library.

COOKING HUNAN STYLE (XD1) by Louise Stallard. Ms. Stallard gives a complete course in Hunan cooking, beginning with kitchen equipment, food supplies and cooking methods, and going on to describe simply the preparation of hundreds of Hunan dishes of all kinds. **$6.95.**

COOKING SZECHUAN STYLE (XD2) by Louise Stallard. One of the most renowned Chinese cuisines—and the most popular in America—is that of Szechuan, a province in south central China. This book includes recipes for appetizers, cold foods, soups, meat dishes and desserts. **$6.95.**

THE VEGETARIAN MENU COOKBOOK (XD4) by Elsa Michaels. You don't have to be a vegetarian to love this cookbook! You do have to appreciate the joys of delicious and highly nutritious vegetable dishes prepared in original and mouthwatering ways. **$7.95.**

INTERNATIONAL PARTY COOKBOOK (XD6) by Rae Lindsay. Ms. Lindsay presents complete menus for fifteen fabulous parties, each with its own distinctive national motif. She provides tips and techniques for decorations and exotic drinks as well for everything from a Greek Saint's Day Party to a Swiss Supper. **$7.95.**

SHELLFISH COOKBOOK (XD7) by Phillip Mason. Here is a truly do-it-yourself cookbook that tells not only how to cook edible shellfish, but how to identify and catch them as well. **$7.95.**

LOW BLOOD SUGAR GOURMET COOKBOOK (XD3) by Sylvia G. L. Dannett with Maureen McCabe. Those who are hypoglycemic must, out of necessity curb their carbohydrate intake to maintain a normal energy level—but it is no longer necessary to give up tasty food, breads and desserts. This book offers hundreds of sugarless, low-carbohydrate meals and menus that taste delicious. **$7.95.**

THE MIXER BOOK (XD5) by Margaret Hudson. Do your blender and mixer sit unused on a shelf? This is the most comprehensive book about cooking with those tools that has ever been published. **$5.95.**

ASTROLOGY IN THE KITCHEN (XD8) by Ivor Powell. The urbane author of this book has studied both astrology and cooking extensively, and it shows in a truly unusual collection of recipes geared for the various planets and astrological signs. **$5.95.**

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The news media fails to realize that what they write about many people will try to do. In the sixties they exploited the movement of "My Generation," and zap, sure enough, every mother's son wanted to be a free-style easy rider, even though they didn't know what the real purpose of the movement was. Some succeeded in finding themselves, others didn't. It was the same thing with the drug scene. The news media stepped in doing so much bogus coverage on drugs that before long there was a drug epidemic, leaving many good people strung out and dead!

So if Mr. Westbrook wants to know where the flowers have gone, tell him to look in the forests and deserts, the cemeteries and jails across America. I'm not saying that's where we are, hell no. The fact is, the flowers of the sixties died at the outset of the seventies. But the ideals of this fantastic generation are still in the minds, and will bud, in the flowers of the seventies.—*Michael Imperato, Camarillo, Calif.*

Americans Hate Politicians

I just finished reading *Americans Hate Politicians* by Karl Hess (February 1975), and I can't tell you how much good it does my heart to learn that I'm not the only one dissatisfied with the system. I also wish to say that it is about time someone wrote about how the little man really feels and not what the president of a large factory, or the mayor of an important city thinks about politicians.

America's top industries own the government and for the most part manipulate the lives of each and every one of us, either directly or indirectly. If GM says there is a $300 increase in cars because of a new safety law then there is a $300 increase; if an oil company says there is an oil shortage, all America bleeds through the nose until their profits are enough to make them fat and sassy.

Consider if you will the case at hand about sugar. A few years ago cyclamates were banned as cancerous. Tests produced cancer in rats but these rats were injected with more cyclamates per day than a human could possibly consume, yet they were banned. Now there is virtually no competition for the sugar industry so after an oil shortage, steel shortage, and paper shortage, we have a sugar shortage. Sugar now costs 50¢ a pound while in neighboring Mexico it is abundant and costs 8¢ a pound. However the government has put a limit on how much can be brought into the U.S. without heavy taxing. Could the sugar lobby have something to do with this?

There are many gross violations involving Southwestern Bell, grocery-store chains, and others. The problem is for middle-class America to get off their asses and help to right this wrong. Don't go out and vote for the lesser of two evils, but when a good politician (I think there are one or two) comes along, let people know. Maybe we can find a good man or woman who will save us from this blight of two-faced, pocket-lining demigods, and hopefully we will reformulate a decent system.—*John Scabolo, Temple, Tex.*

Queen For A Day

The article *Queen For A Day*, by Vicki Richman, leaves much to be explained and updated about the transvestite subculture, i.e., those engaged in crossdressing, from transgenderists to preoperative transsexuals.

First, the approach to the subject by Ms. Richman gives the impression that crossdressing, by persons of either sex, is an illegal act. This is not so. What is illegal is the act of crossdressing in order to disguise a person who commits a crime or who creates a public nuisance.

Second, the author's use of outdated literature, such as Raynor's book, tends to distort the current status of our subculture. It was important when written in the mid 1960's, but is of little import, both for the public and for us, in the '70's.

Third, Ms. Richman's casual use of such terms as "transvestite, transsexual, and drag queen" serve only to confuse your readership about the fundamental issues concerning sex and gender roles in the TV world.

Recently, the First New England Conference on Alternative Sex and Gender Lifestyles took place. It dealt exclusively with the spectrum of persons involved with the subculture. Attending the conference were many professional psychologists, social workers, and members of our subculture. Among the speakers were a transvestite, a transgenderist, a preoperative transsexual, and a professional from the Gender Identity Service of Boston. The purpose of the conference was to focus and clarify the issues of crossdressing and its relationship to sex and gender roles. The atmosphere was open and congenial and did much to dispell the guilt fears and ridicule felt by some elements of our subculture.

What is needed in magazines such as yours is an in-depth article on the TV subculture in the '70's. Articles like Ms. Richman's unfortunately serve little purpose except to confuse and polarize the public.—*A.K., Cambridge, Mass.*

In the March 1975 issue of *Penthouse* the byline of photographer Jill Krementz, which appeared with her pictures of Studs Terkel, was spelled incorrectly. Our apologies to Miss Krementz, whose work is frequently seen in these pages.—*The Editors*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** *magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.25 to* **Penthouse Forum**, *Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.*

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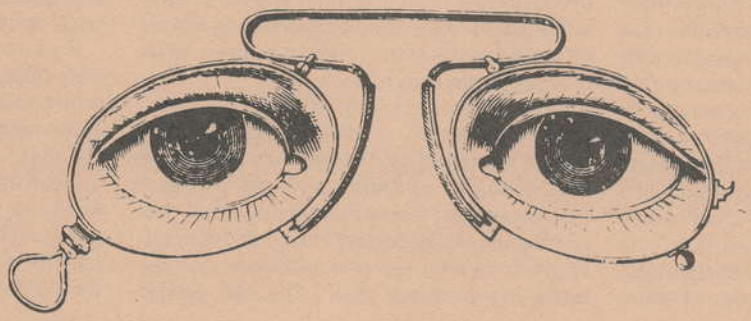
VIEW FROM THE TOP



THE AMERICAN LIBERAL AS FASCIST

The surest way to be cut out of Washington D.C.'s social whirl is to master my new party game called What's the Difference? You play it by asking a question to which there are many possible answers. Whoever can give the most answers wins. It is like the old routine Knock, Knock except that instead of asking "Who's there?" you ask, "What's the difference between a politicized American liberal and a fascist?" The answer could be "A liberal doesn't wear jackboots, he wears Hush Puppies," or "A liberal doesn't grease his hair, he uses the 'dry look,' " or "A liberal's shirts aren't brown or black, they're off-white." It's a game of subtleties. As you measure off the cultural and stylistic distinctions between today's liberals and yesterday's fascists you are left with the unwelcome fact that in fundamental issues of political economy there isn't much difference. *Liberal* is just a more fetching term for *fascist*. Herein lies the great unpopularity of What's the Difference? It will never replace Spin the Bottle as a party game because playing it makes people squirm.

If this is the first time you've thought a liberal and a fascist might be one and the same, it probably seems preposterous. After all, we beat the fascists in World War II. They were brutal villains who tortured and murdered people. And they were anti-Semitic. Certainly, today's liberals don't fill that bill. . . . Well if thoughts like these are going through your head, you're right—but that doesn't really exculpate the liberals because fascism is their form of economic organization. They *believe* in fascism and they *practice* it, no matter how well-mannered and civil they are.

Fascism's prime motive is the attempt to eliminate economic risk. In a fascist society giant corporations—like Lockheed or Penn Central—never go broke; they become wards of the state. The same is true of the individual. He need not worry about his economic fate. A government of bloated powers is there to compose all the contradictions between his economic aspirations and those of his neighbor. This requires a giant bureaucracy (sound familiar?) which controls and directs the economy. Property remains nominally private, but one cannot use it freely. What is left is not "free enterprise" but "enterprise." This distinction—for which we may thank those great liberals, the Rockefellers—is like the difference between Olympic wrestling where the best competitor wins, and the trumped-up pro matches where the outcome is predetermined by the organizers. The organizers, in the case of the fascist economy, are those special constituencies who control the state.

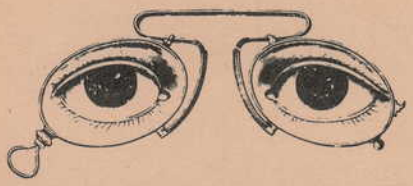
One of the fascists' chief means of exercising control is to create floods of paper money in order to direct purchasing power. Printing excess currency, however, also creates government debt. And abundant money provides an illusion of temporary prosperity that can only be maintained by even greater expansion of government debt and still more inflation of the currency. But such an illusion of wealth must always be temporary. Before long the people who are suffering because of inflation—and there are many of them—begin to act as if they were not as prosperous as the state would like them to think they are. They can no longer afford to keep buying, and they can't borrow. Unemployment and stagnation set in. To prevent total collapse of credit and in order to keep industry operating at its full capacity, fascism is inevitably pushed into militarism.

Militarism "provides the easiest means of draining great numbers annually from the labor market and for creating a tremendous industry for the production of arms for defense . . . supported wholly by government borrowing and spending." This was the analysis of John Flynn written thirty years ago in his impressive study of incipient American fascism, *As We Go Marching*.

Today's American fascists don't necessarily want to make you goose step around a parade ground. Not yet anyway. They can be satisfied with more subtle forms of bullying. But when the time comes that people start to grumble and will no longer play along, then the fascists will increase the level of coercion. As fair warning, consider what today's most active liberals are crying out for: Strong leadership; management of the economy; wage-price controls; socialization of investment; a union between government and business; new government actions to boost purchasing power; mandatory restrictions on the use of energy; and public-works projects.

Since war is the ultimate public-works project, don't be too startled if more and more good liberals like Henry Kissinger angle for some sort of military intervention in the Middle East. Through their foreign aid programs, phoney Food for Peace projects, and international development schemes, the liberals have already roped the American taxpayer into financing both sides in fourteen wars between governments in the last twenty years. In an additional fifteen wars we paid the tab for one of the belligerent parties. And in numbers of national insurrections, we financed the incumbent government. This is what liberal Hubert Humphrey, speaking of Vietnam, called "exporting the Great Society."

Liberalism is "good fascism" wherein the immense powers of the state are exercised in the pretense of making everyone wealthy, healthy, and inspired. This last feature is really important. As with all confidence games, the art of bureaucratic government requires more of its leaders than mere assent to doctrinal formulas. It also requires that its leaders be able to charm the victim (that's you) into believing that the government can really come through with all the impossible panaceas it promises. This is where Nixon failed. It



was too easy to see through Nixon when he promised that deficit spending and wage-price controls would make everything better.

What the liberals would love is a great leader on horseback . . . someone who really rides once in a while . . . preferably a rich man with his own stables. This man should also be able to sail and tell disarming jokes—a man to inspire us and marshall our energies in a great state-sponsored project. The man the liberals want would give speeches something like this: "We shall banish want. We shall banish fear. The essence of our program is human welfare . . . a fuller life for every citizen from childhood to old age . . . a new day of abundance at home and a better world order abroad." That's pretty much the right sentiment. You can dig up such liberal-sounding promises in almost any Hitler speech. This is admittedly unfair. The liberals should not be tarred because Hitler once promised what they are promising now.

The liberals don't want to bring back a Hitler or a Mussolini, or even one of the more benign fascists of the Thirties such as Ataturk, Schuschnigg, or Metaxas. None of these first-generation fascists understood that "exporting the Great Society" is a more compelling rationale for war and sacrifices than establishing a "super race." The old fascists were far less clever than their modern counterparts, but with their sure sense for political exploitation they would probably catch on very quickly to this new brand of dogma that really sells fascism.

If you could bring one of the Thirties fascists back, any second-rate public-relations firm could turn him into a good liberal. He could keep his old economic philosophy. All he would need is a Boston accent, a styled haircut, and a townhouse in Georgetown. Before long, he'd be staging exclusive parties at which all the guests would be offended if you had the temerity to play a game called What's the Difference?—*Jim Davidson*

HAPPENINGS

THE BODY EROTIC:
PORN TO BE WORN

Don't just dream about erotica—make yourself into erotica! Now craftsmen and artists are producing frankly sexual fine jewelry, fancy-dress costumes, T-shirts, even underwear. You can replace your outdated Body Beautiful with an up-to-the-minute Body Erotic, in styles ranging from bizarre whimsy to macho elegance to down-home gross.

Body sculpture is what artist Pat Oleszko calls her often-erotic, elaborate costumes. Body sculptures are wearable—they're sewn and stuffed caricatures of human bodies which Pat zips on over her own slim, six-foot frame, putting on a new personality with each new body. Sometimes she's an abominable snowman, a tinseled Christmas tree, or a mammoth turkey. At other times, she's a six-foot-tall phallus, alternately limp and erect. Or she might don a "nude-body suit" for her performance piece called "Burlesque on Burlesque," inspired by Oleszko's stint as Pat the Hippie Strippie while she was working her way through the University of Michigan Art School.

"I started doing these nude-body suits in the late sixties, when people were beginning to discover sex," the twenty-seven-year-old artist smiles. "The suits caricature my body. You can see the beginning of the crack in my bottom. The costume echoes my body's lines, but more outrageously." Encased in her fancy-dress costumes, Oleszko might end up with 56 triple-E breasts or fox-fur pubic hair. They're not the sort of things you'd wear to Great-Aunt Clarissa's tea party, but Pat has cavorted in erotic costumes at several of her museum shows and avant-garde film festivals, as well as in Macy's Thanksgiving Day parades.

On occasion Pat literally becomes the Body Erotic—from head to toe—as in "The Writhes and Foul of Trickie Dickie" suit from her "Comic Strips" series of artworks. The Dickie costume is a candy-striped cock—six feet tall with blue satin balls. The balls are giant pillows that camouflage Pat's feet. "I crawl onstage inside the cock suit," Pat calmly explains. "The music backing me is Mahler's *Symphony for 1,000 Witches*, and it's really heroic." As the music builds, the cock straightens out; as the music climaxes, the cock suit climaxes, too. Standing fully erect in her sausage-shaped outfit, Pat shoves out streamers of purple, pink, and yellow satin "come." A masturbatory fantasy come true.

"Burlesque on Burlesque," another Oleszko costume fantasia, was shown this year on German television in a documentary called *Pat Superstar*. For this performance piece, Pat builds another grotesquely inflated nude-suit over her own body. After teasingly peeling off a fur coat and wig, Pat reveals a stripper's naked body of transparent beige cloth. Little crystals gleam over the nude-suit, mocking perspiration droplets. A ratty old fur swatch simulates workworn pubic hair.

Rhinestones, strategically stitched into the crotch, glisten while Pat performs her striptease parody. "Strippers all wear crystals in their G-strings," Pat grins, "but I think they are missing the point by not putting crystals in their pubic hair, too. At the end of the act, I take off the body, and underneath I'm wearing big satin nipples and another fur pussy over mine; everything is stuck on with rubber cement." But does Pat ever strip down all the way—for art? "Oh, I *never* strip," she declares. "Well, of course, that depends on whether the rubber cement holds."

Oleszko's "New Yuck Woman" group of costumes satirizes the sexual orientations of New York females. "The-Upper-East-Side-Smart-Young-Matron" body sculpture has flattened-down breasts concealed under leering Rolling Stones tongue patches, while her pussy's fox-fur fluff is tightly shut with red laces. "My feeling is that those women are completely asexual," the artist explains.

"The Model" body disguises Oleszko as a willowy, black-leotarded ectomorph. This costume's crotch is appliquéd with Day-Glow satin fruits—suggesting that the model's vagina is truly a deadly, forbidden fruit. Her little white built-in breasts pop out of the leotard, ending in minute, erectile, magenta nipples.

As the secretary of your wildest daydreams, the "Sally Sexretary" costume features a stuffed body under a see-through dotted-

Tom Bert

Oleszko

Neil Selkirk

Oleszko: Insulating with erotica

swiss dress. This body sculpture sports a gigantic stuffed bra, shaped by the flesh-colored breasts beneath. Her panties mimic the outlines of a massive ass and thighs. All these details are constructed atop a body made of pink satin, complete with a button for—what else?—a bellybutton. Sally Sexretary is a tease . . . she gives the illusion of nakedness, but she'll never deliver the goods.

"I wore this costume originally in the Easter parade, and I nearly got arrested," Oleszko sighs. "Hell. I thought the Easter parade was *for* exhibitionism."

But Pat isn't really an exhibitionist—just an artist redefining the body by transforming herself into a soft sculpture on legs. Oleszko doesn't mind making a spectacle of herself in the body sculptures she designs, constructs, and sews, however.

"When you're six feet tall and a girl, everyone's going to look at you anyway," Pat murmurs philosophically. "These elaborate costumes were just my way of using art to work out the problems of growing too big, of being a teenager without any boyfriends. And," the former Hippie Strippie confides, "the costume insulates you. I'm really quite shy."

The last place on earth you'd expect to find erotic wearables is in the hallowed and high-priced halls of Bergdorf-Goodman, the exclusive Fifth Avenue department store. But if you discreetly inquire at Bergdorf's Nena's Choice Art Gallery, artist José Ramon will pull out luxe gray velvet jeweler's cases and unwrap his exquisitely sensual jewelry fashioned in gold, silver, and semiprecious stones. Each one-of-a-kind erotic ornament dazzles with the perfection of handcrafted work. To make the jewelry Ramon first sculpts wax models, which are individually translated into metal casts. Then, the casts are filled with molten silver or gold. After hardening, the molded metal blocks are hand-carved and polished into final form by Ramon, who's primarily a painter and sculptor.

Ramon's subtly sexual, wax-cast jewelry doesn't blind you with explicitness. The phallic elements are artfully shrouded. You have to gaze closely before you realize that a jutting shaft of sterling silver is a semiabstract genital organ, or that a gently rounded cusp of vermeil (gold-coated silver) represents a vagina.

Ramon's "Phallica" shows erotic jewelry at its most powerful. And at its most refined. The 1¼-by-1-inch pendant hangs from a fine silver chain. A lustrous black topaz thrusts into a sterling-silver mounting, symbolizing a rock-hard phallus encircled by a woman's fingers. "This represents an idol with the penis very discreetly rendered in the topaz itself," says José Ramon in heavily accented, somewhat halting English. José is a Cuban refugee who came to the States in 1969. "Phallica is one of a kind, for a man," he continues, describing the $450 pendant. "The man is going to have much interest for this kind of art now. In Europe, erotic jewelry is the great fashion. In Madrid and Barcelona they wear such jewelry with a turtleneck or on a naked chest. It is very masculine—to wear such a strong piece on the bare chest."

Ramon's erotic "The Temptation of Cleopatra" reflects his "surrealismo tropical" mode of painting. This $600 unisex pendant on a chain is fashioned from amethysts set in gold. Three pieces of the purple semiprecious stone indicate male sexual organs. The balls are perched upon two penises, or as Ramon describes the piece, "two sexes holding the desire." The largest amethyst is set in a dual-sectioned oval mounting, which simultaneously suggests a vagina and two curving phalluses. Thus, the amethyst "sex" penetrates the female. But it's all done with such exquisite taste and such finesse that most people would think you were simply wearing a striking piece of modernistic jewelry.

Another of Ramon's erotic pendants, "The Lovers," is designed for a woman. It's created from oriental cultivated pearls and chunks of fool's gold set in gold and silver. Carved in a semiabstract style, like a Chagall in metal, two tiny lovers embrace, cradled on a sturdy tree trunk. On closer inspection, the tree trunk turns out to be a phallus that branches into numerous stems at the top of the 1½-inch-high piece. The branches serve "to imitate the hair of the sexes," Ramon explains. The beauty of Ramon's tiny works of erotic art is that you can ornament your body, express your depth of sensuality, and show your good taste. Of course, that's the whole concept behind the artistry of the charming, ageless Cuban: "I try to make the *finest* erotic jewelry. Not the crude. Not the grotesque."

Allan Tannenbaum

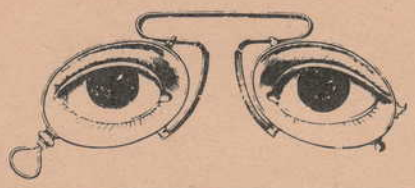
Under-the-counter tank-tops: Fantasies

Lugini Ltd. found they could finance their clothing-manufacturing business by producing a line of hand-painted T-shirts and briefs for the S & M crowd. Lugini partners Nicholas Pavlik, Luis Quiros, and Gytha Rupp figure, "The main thing in business is to survive, and if that's what they want. . . ." In their first ten months of operation, Lugini manufactured over a thousand semipornographic tank-tops, plus many sex-theme briefs that double as bathing suits. Their erotic wearables are stocked in boutiques in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and New York.

"This is really under-the-counter stuff," notes Pavlik, a handsome ex-actor. "You have to ask for it; it's usually not on open display. A lot of the store buyers snickered when they saw our line of erotic tank-tops, but then said, 'I'll take half a dozen.' Then they reorder—almost apologetically. Maybe they can't understand why it's selling."

Both men and women wear Lugini's erotic T-shirts, but their strongest market has been in the gay community. "The males wear these T-shirts for two reason," Pavlik theorizes while tie-dyeing some tank-tops in the firm's cramped Manhattan workrooms. "The shirt attracts attention. Also, the guy who wears one of our shirts says, 'I'm a real stud. I've got the balls to wear this.' "

Havana-born Luis Quiros does the actual drawings for Lugini's extensive erotic series.



"I personally don't understand most of its appeal, but I can draw it anyway," the twenty-six-year-old artist says, tossing some of his creations on a worktable for display.

Lugini's cotton tank-tops are blatantly gross; they come in your choice of twenty-two overstated sex fantasies. The "Missy" series sells to both heterosexuals and lesbians. All these stylized drawings feature variations on Missy: an adorably nubile, leggy, long-haired girl. Usually, a naked Missy is emblazoned across the chest, legs outspread, hips provocatively tilted back.

In one version, Missy is simply nude. In a kinkier design called "Whip and Chill," a nude Missy rides astride your chest, sporting only a whip, high leather boots, and a whimsical garter belt of chains.

The "Lysistrata" series adapts some famous erotic scenes by Aubrey Beardsley for T-shirt designs. "Bathyilys" shows a huge-assed lady clad only in black stockings, feeling up the crack in her derrière.

Lugini's designs for gay men are even funnier—and cruder. Each drawing in this series features a male figure with enormous sex organs, dressed up according to a different fetish. There's something for everybody: the S & M crowd (a heavily muscled man wearing only a chain-bedecked cap and boots); the leather set (an evil mother of a bearded guy, adorned by only a black vest, black boots, and a huge black phallus sheath); the bondage boosters (a bearded man wrapped in chains and manacled at the wrists and ankles).

"The grossest drawings sell the most," Quiros admits. "I had to draw the genitals bigger and bigger to satisfy the buyers. These size queens wanted the cocks down to the knees—just a penis with a man attached."

"The spooky side of this business is that people really take these designs seriously," Pavlik marvels. "They want the drawings to conform to their particular sex fantasies.

"These shirts are the kind of thing to wear under a black leather jacket. They are great conversation pieces at parties—if you've got guts enough to wear them. I'm always sort of stunned when I actually see one of our shirts at a bar. You know," he grins, "people *do* wear them."—*Meridee Merzer*

FILMS

THEY ALSO SERVE

He first sees her as she serves drinks to customers in the small railroad-station café. He has come to make a campaign speech in his candidacy for the federal assembly. Married, a father, an engineer by profession, he doesn't much care about politics. But he cares enough about her to come back to the café, to let her serve him, to arrange accidental meetings, and finally to present himself to her as a potential lover. She is a lonely Italian immigrant in French-speaking Switzerland, and though still very young, a widow. She accepts his advances. Thoughtlessly, they begin the affair that forms the story of Alain Tanner's *The Middle of the World*. This remarkable new movie takes its title partly from its setting in the Swiss continental divide, partly from the depths of a woman's sexuality, and partly from an ironic contemplation of inaction in human feelings.

In some ways, in slightly obtrusive, slightly dull ways, *The Middle of the World* wants to be political filmmaking. In fact the story is an intense, ultimately unhappy love affair. But it would also like to be the story of how the system and the class structure prohibit change, or real interaction, between two people for whom change is the only salvation. Paul, the middle-class engineer, knows only what he wants, but not how to keep it; while Adriana, the poor waitress, knows only what she does not want (love on exactly Paul's terms). They are destined to separate because their world—our world—does not allow for personal contact outside the conventions that have conditioned them.

In the movie, this isn't quite as unreal as it sounds when paraphrased. Tanner's view of man, and woman, as political animal is neither simplistic nor doctrinaire. Each of his feature movies—he has made four, but only one, *La Salamandre* (1972), is at all well known here—deals with stasis in essentially the same terms. Each tends to translate generalized politics into a consideration of national character. Each then opposes that character against an individual who is different, who has moved inward, and so can be contacted only conditionally, even by the most sympathetic of ordinary outsiders.

What I like about *The Middle of the World* in this context is its apparent refusal to see Adriana's differentness and inwardness as necessarily privileged (the young heroine of *La Salamandre*, another poor working girl, goes a little crazy and clearly *is* privileged). She breaks up the affair. Paul—with cheerful, modest gallantry—sacrificed family and home and at least part of his career for the affair—all for the reason that he has never truly seen or understood her. To see and understand truly, as the film knows, is more than anyone has the right to ask of another.

Carlisi, Leotard: A reflective intelligence

What we *can* ask and give are the process of falling in love and the act of making love—these form the essential context of *The Middle of the World*. Everybody has noticed that they don't make love-story movies anymore—or if they do it's a love story about two men, or a half-dozen men, or a man and a prepubescent girl. Or they try, and it doesn't work. But *The Middle of the World* is a love story, no holds barred, and it works magnificently, tenderly, elegiacally, erotically—without any of the super-drenched sound tracks or the hoked-up cinematics that in recent movies have substituted for romance.

Olimpia Carlisi, the actress who plays Adriana, has the kind of rich sensuality that seems more a function of character than of body—though in fact she has a superb body, and you get to see a good deal of it. Because of that sensuality, and Paul's hunger for it, the affair depends heavily on its sexual content. *The Middle of the World* is one of the very few movies that treats sex wthout either embarrassment or the bug-eyed awe that has replaced it in the more liberated cinema. It is as if sex were really part of the condition of being in love—the way it is for people, but not for movie plots—a condition that comes complete with its own moods, its rooms darkened against the afternoon sun, its mysteries and memories held in the dark eyes, the breasts, hips, legs, individual movements of the woman who for some man has become the world's center.

Like many other examples of the new Swiss cinema, *The Middle of the World* goes a bit wild over the indignity of being Swiss. Self-winding watches, music boxes, a home-movie camera—the kinds of gifts that Paul thinks proper to give Adriana—all work into a running satire against the national reputa-

tion, a satire that would be more unfair if it weren't so low-keyed.

On the whole, the movie cherishes its places and its people. There are no villains. Even the political bosses whose power schemes Paul nonchalantly ruins are not without some understanding (and envy) of his situation. Above all, there is the countryside itself: the little towns, the pristine houses, a sequence of landscapes—simply earth and sky and perhaps a row of trees—to which the film returns in all seasons, out of narrative context, as if in symbolic remembrance of what is drawn together and yet divided even in the natural order of things.

Some critics have seen *The Middle of the World* as a feminist movie, but I'm not sure I agree. Adriana is "deeper" than Paul. But Paul (a fine performance by Philippe Leotard) is kinder and more active, and without him it is doubtful if the beautiful Adriana would move at all. He doesn't, of course, understand her; but then she never presents him with anything understandable. Though she seems to want something more than he has to offer, she finally settles for something less—for a factory job, working under men like Paul, rather than the life with Paul that might have been her adventure. The film doesn't dislike her. It doesn't dislike anyone. It merely finds in her a sense of gentle, resigned futility to add to the richer sadness of temporal living and loving.

Another movie about a traveling waitress? Well, yes and no. Alice Hyatt doesn't really mean to be a waitress when she starts traveling west from New Mexico. She means to be a café singer, which she had been years before—before her screwed-up marriage and the birth of her son—briefly, when she was nineteen, back in Monterey, California. Now with her husband recently dead, there's nothing stopping her except her age (she's thirty-five but a fairly appealing thirty-five), that pesky kid, no money, and almost no jobs—which is how she finds herself behind the counter in a Tucson hash house for the better—and qualitatively, much the best—part of *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore, Martin Scorsese's second feature, makes a real break from the junior-Mafia subject matter of his first, the highly acclaimed *Mean Streets*. A break in matter, but not so much in manner. Indeed, as an exercise in visual style *Alice* is in some respects a more mannered film that *Mean Streets*, proving that you can shoot a fancy movie in the Arizona sunshine as well as under the nightlights of New York City. Nothing wrong with that. But the manner and the matter seem less of a piece this time—which is why I find *Alice* rather a disappointment after the studied, but appropriate, flamboyance of *Mean Streets*.

Kristofferson, Burstyn: Character studies

But it's not a great disappointment. As a movie, *Alice* tries to be likable. And with its stunning, bravura lead performance by Ellen Burstyn, it is very easy to like. Burstyn's intensity, her frequent helplessness, occasional runs of self-assurance, decency, emotionalism, good humor, and sheer guts make the movie something special as a character study. Even as that character relates to people—her son (Alfred Lutter, an uncommonly complex and winning kid's characterization), or the rancher (Kris Kristofferson) who becomes the new man in her life, or especially the dirty-mouthed, big-hearted fellow waitress (Diane Ladd), who makes a crucial woman's contact in a world full of men, smart-ass kids, and other strangers—the film seems to live with more forceful feelings than we are used to finding at the movies.

Such forcefulness is Scorsese's strong point, as it is Ellen Burstyn's, and it makes for an accommodation between actress and director that has won the film most of its praise. If I demur a little, it isn't because I value that achievement any less. It is because I value certain other things somewhat more, and because *Alice*, even at its best, remains too close to its people and their feelings to achieve the kind of reflective intelligence that operates so wonderfully in *The Middle of the World*.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

THE INDIAN WAY

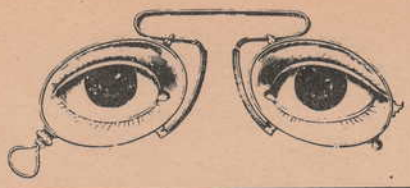
"It is an ugly history," a federal judge reminded us recently. The judge was confirming the verdict that the United States would not honor its treaties with the Sioux, nor with any other Indian tribe.

Most Americans hardly need to be reminded of the rape of New World natives by Old World invaders. Ever since the romance of the noble red man replaced the pragmatic proposition that "the only good Injun is a dead Injun," we have wallowed in nostalgic guilt. This nostalgia mania reached its peak with Dee Brown's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*—we hardly noticed at the time that the live Indians, as distinct from the good ones, were rumbling.

The military ugliness that culminated in the My Lai at Wounded Knee Creek is textbook history. In the eighty-five years since Wounded Knee, the white anthropologist, notebook in hand, has become an everyday fixture of tribal life. His voluminous reports have made Indian culture seem a jumble of beads—beautiful, but similar to looking the wrong way through a kaleidoscope. Well-intentioned efforts by able white writers—writers such as Alvin Josephy and Peter Farb—have scattered the beads over the landscape. Their very honesty prevents them, as outsiders, from synthesizing the intricate kaleidoscopic pattern of the Way.

Suddenly, imploded on a book jacket, was the proper pattern—a geometrical kaleidoscope view. The book by Hyemeyohsts Storm, a Cheyenne, is *Seven Arrows* (Harper & Row, $11.95). The pattern is a shield, not a warrior's protection, but a teaching shield which symbolizes the Way of the Plains Indians. A dozen of these shields appear in the book—each printed in eight colors—and the publisher has lavished its talents upon this beautiful book. The talents were contributed gratis by employees to launch a series of four books *by* Indians *about* Indians with profits going to a fund *for* Indians. Whatever we wish to conclude about corporate motives, *Seven Arrows* is a landmark in the Indians' attempt to penetrate the white American's determined obtuseness. Even Vine Deloria, the no-nonsense Indian activist, hailed the book as "unique: an attempt to make a contemporary religious statement using traditional stories, mythologies, and symbols of the Cheyenne people."

Storm works in the Indian style, using stories within stories to build the great Story of the People. The stories are teaching stories as well as a way of understanding among the People and between different peoples. Anyone who follows the stories to their end will realize there is a distinctive Indian Way of comprehending the world, even though he won't be able to write a treatise on it. It is curious that despite the origins of Christian teaching in parables, our European Christian culture cannot grasp a religious teaching un-



til it is presented as a logical argument, as Aquinas did for Christian theology.

Indians' Summer (Harper & Row, $6.95), a novel by the Shawnee, Nasnaga, opens with a sudden, absolutely brilliant coup on the 1976 bicentennial celebrations. Indians proclaim the nation of Anishinabe-waki, "Land of the People," covering three large areas of the United States. Over the next few months, they win recognition, using the threat of captured missiles and the support of the third world in the United Nations led by—guess who?—India. The brief and breathless fantasy involves only pasteboard people, but Nasnaga makes his point quite entertainingly.

The people are painfully real in the previous novel in the Harper & Row Indian series. *Winter in the Blood* ($6.95) is a novel of a contemporary Indian man on a Montana reservation. James Welch, a Blackfoot Indian, writes a spare, hard prose that can be likened to Hemingway's. His story, too, is spare and hard. The hero is beyond protest. The emptiness of his life—ranch work and small-town binges—could be the same for any Montana ranch hand. But we come to know it isn't the same. This Indian, who as narrator isn't even given a name, is living out the dispossession of his people. He is intelligent and compassionate, without bitterness and self-pity, but he is quietly destroying himself. It is the everyday tragedy of his people.

Duane Niatum, a Klamath Indian, is a highly sophisticated poet who can toss off references to painters, musicians, and other poets with the assurance of wide culture. In *Ascending Red Cedar Moon* (Harper & Row, $5.95 cloth, $1.95 paper) one of Niatum's best poems is a homage to Chagall. But he clings to his heritage, and it shows in his work in the way that all Indian authors emphasize: "... always to humble my soul before the spiritual reality of things as well as man."

FROM BOTH SIDES NOW

Americans look askance at anybody who does a political flip-flop. And the eye is on Karl Hess, formerly chief speech-writer for Barry Goldwater, editor of the witch-hunting sheet *Counterattack*, writer—but not framer—of the 1960 Republican platform, and author of many Red-baiting articles.

Suddenly Hess pops up to the left of the Marxists (whom he mistrusts as much as he does his former right-wing buddies). His book *Dear America* (Morrow, $8.95) will be dismissed by many who will get no further than the publisher's description of his transformation from reactionary to anarchist. Certainly, I opened the book with negative expectations. This is sad, because those who do read the book will be rewarded by an opportunity to reexamine their assumptions in the light of skeptical American common sense.

Hess's title is not sarcasm; he loves America and he draws upon its traditions to criticize the current state of his nation. It is eerie how the words he put in Goldwater's mouth, when he thought the senator was sincere, often serve to express his own position—which is so far to the left it almost circles back to the right. Indeed, Hess is—in the literal sense of the word—a reactionary: he seeks the restoration of a pioneer democracy that operates at the community level in industry as well as in government.

Hess is also a populist: "... the liberals and the old left want all business and industry run by government bureaucrats, while the right wants it all run by business bureaucrats."

Hess may be naïve, but he believes there is an alternative in decentralization, which "harks back to the original ideas of freedom in America, even while it looks ahead to the most technologically advanced demands of the future."—*Norman Hoss*

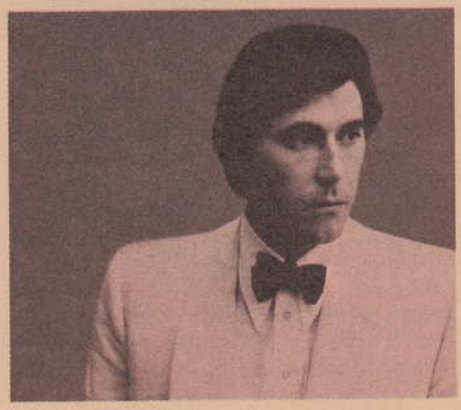
SOUNDS

BRYAN FERRY'S PURSUIT OF ELEGANCE

The rock bands that have managed to become successful in the seventies are almost invariably setups. Contrived. Put-up jobs. The New York Dolls, Blue Oyster Cult, Yes, Emerson Lake & Palmer, Kiss ... the list goes on. These groups all lack organic origins—the urge that used to make a bunch of kids from the same block get a group together back in the early sixties. At that time a novice band could play a few Chuck Berry licks on guitar, one guy didn't mind trying to sing, and they shared some vague compulsion to reflect upon and then seize what was bombarding them from their radios.

Rock 'n' roll was never supposed to be music in the first place. It was an *attitude* that you were expected to live up to *and then* you could play the raunchiest goddamn music on this motherfuckin' planet, man.

Living up to an attitude is what killed Hendrix and Joplin, but the cautionary aspect of their tragedies is only part of the reason why the new bands are actually proud of their blatant unreality. The other half is that rock culture became potent in tandem with the rise of hip as a national stance, and what *hip* means today is *camp*. Young white rockers once stole their strut from black R & B musicians. Now they've discovered it's chic to rip off the homophile, avant-garde, artsy fringe. A year ago girls were dressing in Veronica Lake costumes, doing their damnedest to act as bored as humanly possible, while the boys all minced around in silk and lurex, pretending



Ferry: A wrinkle in teenage elitism

to be as gay as the worst hard-hat stereotype. Forties chic was simply a fad, like being a California surfer in '62 or a buckskin-fringe hippie in '67.

In the last year this curious "glitter" phase mutated into something called "the pursuit of Elegance." No more lurex, now the boys are climbing into double-breasted Humphrey Bogart/Paul Lukas evening jackets, and the girls are all trying to pass as the cold bitches in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. Frankly, one wonders whether very many of these young people actually like to fuck, but they are assuredly into artifice on the most elaborate level of one-upmanship. And Roxy Music is their band.

That Roxy Music has not broken out as a major concert attraction in the United States is relevant to their success—in fact, snobbery keeps the cult going. Roxy and their lead singer Bryan Ferry are something special, the latest wrinkle in teenage elitism. Roxy Music is so artificial, so contrived, campy, and archly, sarcastically insincere, that they make their followers look like dumb, Pavlovian-conditioned schoolkids. And they are.

People like David Bowie and Todd Rundgren set out to be rock stars by force of pure ego—I *am* a star because I *say* so, and therefore you will believe me and make me the biggest thing since Lily Pons. And to an extent, this approach has succeeded. Bryan Ferry may be smarter; in any case, his approach is far more subtle. Instead of hitching his trunk to a gimmick—Bowie's advocacy of homosexuality, Rundgren's political pretensions—Ferry put together a band that was equal parts British flash, Zappaesque jazz-

Danny Fields

Eno: Completing the grand experiment

rock brushstrokes, European classical overtones, and trendy synthesizer noise—all injected with a heavy backbeating Lou Reed/Velvet Underground influence.

The Velvet Underground has surfaced as the great, long-unrecognized shadow which shaped the most visible and outrageous brands of seventies rock, and in the original Roxy incarnation Ferry could amost have been said to be that group's Lou Reed to keyboardist Eno's John Cale. But Ferry has better-trained musicians to work with than Reed, and he rules them with an iron hand. He calls the shots. Because Ferry was being upstaged by Eno's exotic appearance and comparatively greater musical sophistication, a schism occurred within the ranks. Eno had to go, embarking on a solo career, carving his own idiosyncratically brilliant niche.

This left Ferry out front, the dapper hero to a whole new generation of British and, now, American kids. The most commonly invoked images are Bogie in *Casablanca* and Dirk Bogarde: white tuxedo with handkerchief folded in the vest pocket . . . cigarette between third and fourth finger . . . a distant, sardonically bland, and wicked air.

Irony abounds and Ferry seems almost totally incapable of delivering a direct image, a real story, but it all adds to the sense of mystery. At times the music of Roxy would be embarrassingly sentimental if not for the pervasive irony. On other occasions it is decadent in the most Baudelairian sense. Everything is suggested, nothing is revealed.

It works because Ferry makes it work, because his balance between the absolute insincerity of it all and his passion for the music is impeccable. Or at least, it seemed to be until very recently. *Stranded* (Atlantic), the certified masterpiece among Roxy albums, was matched by Ferry's first solo effort, *These Foolish Things* (Atlantic). Ferry's album was such a labor of love, and so slyly executed, that it became an instant classic. All oldies, right, but Ferry knew this music's implicit absurdity and corniness was perfect grist for his wry exploitation—such is his uncanny understanding of rock 'n' roll. He didn't sing Dylan protest music as if he gave a damn about the downtrodden masses—he just turned it into a driving, stomping rocker, with surrealistic lyrics. And it worked magnificently.

The sense of muted mockery, which runs through all Roxy Music, coupled with a comparatively indifferent production makes Ferry's second solo album, *Another Time Another Place* (Atlantic), an abrupt comedown from the pinnacles of *These Foolish Things*. He sings the old Dobie Gray fratboys' snob-anthem, "The In Crowd," with pompous freneticism—suggesting he may actually agree with its unutterably corny sentiments.

This same attitude is partially responsible for Bowie's undoing, and Ferry is even more unsubstantial than Bowie. Bowie at least had the *chutzpah* to declare that he did indeed stand for something—deviance—whereas Ferry remains elusive, a too self-satisfied mystery figure. It has been suggested more than once that in his dinner jacket and cravat he looks like a maître d'.

Ferry's vanity has taken its toll on the band's music. *Country Life* (Atlantic), the latest Roxy album, is perfectly acceptable fare, but for those who have lived with the truly aristocratic sonic textures of its predecessors, this LP is obviously a comedown—Roxy Music is imitating itself.

What preceded *Country Life* was just too good. The only way of dealing with the present disappointment is by turning to the music of Eno. Currently, Eno is concocting unique, fascinating, multitextured, intelligent, rewarding, strange, and truly avant-garde music. Bryan Ferry *looks* meaningful and *is* pretentious; Eno *looks* pretentious and *is* profound. The Velvet Underground influence is more pronounced with Eno, and most of his lyrics are as obtuse as Roxy's. But Eno occasionally does manage to perform his own diabolical licks: "Baby's on fire/Better throw her in the water/Look at her laughing/Like a heifer to the slaughter/Baby's on fire/And all the laughing boys are itching. . . ." This is the real sleaze that Roxy only hints at—Bryan Ferry would hate to soil himself so.

Here Come the Warm Jets (Island), Eno's first solo album, is an alternately savage and tender work that sounds *hot* the first time you hear it and keeps getting better and better. *Taking Tiger Mountain (By Strategy)* (Island), his latest, is stranger and less violent. It has something to do with Eno's pursuit of his girl friend after she leaves him for Chairman Mao. And it works! Eno utilizes everything from obvious Oriental motifs, to electronic distortions, to the pervasive Velvet Underground rhythmic crackle, to really dissonant classical-string sections, to off-key vocals—and it's fully realized.

Bryan Ferry may prove to be entirely hollow, but Roxy Music does stand for something: prolificacy and consistent excellence. The music that Eno constructs will complete the grand experiment that Roxy Music began.—*Lester Bangs*

SUPERGROUPIE GOES STAR

"Never do with your hands what you can do better with your mouth." That's Cherry Vanilla's philosophy, the purple rule that brought her to the top as rock publicist for David Bowie and the MainMan promotional circus. In her privately published "tit-printed, signed, and numbered" volume of poetry, *Compositions*, she recalls the years spent on her back as fan and groupie to the big rock stars.

"When you come right down to it," she said with a toss of her fluorescent red hair, "it's all in your head. The kind you have, and the kind you give." Such unabashed honesty earned

Leee Black Childers

Vanilla: Mastering poetry and manhood

Cherry Vanilla a shaded popularity with the rock stars and notoriety among the behind-the-scenes hipsters, writers, and business people of the music industry. "Cherry Vanilla, a poet?" exclaimed one record publicist. "Why I can remember her giving blow jobs in the back room of Max's Kansas City when that kind of activity was considered very avant-garde." But such criticism never fazed Ms. Vanilla, and her prose, as well as her poetry, remains completely unexpurgated. "I always had a certain passion for the larger ones," she confided to *Penthouse.*

One wouldn't expect that such a passionate, seething set of lips could master poetry as well as manhood. But it's true! Cherry records her ribald ride to the top in great poetic form. And for Cherry Vanilla it has been a long, picaresque trip to the poetry salon—her roles include casting director, Warhol star, disc jockey, groupie, MainMan publicist, and porno moviemaker. With her comic scrawlings, her face-dropping snapshots, and her unique pornographic poetry, Ms. Vanilla's *Compositions* documents her career in a casual, scrapbook style. She takes us from a self-portrait at age four ("Whore on Fire") to her adventure as supergroupie ("Vinnie Vibrator, Clara Clit, Lou Reed, God, the Devil and Me") to her current star-poet era ("To the Muddy Minded Members of the Music Medium"). In this last poem she bids farewell to former rock stars:

Fuck you, Good-bye
Thanks a lot
for showing me what you have not
Suck cock, love rock
groupie's gone
And unlike you
she's moving on!

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What Cherry Vanilla has moved on to is a nightclub act focusing on recitations from *Compositions*. What emerges from her poetry is a humorous, mocking, insightful look at a rock scene that has all but extinguished itself. And who better to deliver the coup de grace than an ex-groupie? And of course, David Bowie—the Vanilla-made man—is one of the outstanding attractions of Cherry's merry mad apocalypse.

Reposing in her New York loft amidst pounding music, cherry incense, chic deco delights, and snapshots of the stars, Cherry Vanilla discussed her days with Bowie:

"Since David was going to be inaccessible to the press, I was the next best thing. I was the tongue of David Bowie when it really mattered." Cherry's duties included advance work in the field. She traveled ahead of the Bowie tours and was known to fall on her knees in gratitude for the favors given her by disc jockeys and journalists. "Remember," she said with a wag of her finger, "it's all in your head.

"The amazing thing is that it all worked, I established the MainMan newsletters and the sensational My World column in London. I ghostwrote the whole thing for David."

Cherry smiled as she recalled the good old days of rock and the hyping ways that eventually produced one of rock's biggest money-makers. "He was groin-deep in hype," she assured. "In the beginning Bowie was a honey-haired folksinger with a twelve-string guitar and no makeup. I met him while starring in Warhol's *Pork* in London. He was just walking around without a gimmick.

"Let me show you some old photos of Bowie," she said as she rose to cross the room. Cherry wears clothes from Frederick's of Hollywood—spike heels, Hollywood-style rhinestone sunglasses, very tight black satin pants that glisten, and bras, real bras, not your soft no-bra look, but bras that show off Cherry's hot, harnessed, and ready-to-explode knockers.

Thumbing through old photos, she continued: "By the time I finished with him, he was bisexual and hot. Real hot. But you know his image is gay. That was all hype. He never sleeps with guys. I've slept with him, and believe me he knows how to turn people on. But he never sleeps with guys. We just let people think that.

"It must bug the balls off some of the people up at MainMan that I know too much," added Cherry. "They keep tight reins on everything. And they know I know. They can control anything but my mouth."

The reward is ours—*Compositions* (Vanilla Productions, 428 West 20th Street, N.Y.C. 10011. $25 hardcover; $6 paperback).

"Now don't forget," she said in parting. "Tell your readers that there's plenty of me. Scoops of Vanilla for everyone."—*Henry Post*

CURRENT RELEASES

Blood on the Tracks/Bob Dylan (Columbia PC 3235). Dylan's latest album won't disappoint his fans, and it lands on the cusp of his reputation. The sound is fresh and remarkably different—the Dylan voice is not howling and garbled like the last two LPs, and he fits in comfortably with the musicians. The selections are solid and strong, not like the throwaways on *Planet Waves*. An excellent work; one of Dylan's best.

Just a Boy/Leo Sayer (Warner Brothers BS 2836). Leo Sayer is England's latest boy genius. His *Silver Bird* album produced incredible material for other song-hungry artists. But Sayer is a faultless singer in his own right, and this LP is even better than the first. "One Man Band" is already floating around on the nation's airwaves, and cuts like "Train" and "Long Tall Glasses" will certainly be picked up by other artists.

Play Don't Worry/Mick Ronson (MainMan APL 1-0681). Mick Ronson is the highly touted guitarist who quit Bowie's band to try it on his own. And here he emerges as his own hot guitar player and arranger. Two cuts on this album are his and the rest are from a wide range of sources. He performs a miracle with that old juke fluke "The Girl Can't Help It," making it rage like something new. This is Ronson's second solo effort—after the very disappointing *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*.

Never Can Say Goodbye/Gloria Gaynor (MGM M3G 4982). With "Honey Bee" and "Never Can Say Goodbye" under her belt, Gloria Gaynor was the disco favorite of '74. Now devotees can hear those hits in unexpurgated six-minute cuts along with her new, lengthy rendition of "Reach Out, I'll Be There." This LP is loud, brassy, and very danceable; it's a DJ's dream.

Melissa/Melissa Manchester (Arista AL 4031). Manchester's album frequently escapes gravity. The clarity of her singing and arrangements, and the faultlessness of the musicians' performance make for exciting, moving music. Most of the songs are written by Manchester and an assortment of writing partners. Melodically they are all beautifully well-rounded; lyrically they border on gibberish. In one song—about Stevie Wonder—she muses about how thrilling it would be to ball a genius. In another, she sings a tender love ballad to someone or something called Midnight Blue. The lyrics are silly and overburdened with meaning—as they stand they mar this otherwise beautiful album.

Soul Survivors/Soul Survivors (TSOP KZ 33186). The Scotsman of Average White Band were immediately successful with their first R & B album on Atlantic, the Stones and Bowie are picking up on the Philly Sound, and so it is only natural that the Soul Survivors—a white soul group of ten years standing—should finally produce their first LP. They don't take rhythm and blues into any new directions—soulful black-sounding voices, Hollywood strings, lots of brass, Las Vegas arrangements—but theirs is a very solid, very professional production. "What It Takes" and "City of Brotherly Love" may well take them to the top.—*John Gibson*

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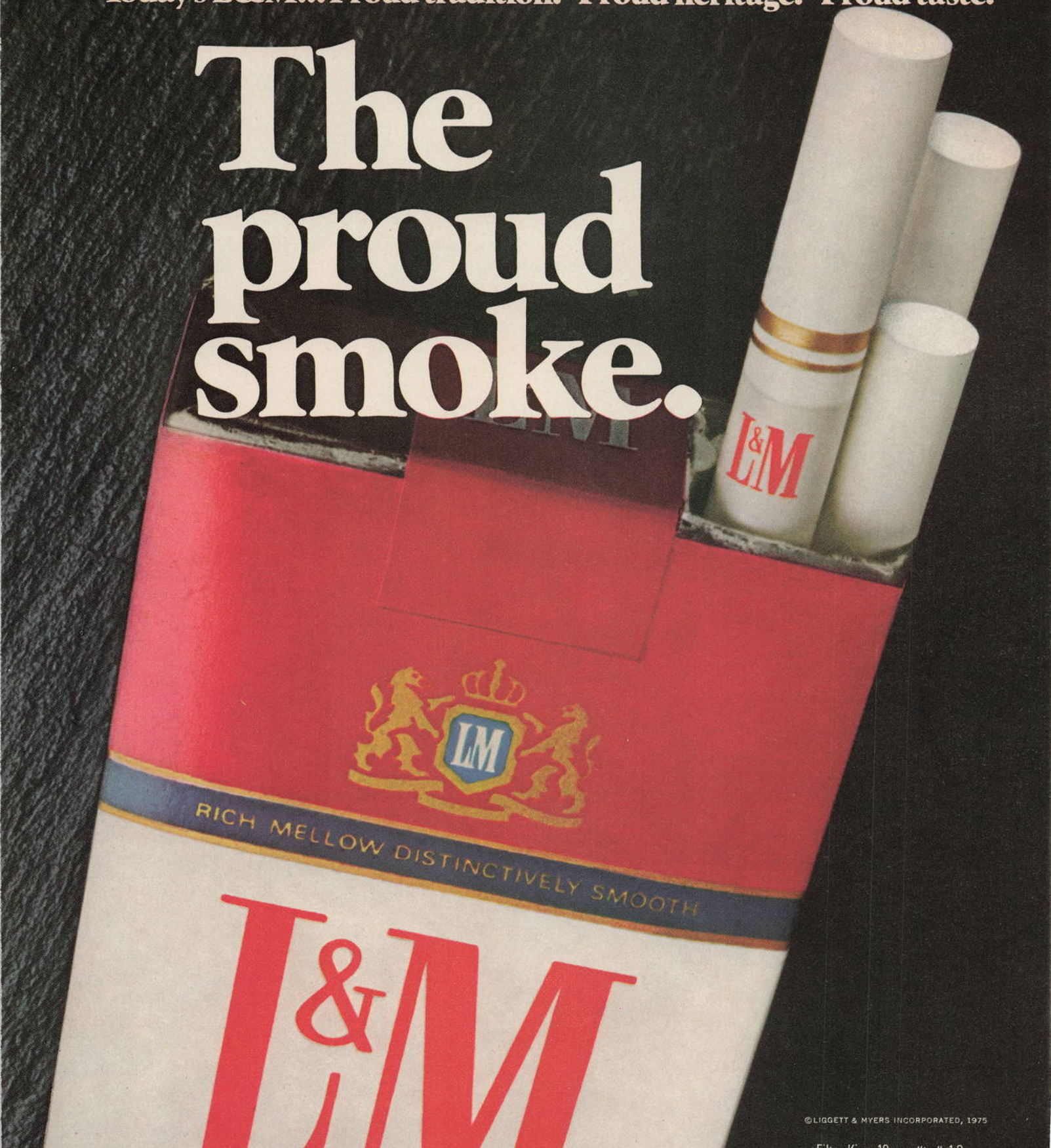

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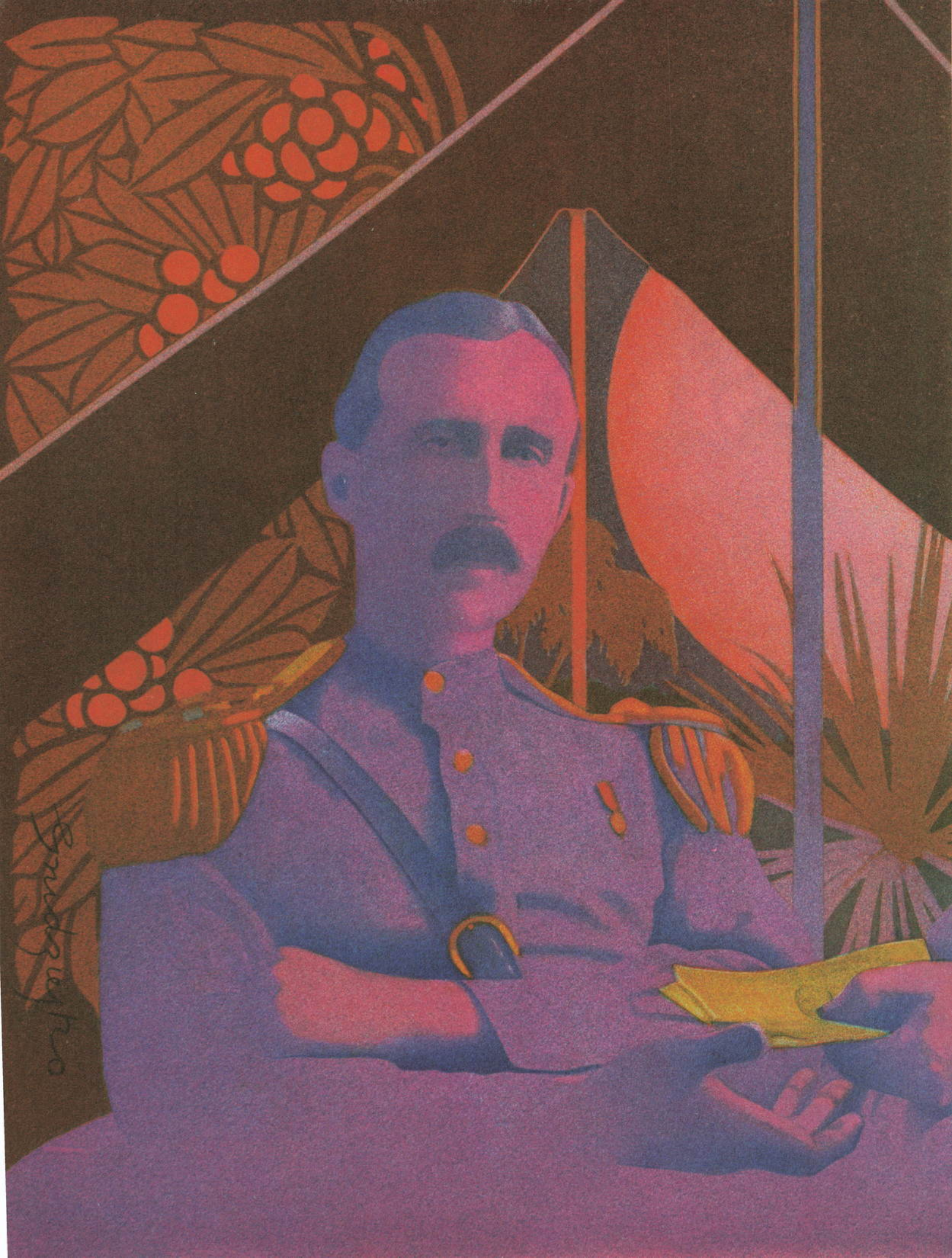

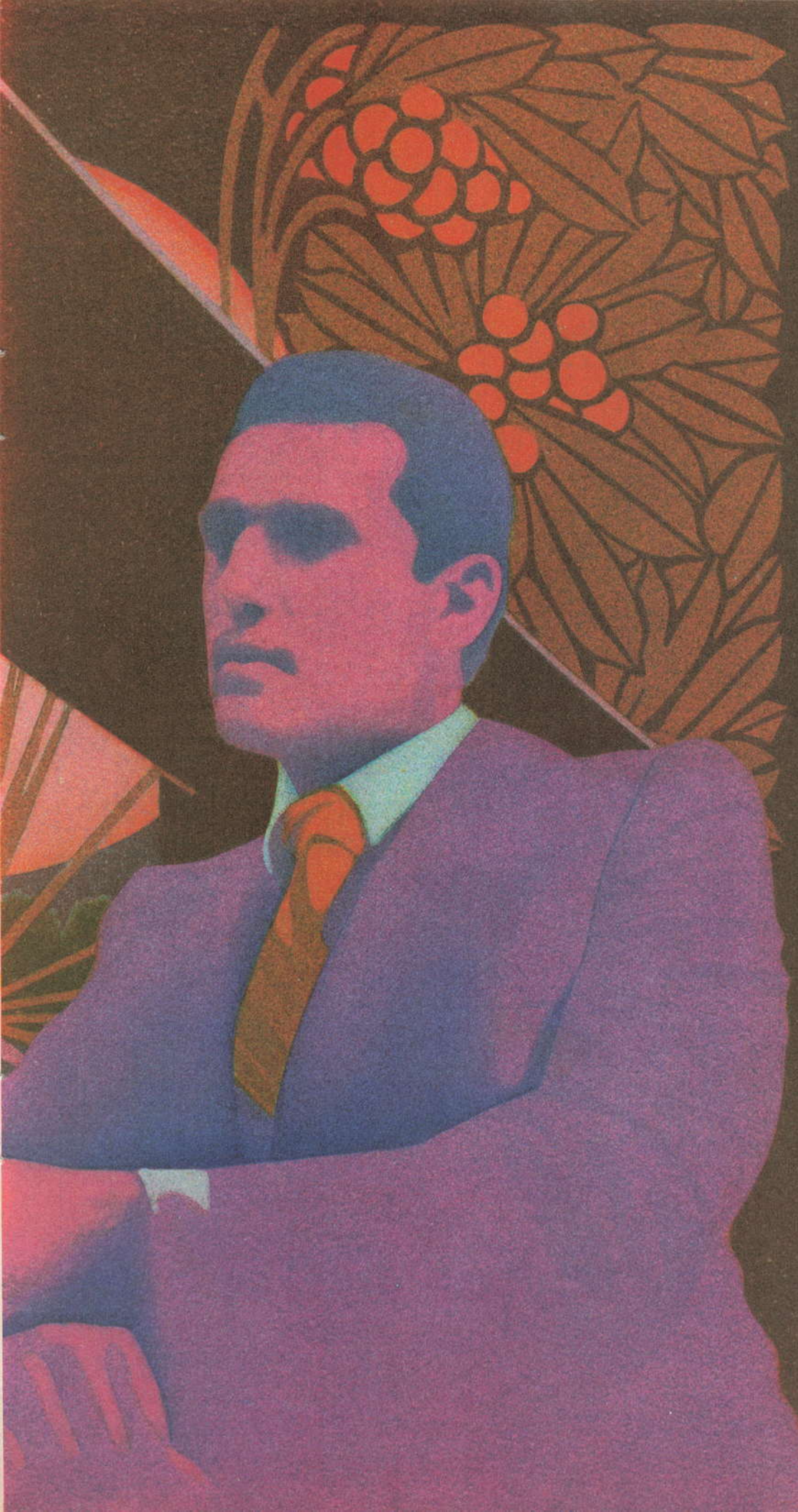

THE GENTLEMEN KILLERS OF THE CIA

AS THE SENATE INVESTIGATION PROCEEDS, WE SHOULD REMEMBER THAT THE "AGENCY" HAS *ALWAYS* EMPLOYED MURDER AND SUBVERSION

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

In the old days, when I was occasionally invited to drop in for a chat with Allen Dulles, the CIA was housed in a rambling group of brick Victorian buildings on a small hill overlooking Foggy Bottom, where the palatial new State Department building had recently gone up.

Those visits were like a quiet page out of Agatha Christie. There would be a flat-voiced telephone call from a man named Colonel Stanley Grogan, who served as Dulles's press attaché (although no one thought of calling him that—there was nothing so vulgar as public relations in Dulles's CIA). The director, Grogan would say, had heard that I was back from Moscow. . . . He'd be terribly pleased to have my impressions of how things were going over there.

In due course, a quiet car and chauffeur would pick me up. After a brief stop at an inconspicuous gatehouse signposted *Department of the Navy, Medical Research*, where a guard would clear me, we would go on up the circular driveway, almost to the top of the hill, and pause at the entrance of a building whose peculiar sight lines made it invisible from the street.

The motherly receptionist would greet me in the en-

(This article is the first in a monthly series on the CIA and the intelligence community.)

trance hall and then Colonel Grogan would usher me into a pleasant waiting room with Hepplewhite chairs and a Queen Anne sofa and make a bit of small talk about the weather or football (never baseball—baseball, it was clear, was not the thing in the CIA).

The short wait for Dulles gave him a chance to apologize to me and to express his pleasure that I had been able to find time to drop by. There were always others with him, tweedy men like Dulles—and you knew that these were excellent tweeds, cut by good London tailors or by Brooks. And the men's faces were lean, handsome faces, the kind you saw in good whiskey ads, leaning indolently beside tall fireplaces in English country houses or perhaps their Long Island equivalents.

Allen Dulles's office suited its occupant. No clutter, a fire in the fireplace except during the hottest Washington Julys. (Did he chuck his most secret notes into the flames and watch them burn?) There were no windows behind the director's desk, so that his back was to a blank wall. To one side, there was a window that seemed to face outside but through which you could not really see anything except some shrub plantings (and this, I was certain, was not accidental—no access would be provided to the director's office from the outside).

The conversation in Dulles's office was of a piece with the setting—mellow, informal, informed, a conversation among sophisticated, rather world-weary but gentlemanly individuals. No talk of spies or dirty tricks or double agents. Everything was nuanced, sketched in quick pencil strokes, flavored with the aromatic smoke that came from Allen Dulles's pipe (none of his companions ever seemed to smoke, at least in his presence), wry expressions of the face, self-deprecating stories, and droll shrugs of the shoulder.

The questions from Dulles would be shrewd: Where did Malenkov rank in the Kremlin hierarchy? Was he really being groomed to take over when Stalin died? What was the real reaction in the Kremlin to the failure of the Berlin blockade? Was it possible that Stalin simply didn't understand modern air power?

So the talk would go, with occasional interjections by others—interjections a bit more close to the bone, but all in the style set by Dulles. No voices were raised, no harsh opinions expressed; there were no suggestions of bloodshed, no hints of violence or dark deeds. All was civilized, even "clubbable." The men's haberdashery was of a pattern, the ties diagonal stripes or simple small figures, the colors subdued browns or heathers. There were no sharp edges—well, almost no sharp edges. Usually there would be one man in the small group who was silent throughout the polite talk. His suit did not come from Brooks. It came off the rack. And his face did not come from the Ivy League. It was not relaxed or handsome. It was harsh-featured and there was likely to be the look of a weasel in it. This man would sit through the whole conversation, his back to the wall, saying nothing, ignored by the others. When the conversation was over and Allen Dulles was shaking hands and expressing his deep appreciation, the silent man would slide into the background, saying nothing, not offering to shake hands; as you were walking out, you would remember that he had never been introduced.

Times have changed at the CIA. Dulles has gone to his grave. Headquarters has moved across the river to the enormous complex at Langley (although the old building is still in use). Bureaucracy has given the agency a new face—efficient, button-pushing, computerized. There is nothing Victorian about the director's office these days. The old accents of Harvard and Brown and Princeton have been diluted by the bland tones of Illinois. There are more and more ethnics on the staff rolls. Recruiting teams work the Panhandle colleges of Texas more vigorously nowadays than the citadels of the Northeast Triangle.

The style of the CIA today is a clean-shaven, gray-suited, credit-card-carrying, rent-a-car businessman's style. The last of the tweedy generation has almost been phased out and this, too, is not accidental.

But the fundamental question remains what it has been all along. Which is the real face of the CIA—the clubbable avuncular

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

THE CIA FELONIES

The Central Intelligence Agency was created by act of Congress, and its lawful powers, duties, activities, and purposes are wholly defined and circumscribed by The National Security Act of 1947. Under this law, the agency is authorized to act solely in matters related to intelligence affecting the national security. All other activities are illegal as being in violation of Article I, Section 1 of the Constitution, which vests all legislative powers in the Congress. The National Security Act does not authorize the agency to engage in activities designed to manipulate political, military, economic, or social developments in foreign countries. It is restricted to collecting, analyzing, integrating, interpreting, and disseminating information. However, the agency *has* made a practice of engaging in non-intelligence-related activities.

The CIA has admitted some of these activities. Among them are:

(a) assisting individuals, organizations, and factions contesting for control of foreign nations;

(b) providing paramilitary support to foreign groups and nations;

(c) providing financial and other support for counterinsurgency efforts;

(d) providing financial support from 1950 to 1967 for the overseas work of various private cultural, labor, and educational organizations in the U.S., such as the National Students Association, which espoused positions favorable to the United States in international conferences and other forums;

(e) providing virtually all of the funding for, and exercising control over broadcasting by Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty into Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union during the 1950's and 1960's;

(f) participating in the organization, funding, and direction of the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba in 1961;

(g) participating until 1973 in the organization, funding, and direction of armies in Laos composed of Laotian and Thai mercenaries;

(h) supplying financial assistance to Chilean political parties and media opposed to the government of Salvador Allende from 1970 to 1973.

In addition, the agency, without publicly acknowledging the extent of its role, has engaged in such related activities as:

(a) providing funds to Italian parties, candidates, and organizations opposed to the Italian Communist Party;

(b) participating in the successful coup against Premier Mohammed Mossadegh of Iran in 1953;

(c) participating in a successful attempt to overthrow the Guatemalan government of Jacobo Arbenz in 1954;

(d) supporting a rebellion against President Sukarno of Indonesia in 1958;

(e) supporting the Khmer rebels in Tibet in the late 1950's and early 1960's;

(f) supporting the forces of Moise Tshombe of the Congo during the 1960's;

(g) financially assisting those opposed to the election of Salvador Allende as president of the Republic of Chile in the elections of 1964 and 1970, and providing financial support to Chilean trade organizations and others opposed to the government of Salvador Allende until the successful coup against his government and his death on September 11, 1973;

(h) advising and assisting a counterinsurgency effort of the Bolivian government in 1967 to capture and kill Che Guevara;

(i) attempting a coup in Syria in 1957. The coup failed, and agency personnel had to scramble aboard airplanes to escape from Damascus.

Given the nature of these admitted felonies, we can logically suspect that the CIA has committed other felonies, has engaged in undemocratic behavior, and is properly the subject of intensive congressional investigation.

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MEMORANDUM TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE

After Seymour Hersh of the New York Times *reported last December that the CIA had engaged in widespread illegal spying on American citizens, the public outcry was so great that a number of investigations were launched. President Ford ordered Vice President Rockefeller to head a "blue-ribbon" panel to investigate Hersh's charges. Most observers, however, felt that the Rockefeller panel was compromised by the long-standing connections of many of its members to the CIA and other intelligence agencies. To insure a thorough investigation, the Senate established a special committee—headed by Senator Frank Church of Idaho—to examine government intelligence. In addition, the House of Representatives set up a similar committee.* Penthouse *sent the following memorandum to Senator Church in February:*

TO: The Chairman, Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities

FROM: *Penthouse* Editorial Staff

RE: Suggested Guidelines for the Select Committee's Investigation

Background: Penthouse's interest and concern in the matters under consideration by the Select Committee has been manifested over the years in a variety of articles dealing with the intelligence community's operations, both at home and abroad.

Consequently, the following guidelines are suggested to indicate some initial lines of inquiry which may not be immediately apparent from the results of previous investigations of the intelligence community.

As *Penthouse* sees it, the Select Committee should examine the organization and procedures of the intelligence community to determine how and in what ways those procedures have been in violation of human and civil rights and how the various agencies have exceeded their statutory authority. Although organization and operations are often thought to be separable, they are closely related and should be approached on a common front.

The agencies are large, influential, and costly. Our nation's well-being depends in part on them. However, the agencies derive their character from their thousands of employees. These persons constitute "the intelligence community." They are your best source of information for resolving the paradox between our government's officially stated policy and its implementation. As in all matters affecting government operations, it is often the so-called little people who hold the key to the knowledge about what actually occurs. *Penthouse*, therefore, suggests:

(a) The Senate Select Committee should protect intelligence community personnel, who are called to testify, against bureaucratic reprisals which might be taken to silence or intimidate them either before or after the fact. This assurance is vitally important in view of personally damaging information held in personnel and operational files derived from psychological "de-briefings," polygraph interrogations, and the like. If individuals are to testify fully and freely about operations they have been involved in or have knowledge of, this protection is essential.

(b) In connection with the majority leader's letter to the intelligence agencies covered under the Select Committee's investigation not to destroy files and documents or deny the Committee access to them, *Penthouse* believes the Committee should identify the actual keepers of those files and documents before requests for information are directed to the agencies involved. Since entry into the intelligence community's files is so difficult, persons interested in covering up an agency's nonintelligence or illegal activities may be able to create "shadow" cross-files and hide relevant material. These conditions, which are designed to help hide information from Congress, still exist in the intelligence community, and it's unlikely that damaging information will be provided voluntarily unless it is precisely identified by the Senate Select Committee.

(c) Because of the CIA's dominant position in the intelligence community there is a necessity to understand the role of its director—both as the head of the CIA and as the director of Central Intelligence with responsibilities over the entire intelligence community. The Committee should review the study of the CIA and the intelligence community prepared at White House direction by former CIA Director James Schlesinger during 1971 and 1972 while he was at the White House Office of Management and Budget. This study—which documents the difference between the intelligence community's promise and performance—was later used by President Nixon to recast the responsibility and accountability of the CIA and the other elements of the intelligence community. It shows how far out of control the intelligence community has gone since the National Security Act of 1947, and it may be used to determine how directors of agencies carried out, or exceeded, their statutory responsibilities.

(d) The Select Committee and its staff should review the results of previous congressional commissions organized to examine intelligence operations, as well as the background and authority of the Defense Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, and the Drug Enforcement Administration, among others, insofar as their charters may have empowered them to engage in clandestine operations. Although there is no easy way to penetrate the organizational thicket that protects the intelligence community, it must be penetrated if the Select Committee is to establish guilt—to find out who did what to whom and at whose behest. For purposes of the Select Committee's investigation, the intelligence community should be looked upon as a multinational conglomerate with national as well as international interests and loyalties.

(e) Only after the organizational relationships among the members of the intelligence community are understood can the examination of the specifics of unrelated nonintelligence illegal operations such as the Chilean coup, the use of mercenaries in the Congo, the overthrow and attempted overthrow of governments in Guatemala, Iran, and Syria be undertaken. It's convenient to lay the blame or credit for such operations solely at the CIA's doorstep, but these activities require the support and assistance of other intelligence community members as well. To this end the various interagency programs which have been established by the White House as well as the director of Central Intelligence (such as those involving domestic surveillance, front organizations, and penetration operations) deserve the Committee's scrutiny in order to establish what laws were violated in carrying them out. Furthermore, these interagency programs' operations provide the means for the Select Committee to examine the informal networks of field operatives which have evolved over the years.

(f) Once the intelligence community relationships are clear it is possible to deal with such questions as who ordered a specific break-in, mail intercept, or surveillance, and to whom the information was provided. For example, contrary to published reports, the operations of the Domestic Contacts Division of the CIA's counterintelligence staff precede the National Security Act of 1947, and its activities have encompassed a wide variety of nonintelligence-related functions—

some of which, but not all, have involved many other elements of the intelligence community.

(g) Understanding the organizational relationships among the intelligence community's members constitutes a formidable investigative task, but no greater in magnitude than the one posed by the Senate's current investigation of multinational firms. Consequently, the Select Committee should use their understanding of the organizational relationships to identify those actually responsible for initiating illegal nonintelligence-related activities. This issue may become crucial to the Committee's efforts in order to avoid being bogged down in the abstract political question of whether the responsibility for initiating illegal activities—which involve the tacit or overt acceptance of these activities by other agencies—is that of the President, or Henry Kissinger, the chairman of the 40 Committee, which oversees the CIA.

Beyond these generalized suggestions designed to pierce the intelligence community's veil of self-protection and establish a method to get at the material necessary for a successful investigation of the intelligence community's operations and procedures, *Penthouse* further believes that certain other specific actions, primarily carried out by the CIA, deserve the Select Committee's immediate attention. Among these specific actions to be investigated are:

(a) The CIA's proprietary activities —including their scope, financing, and operations. Initially, the Select Committee should subpoena the books, corporate chartering information, and personnel records of the Pacific Corporation. The Pacific Corporation, located at 1725 K Street NW, Washington, D.C., incorporated in Dover, Delaware, on July 10, 1950, by the Prentice-Hall Corporation, serves as *one* of the CIA's holding companies for its far-flung corporate empire. It is by no means the only proprietary activity designed to manage the CIA's interest. Nonetheless, it represents a valid starting point, especially because the transportation organizations under its control are worldwide.

In addition, examining the activities of the International Police Service Company, 1812 R Street NW, Washington, D.C., run by Dennis Fleming, might clear up the question of the CIA's traffic in contraband arms and military equipment as well as the distribution of electronic surveillance devices to "contract" personnel for illegal operations.

Also, the Fairways Corporation at Washington National Airport, which specializes in short-haul domestic flights of sensitive cargo and clandestine personnel, should be a matter of concern to the Committee.

The CIA proprietary activities mentioned above are not exhaustive, but they represent an adequate starting point for your investigation. What is at issue is the necessity to examine all the proprietary activities in a total context, at home and abroad.

(b) Another area of inquiry should be the CIA's encouragement of the publication of supposedly scholarly works by agency staffers under pseudonyms. This practice has spawned a considerable literature designed to influence public opinion on matters of foreign policy, and as such has been used to promote the Agency's view of the world and America's relationship to it. These books and the names of the persons who actually authored them are located in the CIA's Office of Security's files. The Office of Security holds the original manuscripts, which were cleared for publication—a process including directives on what should and should not be said—by this CIA branch.

(c) In addition to the "dirty tricks" carried out by the CIA's undercover services in connection with coups, countercoups, operations of the Phoenix program in Vietnam, the use of mercenaries etc., the Select Committee needs to probe the relationship between the CIA's clandestine services, its counterintelligence staff, and its innocent-sounding Technical Services Division. This last organization and its relationship to the entire intelligence community spectrum of illegal nonintelligence activities is crucial to the Select Committee's investigation. It has been and continues to be the central point for control of what are euphemistically referred to as "lethal operations." TSD serves as the sign-off for operations, both at home and abroad, which are designed to be without U.S. government attribution.

(d) A further fruitful line of inquiry for the Committee involves an investigation of the CIA's medical experiments. The specifics are rightly the concern of the Select Committee, who should seek justification and explanation for activities which are contrary to the intent and purposes of the Geneva Convention as well as other international treaties.

(e) Another area for investigation is the CIA's Domestic Contracts branch, which was a subordinate element of former Assistant Director James Angleton's counterintelligence staff. As such, Domestic Contracts has a long and checkered history within the CIA as well as in its relations with other agencies in the intelligence community. Its activities have included, but are not limited to, programs designed to enlist the efforts of U.S. commercial and private tourists traveling abroad to report on the things they observed or to acquire information on certain intelligence targets.

Also, Domestic Contracts has been used to help identify American citizens contacted by foreign intelligence services and to coordinate with other elements of the counterintelligence staff these citizens use as "double" agents. Moreover, Domestic Contracts initiates surveillance of citizens by friends or associates—and in some cases active surveillance by elements of the intelligence community other than, or in addition to, those from the CIA or FBI.

For example, active surveillance of potential intelligence targets within the U.S. has been carried out by such organizations as the U.S. Coast Guard, so-called friendly foreign intelligence services, and proprietary activities having no official connection to the U.S. government. In addition, Domestic Contracts is the source for control over such CIA activities as the covert funding of the National Student Association and *Encounter* in addition to other organizations and publications. These activities, including the control of the National Endowment for the Humanities and secret college recruiting services, have been part of the Domestic Contracts Division's responsibility over the years.

(f) Beyond determining the extent of the illegal nonintelligence-related activities suggested above, the Select Committee must also examine the operations of the CIA's job referral and out-placement services.

These services, which include the "sanitization" of a CIA employee's record, deserve scrutiny because they may camouflage an individual's past performance. Such altering of records is used to cover the placement of "former" CIA employees in organizations that have been targeted for penetration and to carry out surveillance and intelligence-gathering functions.

Also, these same records can be used to determine the extent of the placement of "retired" CIA employees, such as E. Howard Hunt and James McCord among others, in the Agency's so-called proprietary activities.

Conclusion: Because the issues involve murder and subversion of the democratic process at home and abroad, *Penthouse* enthusiastically endorses the congressional investigations.

SENATE SELECT COMMITTEE ON THE CIA

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THE CIA KILLERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

face of Dulles, or the hawklike visage of the silent man with the ill-fitting clothes, suggestion of garlic breath, and deft hand with a short angle iron?

Any doubt on this score—and there should have been no real doubt from the beginning—has been totally eradicated by a remarkable stream of firsthand name-date-and-place accounts put down on paper in very recent times by a succession of writers most of whom are themselves graduates or longtime inmates of that curious human zoo concealed behind the three innocuous initials.

The tweeds, the pipe, the aromatic tobacco, the fine accents of Boston and Philadelphia were never more than a con. Just as the computers, the aluminum decor, the Bauhaus chairs, and space technology of the new bureaucracy is a con.

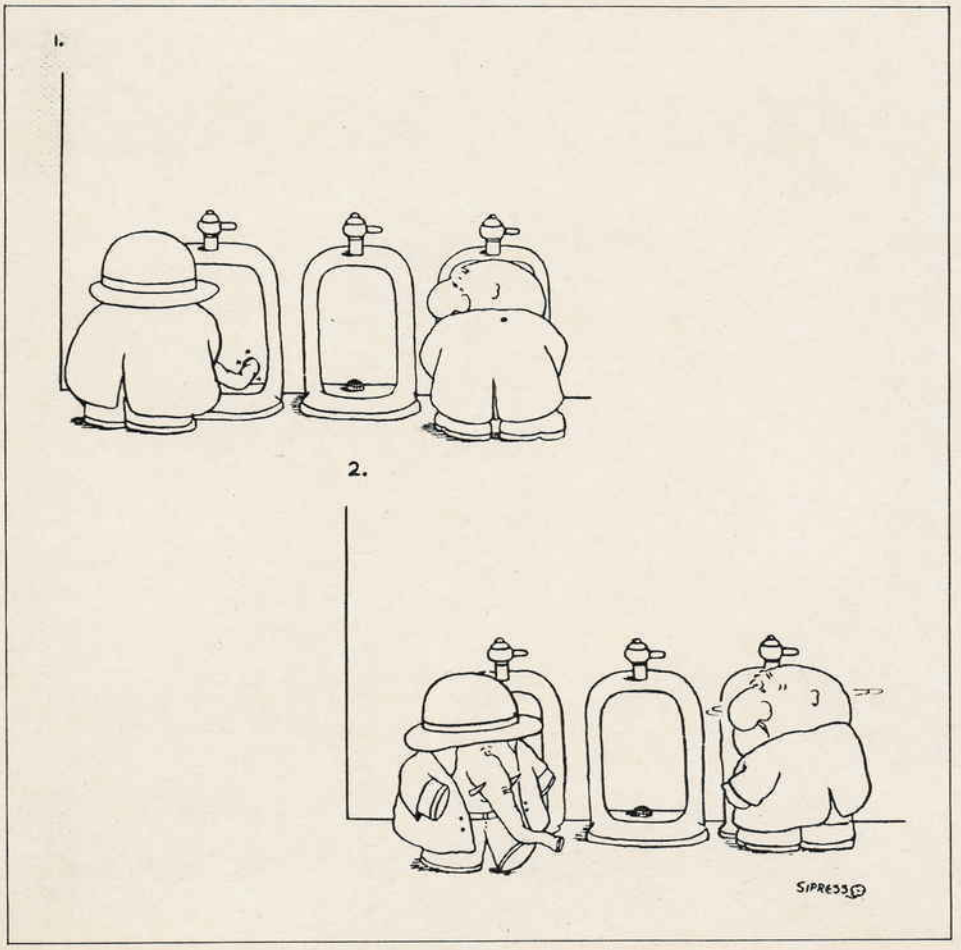
The real face of the CIA is the man with the angle iron. The enforcer. Of course, neither the tweedy man nor the organization man of today wields the angle iron or the silenced revolver himself. The enforcer is hired help—as he is, for the most part, in the Mafia. There is a difference. The Mafia enforcer is killing or blackmailing for profit. He is trying to establish a monopoly for the Family. The CIA men (at least those in tweeds or gray flannel) have convinced themselves, or been convinced, that they are acting for their country—for the old red, white, and blue. But the bottom line at the CIA is blackmail, the squeeze, and, if necessary, killing.

Probably some people have known this simple truth from the beginning. But the CIA con was plausible, and it had a lot going for it. It was bought by many who worked for the CIA, and by most of the country. I have no doubt that Allen Dulles himself believed the con. The argument was that our existence ("our democratic way of life" or whatever cast-iron rhetoric was used to convey the concept) was threatened by a worldwide Communist conspiracy which halted at nothing. We had to fight fire with fire.

How did the con work? Probably the most comprehensive picture of the hidden mechanisms and inner psychology of the CIA is given by Philip Agee, who was recruited into "the Company" upon graduating from Notre Dame in 1956 and who resigned in 1969, thoroughly disillusioned after thirteen years of service (largely in Latin America). His account, *Inside the Company*, has recently been published in England by Penguin and is being brought out in the U.S. by Straight Arrow. It was difficult to find an American publisher because American firms were understandably leery about publishing a former CIA agent's work after the ferocious battle waged by the agency to suppress *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, a similar work by Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks (see *Penthouse*, January 1975). That fight cost Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher, more than $100,000 in legal fees and hasn't ended yet, even though a version with 168 deletions insisted upon by the CIA (these are indicated by blank spaces in the text) has finally been published.

The fact is that the CIA not only cons the public and the rest of the government—it cons itself. Even today, Marchetti feels that the CIA almost never assassinates, and certainly never by its own hand. The killing may be set up, but someone else carries out the mission. "Why, CIA men don't even carry guns," says Thomas McCoy, another former CIA man; "it's not allowed." And he and Marchetti gleefully recall one colleague who had carried a gun that was taken away from him with enormous difficulty. "But he was nuts," the two agree.

Obviously, the con still works. Because the CIA staffer himself does not carry a gun and does not personally shoot his victims, he feels relieved of moral responsibility. Thus, CIA men feel no remorse over the killing of Premier Mossadegh of Iran, or of Che Guevara, because in the first place they were "targets," and in the second place the killing was done by local allies. The fact that the security police of Ecuador or Uruguay killed and tortured men who were on the CIA target list hardly bothered Philip Agee until one day, happening by chance to be in the Montevideo police headquarters, he heard loud moans from another room. He learned that the moans were coming from a "target" he had named to the police as the *picana*, a hand-operated generator, was applied to the man's genitals. Agee was so shocked he decided not to give the police any more names.



In real life, the CIA resembles nothing so much as a great fraternity—something like the Elks, but more like Sigma Chi. It doesn't seem to have an official grip or class rings, but it does issue agency medals. The medals are of differing grades and they are presented to agency personnel who have accomplished great feats of intelligence. The only rub is that the medals, which resemble the army's Medal of Honor and are awarded during ceremonies at CIA headquarters, can be worn only on CIA territory and at official CIA functions. They are, naturally, classified as top secret, and no medal holder is ever allowed to refer to them to "nonwitting" individuals.

"Nonwitting" is an expression from the CIA's secret lingo (remember the secret codes you made up as a kid?). A "witting" person, in CIA-speak, means a person in the know, that is, an agency man. A "nonwitting" or "unwitting" person is a nonagency person who is not clued in.

No witting man ever calls his employer the CIA or the agency—it is always "the Company." No witting man ever talks about technique—he speaks of "tradecraft." Much of this lingo is now familiar to the nonwitting public via James Bond. There are "safe houses," "dead drops," "cut-outs," "flutter" (lie-detector tests), "walk-ins" (recruits who walk in off the street), "cold picks" (attempts to recruit agents cold by simply walking up to them on the street), "infil-exfil," "burn-and-blow" (sabotage), "false-flag" recruit-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

ON THE BEACH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFFREY RIAN

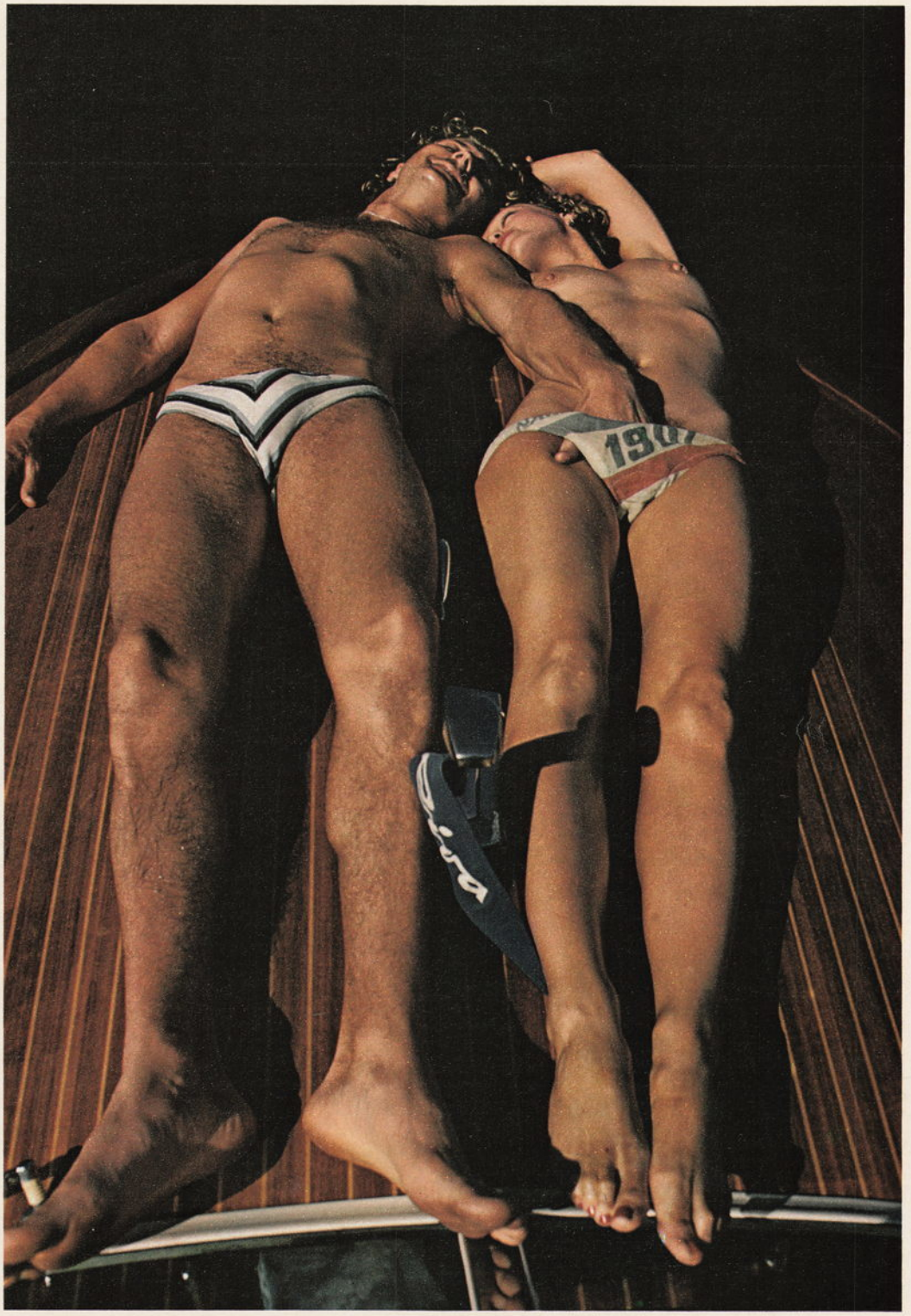
The sea draws us endlessly. In its saline womb, life began, and our bloodstream eternally sings our need of the surging mother. At the joining point, the elements converge: earth—gleaming sands; water—the stretching bluegreen wet; air—brief relieving gusts of wind; fire—father sun, all come together in the glittering colors of the painted day.

Beneath the forms, the throb of life. We feel it in the heartbeat, the breath, the electricity along our skin. And through all the actions of our mundane theater, we seek to return to the source, the simplicity before the world became conscious of its own becoming.

With eyes flashing, hands and fingers pressed and locked, desire licking up and down their thighs, lovers search for innocence and throw off encumbrances, surrendering to the embrace of nature.

From the streets of the small village in the South of France to the tidepools of a secluded beach requires only a ten-minute walk. Jean-Paul and Simone have been there often, for making love outdoors allows them to catch a sense of cosmic totality. They stroll slowly, relishing the smells of the lush countryside...flowers, grass, the animal aromas of barns and herds.

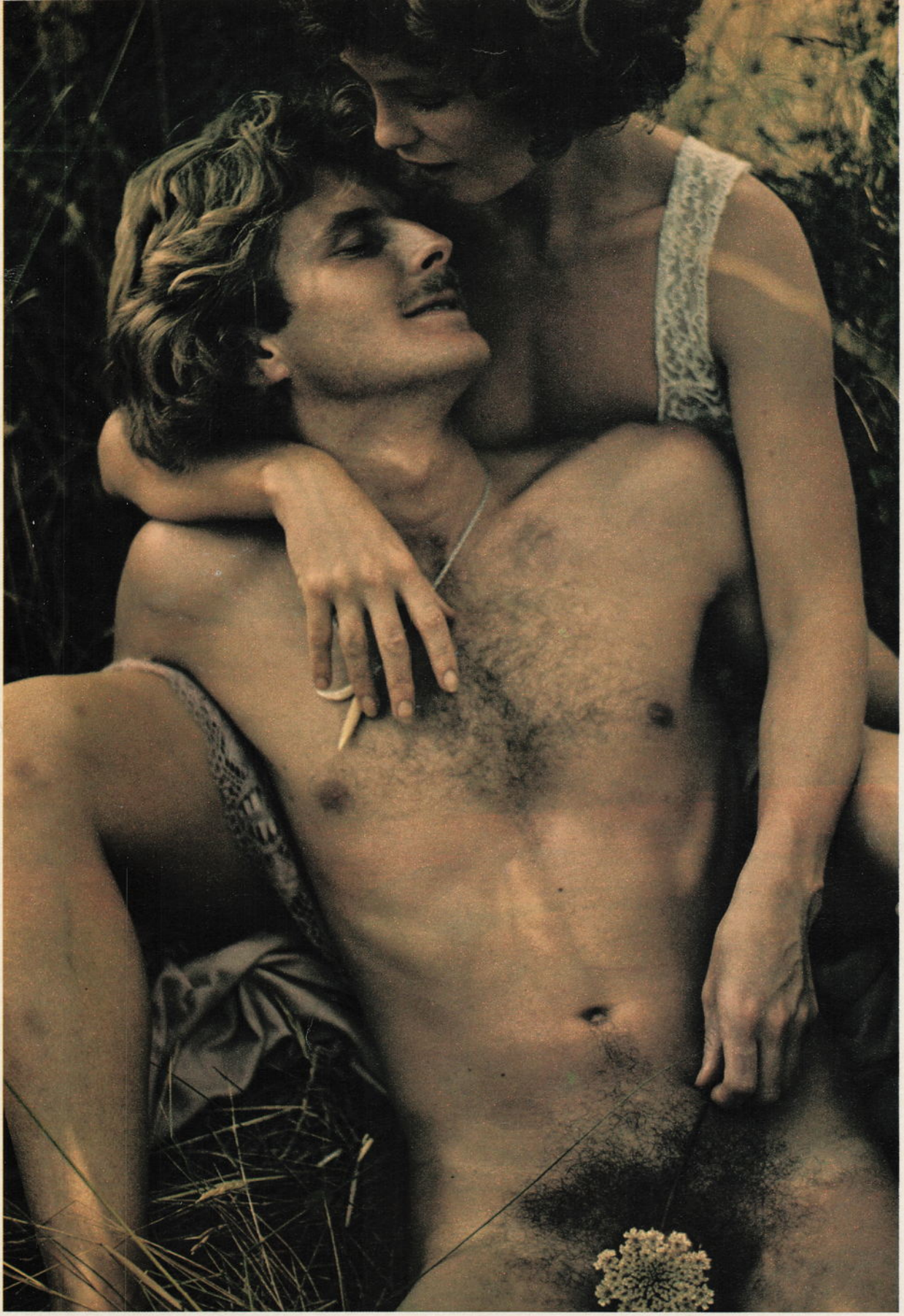
"With desire
licking up and down
their thighs, lovers search for innocence...
surrendering to
the embrace of nature."

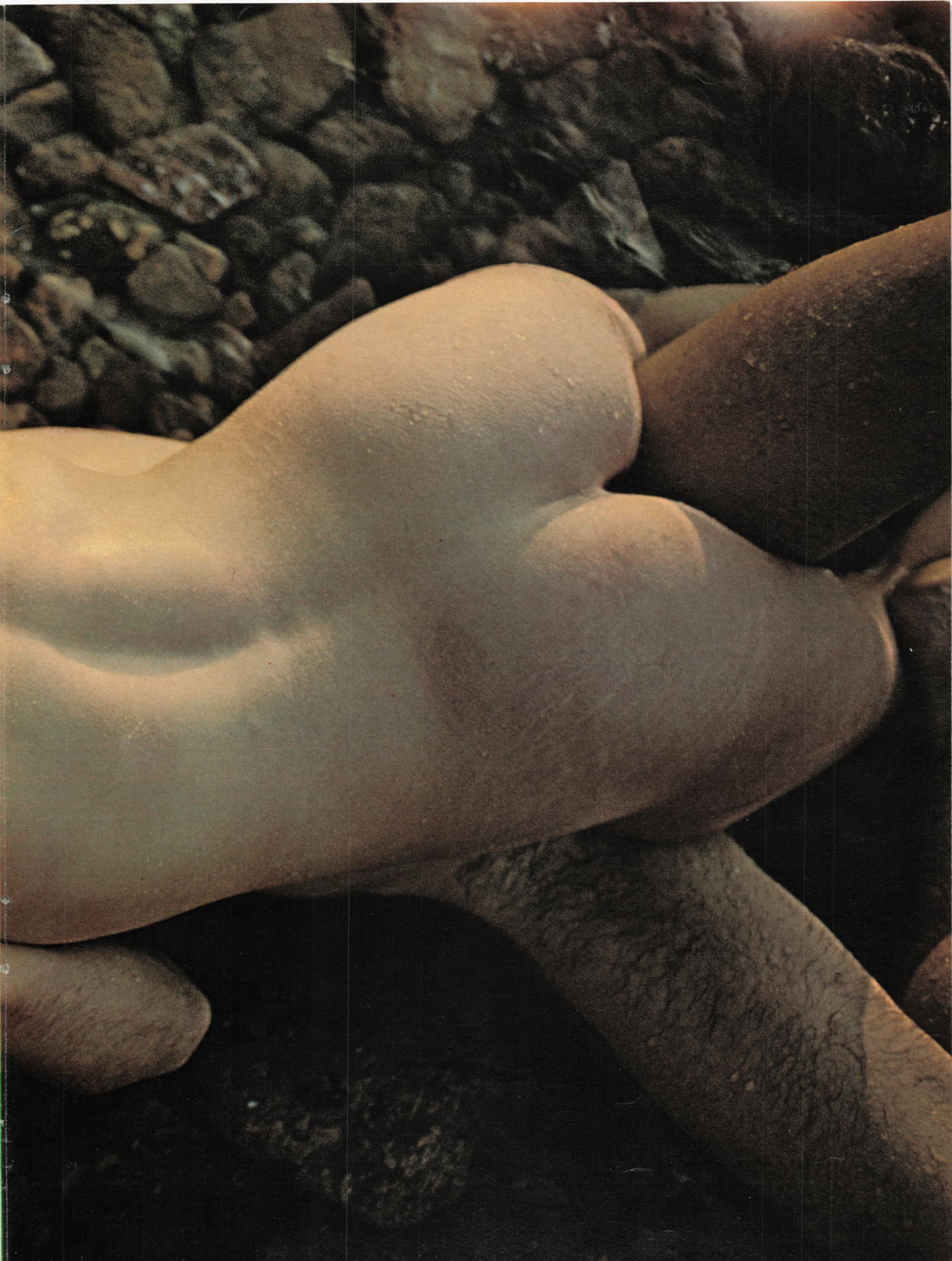


When they near the cliffs, they begin to undress, baring tanned flesh to the rays of the hot afternoon. Already they have started to sense the swelling of passion. They descend over ageless sentinel crags down to their private cove. Naked now, they turn to one another. They hesitate, to savor this timeless instant of perfection—to *know* that they know—before flinging themselves into the yearning, thrashing, undulating forgetfulness of the fuck.

Between them, there is taste, texture, sound, realization. Fingers, nipples, tongues, thighs, bellies, hips, buttocks, cunt, and cock blend into a dance of febrile expansion. And outside waves drum in muted thunder to augment the rhythms of their sweet, open-throated song of climax.

While from far, far above, seen through the indifferent eyes of a soaring gull, the two bodies are indistinguishable from bleached rocks, driftwood, or shadowed patterns in the whitened sand.





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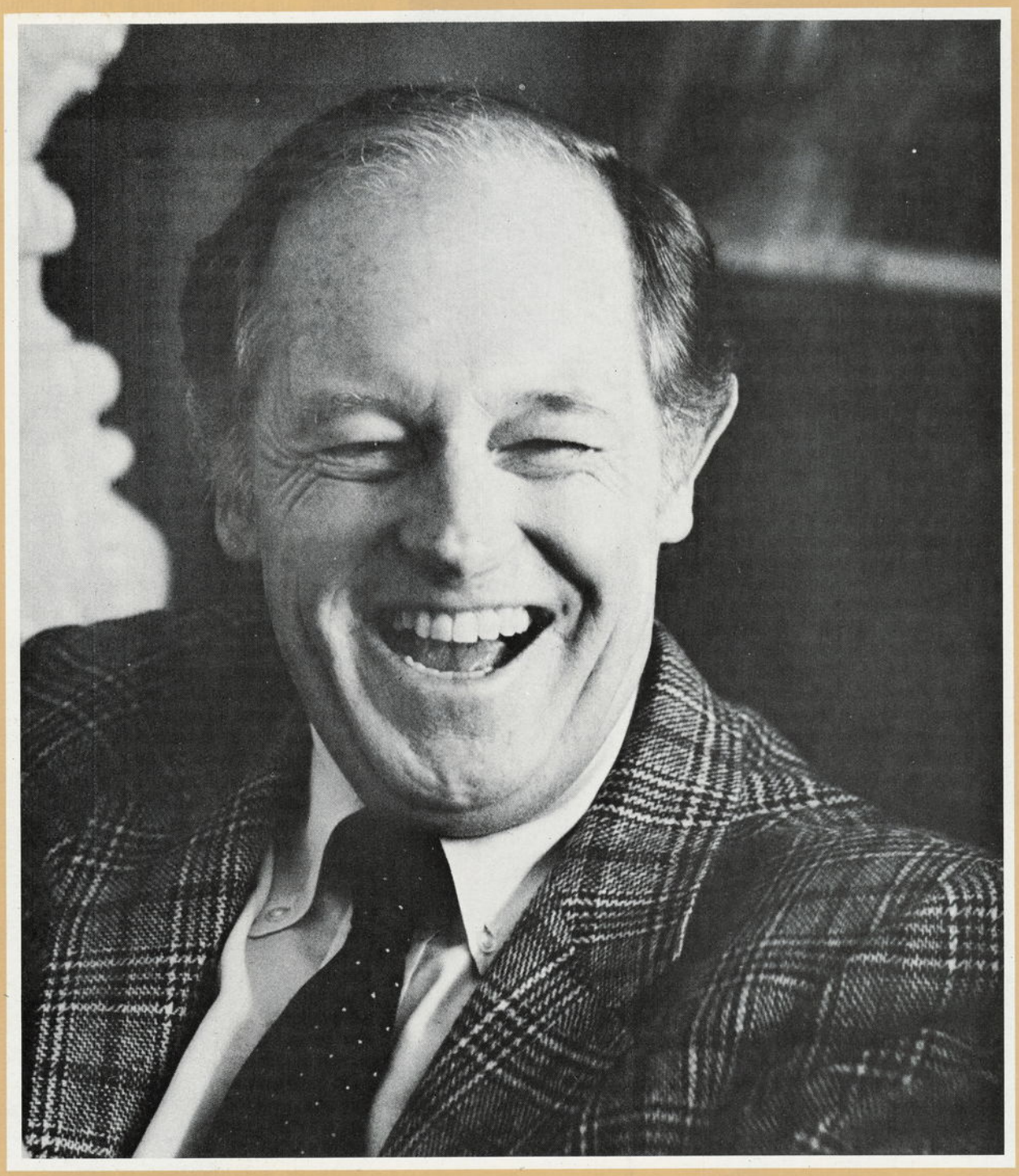


E. HOWARD HUNT

An exclusive interview with the CIA superspy who engineered both the Bay of Pigs and Watergate.

E. Howard Hunt is certainly the most famous, if not the most successful, agent in the twenty-five-year history of the CIA. He is also a prolific author, having published more than forty novels under various pseudonyms since his first book, *East of Farewell*, in 1942. He was twenty-four years old at the time, and he had just been discharged from the Navy. Reenlisting in the Army Air Corps the next year, he joined the Office of Strategic Services—the OSS, the forerunner of the CIA—and thereby embarked on a career as a spy that was to take him to far-flung places over the next quarter-century, a career that culminated in his arrest for masterminding the Watergate break-in in 1972.

The CIA's image as the exotic but essential protector of American democracy has lately been eroded by revelations of massive illegal spying on American citizens, and also by charges that it is a law unto itself, cloaked and daggered with secrecy, intrigue and murder—charges that include the often repeated rumor that the agency even had a hand in the assassination of John F. Kennedy. But in the Cold War deep-freeze, in the years immediately following World War II, the CIA was a useful refuge for superpatriots like E. Howard Hunt, to whom the Red Menace and the Yellow Peril seemed both frightful and imminent. In that atmosphere, virtually anyone to the left of Joe McCarthy was suspect as a pinko dupe.

In the early 1950's, Hunt began his CIA career as an operative in Mexico, where he befriended a young recruit who was later to become both his ideological mentor and the godfather of several of his children—William F. Buckley, Jr. In 1954, Hunt had his first taste of the CIA nitty-gritty when he helped overthrow the freely elected government of President Jacobo Arbenz of Guatemala. At about the same time Fidel Castro, a young Cuban lawyer, was organizing his band of guerrillas in the Sierra Maestra mountains, and within a few years he had deposed the Batista regime.

Hunt was moved from his post in the American embassy in Montevideo, Uruguay—where he had been photographed proudly pumping Eisenhower's hand on the president's official visit—to Miami, to begin organizing the colony of anti-Castro expatriates, the *gusanos*, for an attempt to overthrow Castro. For two years, Hunt worked feverishly in Florida and at the CIA operations base in Guatemala to prepare for the landing in the Bay of Pigs in 1961.

"It was the hardest thing I ever had to do," he told *Penthouse* interviewer Ken Kelley. "The great strengths and the great weaknesses of the Latin people were on hourly display."

Hunt was embittered by President Kennedy's refusal to commit air support to the Bay of Pigs mercenaries, and when the popular uprising of the Cuban people, which he had predicted, failed to materialize, Hunt's dream of becoming the Bolívar of Cuba was shattered. All was not in vain, however, for Hunt became very close friends with many Cubans; and a decade later, when he and G. Gordon Liddy were charged with the task of recruiting a spy/burglar team for break-ins at Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office and Democratic Party headquarters in the Watergate, Hunt chose four of his Cuban friends to work with him.

The Watergate operation, of course, was as big a disaster as the Bay of Pigs. Some of the story is now well known: As the payment for his early silence in jail, Hunt was promised "hush money" by Richard Nixon through the White House frontmen, and Hunt's wife Dorothy, who acted as his agent, was killed in a plane crash near Chicago in December 1972. Her body was found with $10,000 in her purse. Some "experts" on Watergate have claimed that sabotage was involved. But Hunt doesn't think so, though he is suing the airline for negligence.

Hunt also has a spate of other lawsuits on his hands, including a recent one he brought against the *National Tattler* for printing pictures purporting to show him in Dallas on November 22, 1963. He denies being in Dallas at the time and professes outrage that anyone should think he was involved in the assassination of John Kennedy. He also denies having anything to do with the attempted assassination of Alabama Governor George Wallace, although he doubts that Arthur Bremer acted alone.

An interesting historical footnote was revealed to *Penthouse* in this interview. Hunt had originally demanded $132,000 as payment for his silence; and Fred LaRue, the White House emissary, was authorized by President Nixon through John Dean to pay the entire sum in cash. For some reason, according to Hunt, LaRue only delivered $75,000. When he then had to come back to Dean for a further authorization—as Hunt would not accept the smaller sum—Dean presumed that Hunt was trying to blackmail the White House for more money, unaware that LaRue had simply been short-changing the original authorization. Dean then went to the prosecutors with his information. And therein, as Hunt told interviewer Kelley, "lay the seeds of the falling apart."

Hunt freely admits his knowledge and involvement in CIA domestic operations—illegal under the CIA's charter from Congress. He maintains that he objected to the CIA's funding of the National Student Association, and that there was "a serious fraud against the American people because contributions were being solicited by the Advertising Council on behalf of Radio Free Europe, which was simply a funding cover."

His latest book, *Undercover* (Putnam), contains by his own admission an outright lie in at least one crucial passage, a fact that emerged in last year's Watergate cover-up trial. Later editions of the book have deleted the passage.

As this interview reveals, E. Howard Hunt is a beaten man, bereft of most of his old friends, a widower who sees himself as despised by many of his fellow citizens. He blames the media—in much the same way the convicted felon and former vice president, Spiro Agnew, does—for many of his troubles.

He plans to forsake America permanently for Italy once his legal problems permit him to do so. "I'll leave others to face the problem of getting America going again," he says. "The people I put my trust in did not come through."

Penthouse: Your latest book, *Undercover*, opens with a quote from Tacitus: "A man may defend himself from all enemies, save those who are resolved that such a man as he should not exist." Who did you mean?

Hunt: Well, I was thinking of journalistic enemies particularly, and certainly of some political people too. Given the fact that I'm not a very popular figure in America—and I recognize this—I don't even want to fight the situation. Nevertheless, when I see these repetitive allusions to the death of my wife as having somehow been caused by myself, by the CIA, by the Watergate people, or by some unnamed assassins; when I see my name continually linked to that of Arthur Bremer, the man who is in jail for crippling Governor Wallace; and when I see stories appearing both in this country and abroad about the possible role I may have had in the assassination of John Kennedy—then I think that enough really is enough.

I've served eleven months in prison, and I may serve more. I've lost my wife, and I've certainly lost the way of life I knew and enjoyed and was dedicated to for many, many years. I've been humiliated, ridiculed—and lost a lot of what I now realize were only so-called friends. And I wonder, really, what further price I have to pay. If they want to see my blood running in the gutter, I'm sure that can be achieved too.

I think that the humanists, or so-called humanists, in the journalistic community have been pretty intolerable in my case, and I'd hoped that with my jailing these personal attacks would cease. For example, when my book, *The Berlin Ending*, was published a little over a year ago, it was a rare reviewer indeed who decided to review the *book* and not *me*. They seemed incensed that Howard Hunt of Watergate should be capable of writing two consecutive words.

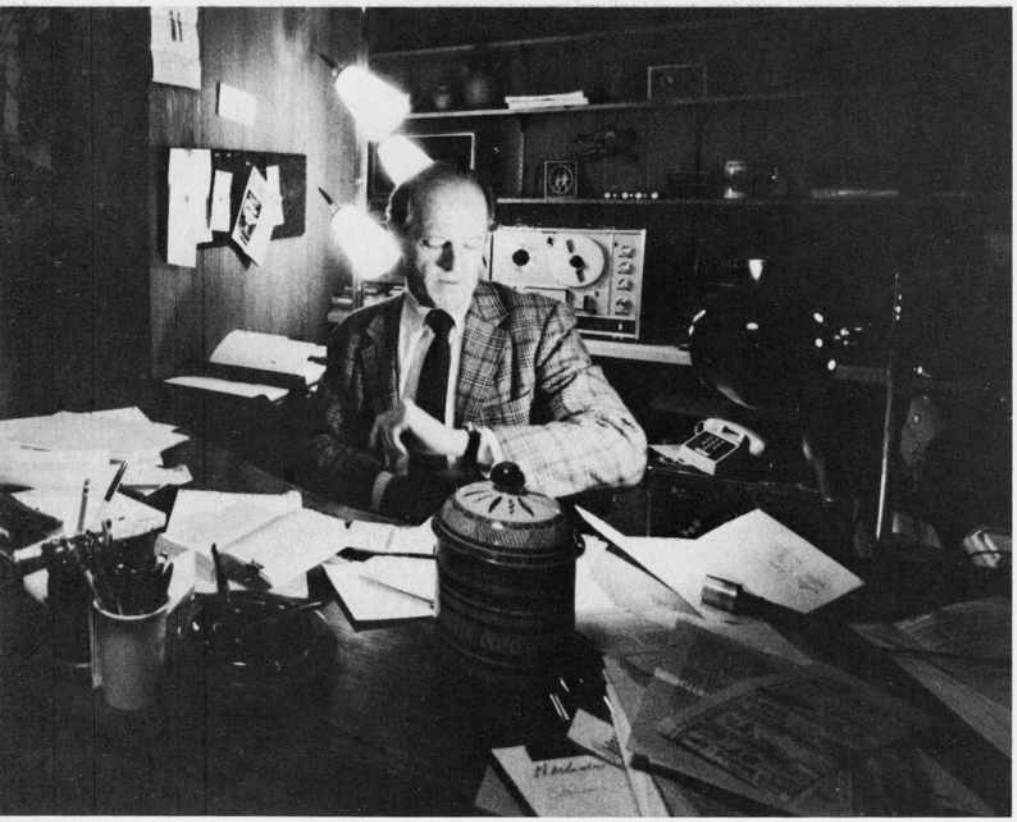
Penthouse: You mentioned the press speculation that you were somehow involved in the Kennedy assassination and the attempted assassination of George Wallace. Is it true that you were in charge of the CIA station in Mexico City when Lee Harvey Oswald visited there in September 1963?

Hunt: Untrue. I wasn't even in Mexico during that entire year. This is the type of unsubstantiated rumor that really does damage. These things make me very concerned—who knows how many more Jack Rubys are walking around? Moreover, there are certainly plenty of pro-Kennedy people around . . . a great many admirers of Governor Wallace, too. And the more I'm linked to these things in a totally irresponsible way, the more danger I run. And my children, too. I'm very unhappy about it.

Penthouse: You must be aware of the pic-

Photographs by Stanley Tretick

ture that allegedly shows you and Frank Sturgis, one of the Watergate burglars, being collared by the Dallas police in 1963.
Hunt: No, I've never seen that one. The one I'm familiar with is the one that appeared in the *National Tattler*—for which I've sued them. I didn't know Sturgis until '71 or '72.
Penthouse: Well, just for the record, if you weren't in Dallas, then where were you November 22, 1963?
Hunt: In D.C. with my wife and children. We were buying Chinese groceries when the word came over. Interestingly enough, this Dallas story has had sufficient impetus that the Director of the FBI, Clarence Kelley, asked my attorney if I would submit to a voluntary interview on the subject. And I welcomed the opportunity to do so—to provide the names of witnesses and so forth. Then, a week later, I was interviewed about



the Bremer affair. So again I come back to the quote from Tacitus—there's just no end to the harassment.
Penthouse: Did you go to Milwaukee after the Bremer shooting?
Hunt: No, I never went to Milwaukee.
Penthouse: But you were asked to go to Milwaukee by White House Counsel Chuck Colson?
Hunt: Yes, but I didn't go.
Penthouse: Why not?
Hunt: Well, I didn't want to go because the FBI had been stamping around there for about twenty-four hours, the place was sealed off, and I couldn't see any reason to go. I resisted it. I went home and dallied over the packing—I wish now I'd done that with Watergate too, but I didn't—and after a while Colson's office called and said it wouldn't be necessary to go.
Penthouse: Do you think there was a conspiracy involved in the Bremer attempt?
Hunt: Well, I'm not much of a fan of conspiracy theories, but I do wonder about Arthur Bremer's life and his movements just prior to the attempt on Governor Wallace. As I recall, he had been making frequent trips to Canada, and I've never heard that these were followed up. Why did he go to Canada? Who did he see there? Who paid for his trips? I don't think these facts have ever surfaced.
Penthouse: It seems a little strange that Bremer, who was virtually illiterate, could write such exacting accounts of his travels. It has been said that someone else—perhaps even you—must have written the diary.
Hunt: I think that Gore Vidal made that suggestion. I've never read Arthur Bremer's diary, but I've seen photographs of pages in magazines and I never paid much attention to it. But I *do* pay attention to allegations that link me to him and other people.
Penthouse: Do you have any theories about John Kennedy's assassination?
Hunt: I don't have any theories about that. I know that there are people restlessly shifting the ashes—committees, commissions, and self-appointed investigators, much the same sort of thing that's going on in the case of my wife's death—despite the fact that competent government authorities made a certain pronouncement. Some people will never be satisfied, regardless of what evidence you present them with, unless the evidence conforms with their preformed theories.
Penthouse: Obviously, you don't regard the death of your wife as part of a conspiracy.
Hunt: No, absolutely not. That crash was investigated by the FBI, by the FAA, and by the National Safety Transportation Board. Of course, I am now in litigation against the air carrier, but my wife was not the only one who perished. I think there were forty-four or forty-five other people who were also killed. If there really was foul play, and there's never been any serious suggestion of that, I would be the one most interested to make such a determination. I would want to find out about it myself. And certainly the families and survivors of the other forty-odd people would also want to. . . . If my wife had been the only one killed, well, that might be one thing; but where you have a major disaster with over forty victims, it seems just ridiculous to me that people could maintain there had been foul play. Sensible people don't, really. There are some cranks who are making a living out of this—and I very much resent their work, because it keeps the wound open for my children and for myself. It's very painful, and I'm invariably asked about it wherever I go.
Penthouse: About the $10,000 that was in her possession at the time. . . .
Hunt: Do you really want me to go into that? It was for investment for a management company that owned two Holiday Inns. The major stockholder was her cousin's husband. He's testified to that, given depositions. He's been constantly harassed . . . the poor guy.
Penthouse: Is it true that you engineered plans to assassinate Fidel Castro both before and after the Bay of Pigs invasion?
Hunt: Only before. I didn't want to engineer the plan—it was just something where I said, this is one of my recommendations. But I think in hindsight that it was a good recommendation, because without Fidel Castro nobody could have rallied the Cuban troops after the landing. That was a suggestion I made well prior to the invasion—a year prior. But, as far as I know, nothing was ever done with it. I had nothing further to do with Cuban affairs after the Bay of Pigs.
Penthouse: Can you, on principle, oppose the assassination of John Kennedy while supporting the assassination of another national leader?
Hunt: Sure—just as I can approve the assassination of Adolf Hitler or General Tojo.
Penthouse: Is Castro in the same category?
Hunt: Oh, yes! But at the same time, I'm shocked and horrified—stunned—that not just foreign enemies but domestic enemies also attempt—and in the case of John Kennedy succeed—in assassinating our leaders. Don't forget there were a bunch of wild-eyed, wild-assed Puerto Rican nationalists that shot up Congress and tried to kill Harry Truman.
Penthouse: Were American businessmen contributing to the overthrow of Castro?
Hunt: They were both supporting him and, at the same time, supporting his enemies. When Castro was still in the Sierra Maestra, contributions were made to him by Cuban and American businessmen who were concerned that if he did take over he would make their lives more difficult. I think the Bacardi interests were among the most prominent. They were playing both sides, which is a typical ploy in any political situa-

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"When I get really horny
and I don't have a lover,
I have no scruples about attending
to my own satisfaction."

AVA

"There were periods in my life when I was very promiscuous, when I'd bed down with any attractive man..."

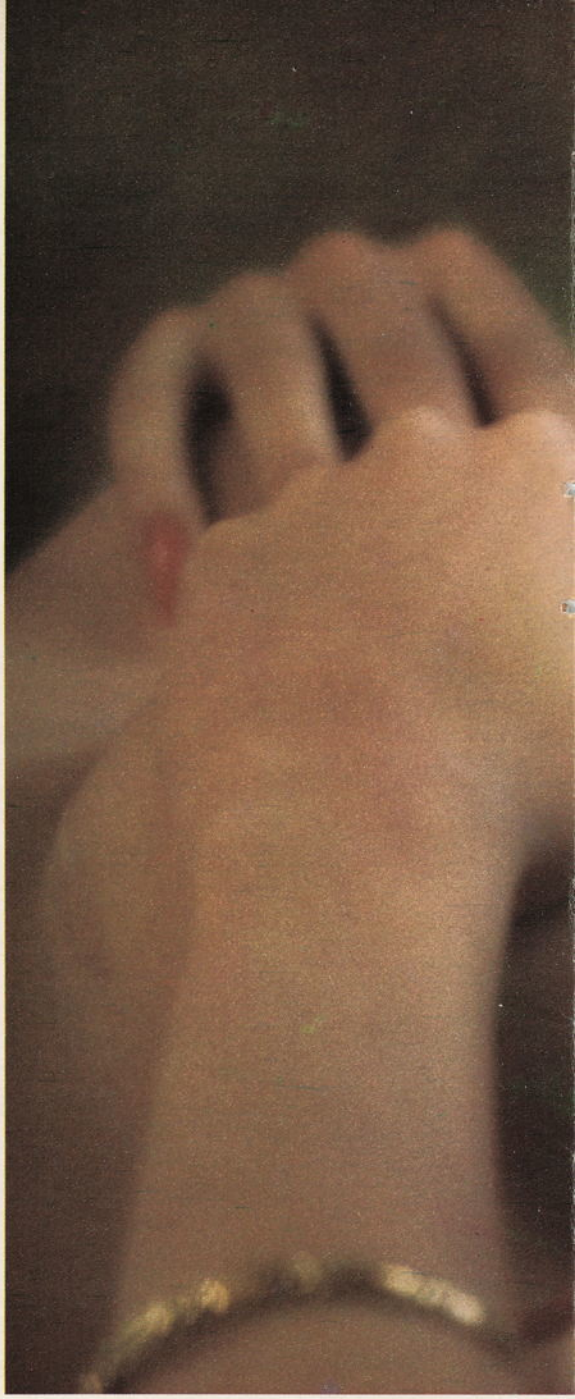
THE FINE ART OF AVA

Ava Gallay's private dossier reveals much more than a routine approach to the business of life and loving, *viz:* French-American origins. A commercial artist in a San Francisco ad agency. Twenty-two years old. Erotic measurements: 36-25-36. A Leo. Left the affluence of her Hollywood home at fifteen to tramp around the world alone. Made it around the globe twice, with long stopovers in Paris and Rome. Not always alone....Worked as a waitress, often had to sleep in fleabag hotels. Now interested in advancing her career as a serious artist, perhaps in finding a permanent man. Loves reading, enjoys solitude —but has a yearning for luxury, variety, excitement.

"I'm no different than anyone else in one important respect," says Ava. "I want to have my cake and eat it, too. I want a man to be kind and gentle, yet domineering and successful. I want to be adored for my beauty and yet made to be submissive. I hate the emptiness of one-night stands, but if I try anything steady I get bored very quickly."

If she's impulsive, it comes from the creativity which she considers to be the driving force in her life. "I live the way I paint," she explains. "I don't bullshit myself

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS



about the way I feel. If something strikes me as ugly and cruel, I render it that way. If something moves me deeply, I try to translate what the beauty of that moment means for me. What I've done before—all the experiences—are part of a collage on one great canvas. At first, it's just a confusion of shapes and colors, then suddenly a form starts to emerge, an image snaps into place and you know what it's all about."

And Ava is nothing if not definitive—a realist who remains open to the logic of any situation, and yet a creature of whim and fancy who moves as the mood moves her. "There were periods in my life," she says, "when I was very promiscuous, when I'd bed down with any attractive man who had a witty line or a virile body. But in all that time and with all that fucking, I kept wondering why sex was becoming such a turn-off. Then it dawned on me that I was settling for mediocrity—that just because my body told me I was ready didn't mean that my *mind* had received the message."

When her mind *does* get the message, anything goes. Like the time she and her lover were flying back to California and couldn't wait for the plane to land. "We snuck

into the bathroom of the jet, standing up in the narrow cubicle. He was behind me. I wasn't even fully undressed—my skirt was up around my waist and my panties tangled in my shoes. All I wanted to do was fuck, fuck, fuck! I guess we lost track of time because the stewardess started banging on the door to ask if I was all right. I yelled out that I was fine, and we waited until she left. Then he

slipped out and I followed. We went straight to my place right after we landed, but it wasn't the same We had lots of space and time and comfort, but the danger was missing—and that sense of frenzied urgency...."

While the pumping of adrenaline may superhone her erotic senses to meet pressing needs of the moment, what about the basic day-to-day business of loving, the need for regular physical contact and interplay? "I don't seem to require it urgently every single day," says Ava. "Maybe it's because I'm selective to the point of wanting just the right man at the right time. I want someone who digs me for what I am, rather than for what I've got. A narcissist who looks at me and sees only a reflection of his own ego isn't worth a damn. Even though that kind of guy may be terrific in bed, when he's dressed he's usually

Furnishings by Carol Brents Antiques; clothes courtesy of Aardvarks Odd Ark, L.A. Calif.

an absolute and total drag.

"I live a very full life," she continues. "I work hard at my painting. I have a circle of friends who share my interests in everything from art to politics. And I'm secure in my solitude. I like having the time to think, to contemplate, to enjoy the luxury of privacy. But when I get really horny and I don't have a lover, I have no scruples about attending to my own satisfaction."

All of which says a great deal about Ava Gallay, her independence, and her sense of purpose and direction. "I was once told that if you please yourself first—I mean if you learn to *like* yourself—you'll ultimately please others—that it somehow rubs off. I've found that it works, and it's become sort of a working rule of thumb with me."

In your case, Ava, we have to admit that we'd be more fingers than thumbs.

MISS AVA GALLAY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Lane Yerkes '75

THE MOMMA TONGUE

BY HENRY MORGAN

This is about the English language, so if you want to read a dirty piece you'll just have to go elsewhere for a change.

Many people seem to think that the whole world started with English, and that "English" means "Anglo-Saxon," and that Anglo-Saxons used nothing but four-letter words; e.g., hips, legs, hair, and putz. This is not true.

Science can prove that early Man (before there was an early Ms.) walked around bent over like an ape but knew all about "flint" and "mastodon" and "ax" and "Bronze Age." He may not have called them exactly that, but he had to call them *something*—now didn't he? It's obvious that if Goo-goo wanted to ask Moo-moo for a hunk of flint, he wouldn't say, "Hey Moo—hand me that bush."

Of course the *very* earliest people lived in trees. They started out as fish, crawled ashore, turned their little fins into grippers or something, and shinnied up the trees. That's about all there was to it. Ask anybody! And it took something like ten million years. Go ahead. Ask.

Now, the guys in the trees didn't have a lot to say, of course. You could sit around in a tree for a year and not think of anything. If it got hot, maybe one guy would wipe his low narrow brow, then turn to another guy to see if he was communicating. The other guy would just pull back his big ugly lips and show his big ugly teeth. It wasn't *necessary* for him to say, "It sure is, boy!" So they just shut up.

Then, about twenty million years later, a guy came down from a tree to see if anything else was going on. He couldn't stand up straight, but then he didn't have peritonitis either. And when his buddy came down, too, and he wanted to show him something, all he had to do was punch him on the arm and point.

It was back around here somewhere that they noticed how a baby would say "puh-puh" and "muh-muh" without any lessons. It was decided that the kid recognized his parents. Today, of course, everybody knows better. Except parents.

Well, after another bunch of millions of years, man's brain got about an eighth of an inch bigger and he figured that there must be more to life than going around punching people in the arm. It sure wasn't getting any houses built. And it was time to plant some grain so that it could be harvested and made into beer. (In about a million years somebody else would accidentally make bread—but what's the fun in eating bread? Did you ever see a table full of people eating bread and laughing and screaming and getting sick? Did you?)

Then it got warmer out. (It used to get colder, then warmer, then colder . . . and they say that at one time people lived up in the Arctic and had a swell time farming and growing roses, but this is bushwa.) In the valley of the Yellow River, in what is now usually known as Dirty Godless Communist Red China (except when they're buying something from you), a race of short yellow persons was evolving. They raised bean sprouts and made three-legged pots and wondered how to invent the compass.

They would leave notes to one another by drawing pictures on pieces of dried fish. A simple drawing of a house with three short lines under it meant either "I'll be back in three years" or "Wing Fat is a bum." (Science can't know *everything*.) They kept on working at the drawings and then developing mouth-sounds to go with them. These drawings and noises have survived to this very day, but only about eight hundred million people can understand them.

Meanwhile, back in God's country, people had begun to form tribes. Too many folks were standing around in one place, so they formed family groupings; and as soon as these were large enough, the stronger groupings, or tribes, would drive the weaker ones away with sticks. This created the need for quite a lot of new words such as "hit," "shove," "bite," "mine," "beat it," and "enemy."

The weaker tribes went north and turned out to be Lithuanians. This is the God's truth. According to students of the subject, Lithuanians talked all the time and traveled a lot. Somehow—and don't look at me like that—some of them got all the way down to India and started Sanskrit. Well, have you got any better ideas?

Sanskrit turned into Latin. Latin turned into Russian. Something turned into Hungarian. Hungarian is related to Finnish. Latvian is *not* related to Latin. Jacqueline Onassis *is* related to Lee Radziwill, but those languages came later.

Still, why in the world would a Lithuanian walk all the way to India?

Okay! Time passes. A very weak tribe of losers gets driven right off the mainland onto the British Isles. Nobody knows what they spoke and nobody cares because they were creeps. The Danes used to row over once in a while and beat them up for laughs. The Danes didn't like to talk to them, though, and kept spraying them with some kind of half-assed German. A lot of it stuck.

One day, an English king—who wasn't even English yet, because nobody was—got uptight about the Scots. It seems that every time the Scots ran out of oats, they'd swoop down on the Picts and tease them a lot. So the king—Engldrift, or Spingrin, or whatever the hell he was called—sent for the Saxons from the mainland to help fight the Scots.

The Saxons beat up on everybody and stayed around, sending for their buddies, the Angles. These folks brought with them words like "Küche," "Kirche," and "Kinder." The Scots took the Kirche more or less straight; the Angles took the Küche, even though they never learned how to do it; and the Kinder got put in a Garten.

Now, the English hadn't known about music, and by the time they found out about it, they didn't know how to discuss it. They sent a guy to Italy and he came back with "glissando," "scherzo," "adagio," and a swell "veal parmigiana."

Any schoolboy knows—well, not *today's* schoolboy, the current model doesn't know his grass from a hole in the ground—but some people know that before around A.D. 900 the English couldn't win any battles because they were too weak from hunger. They didn't have any *words* for food—that's how we know. "Brot" and "Butter" and "Milch" they got from the Germans. Even "Wasser." And Marco Polo didn't bring noodles to Italy from China until 1304, so spaghetti didn't get to the English until about 1928. They fixed it up to taste like Brussels sprouts.

As far as their language shows they lived on twigs.

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"He didn't understand logarithms or the rest of that crap, but her legs and her ass he understood perfectly."

VICTORY AT NORTH ANTOR

By William Kotzwinkle

All of Shrimp Bone's clothes were faded hand-me-downs which didn't fit. He was only four feet tall and it pissed him off, but the morning was bright and the other kids were pouring out of the rest of the shacks and busted broken houses on Killarney Hill. He joined Dick Mustello—Basketball Dick, his friend. Dick was carrying his books in that funny way he had, all of them bunched in one hand, his long fingers gripping geography, math, English, and history together in a viselike hold. He held a basketball the same way, spreading his long strong fingers over the round surface and holding it, moving it around in your face, faking you out with it, and finally driving it down through the net on top of your head. Shrimp Bone never went onto the basketball court—he'd get trampled—but when he watched Dick Mustello play, he always felt like he was out there, that he and Dick were one tall racing figure, scoring twenty-five points a game.

They went down the hill toward North Antor High School. The kids were streaming into it from all directions, and every direction in that neighborhood was the same as Killarney Hill—every house was a wreck. But North Antor was in beautiful shape; the manual-trade students kept the walls painted, the floors waxed, the wiring new, and the woodwork sparkling. And when you graduated you were supposed to apprentice to a master carpenter, or electrician, or painter, or bricklayer—only you didn't because all those jobs were held by the union, and the union men only apprenticed their own sons. So when you graduated from North Antor High School, you went out and got a job shoveling shit.

Knowing this, Shrimp Bone had no love for North Antor. His father was on relief, his mother was over the hill, and there was nothing in sight—except for Dick Mustello gliding down the basketball court. But somehow, while Dick was moving, when he jumped in the air, when he rose above the opposing center and drove a basketball down somebody's throat, then all seemed right in Shrimp Bone's world.

They went into the boys' entrance, to the locker room, and Shrimp opened his combination lock. Alongside him, Paul Flowers was kicking out the wooden slats of his locker and throwing his books inside. Flowers never used the combination; he couldn't remember it.

"How's it going?" Shrimp took out notebook, pencil, and books for the morning classes.

"Asshole got me yesterday."

"Bad news."

Herbert T. Astle was the vice-principal of North Antor High School. He ruled the school with a paddle, as did all of his teachers. Anyone caught fucking off was paddled. Paul Flowers was always fucking off and was always getting paddled.

"He raised blisters. I'm not gonna take much more."

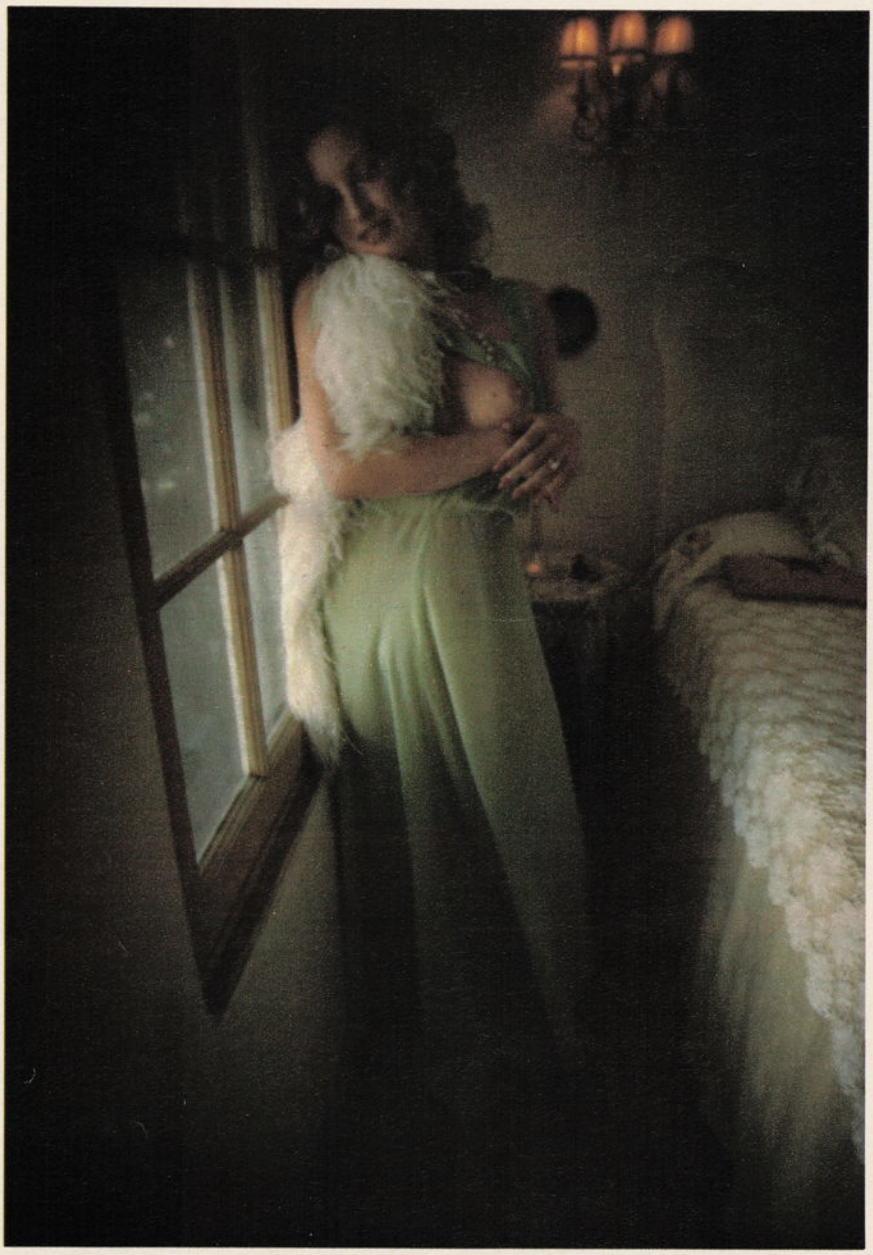
They were just sophomores, and they knew they'd be taking plenty more. For two years they'd been at North Antor—Shrimp, Paul, Basketball Dick, and the rest of the Killarney Hill kids—and they'd all been paddled more times than they could remember.

Further down the row the lockers started trembling, there were shouts and loud crashes of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Illustration By Dickran Pululian

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERNOT PLITZ



Octavia

"I'm an individual in bed. I make love impetuously and with passion."

Like her namesake Octavian, the first emperor of Rome, Octavia Corriell has the hauteur of a monarch, the graceful bearing and lineage (a majestic 35-22-35) that rank her as truly regal.

Her present realm is an enclave in the lush green pastures of Beverly Hills, where twenty-two-year-old Octavia holds sway as an actress and a singer of songs.

Once upon a time, she was a headstrong princess growing up in Whittier, California, where she won a formidable number of beauty crowns before she tired of her textbooks at California State College and took off to learn about life—and more specifically love—in Europe. "I love men and I love making them happy," she says. "I love the power I feel when I can really turn them on."

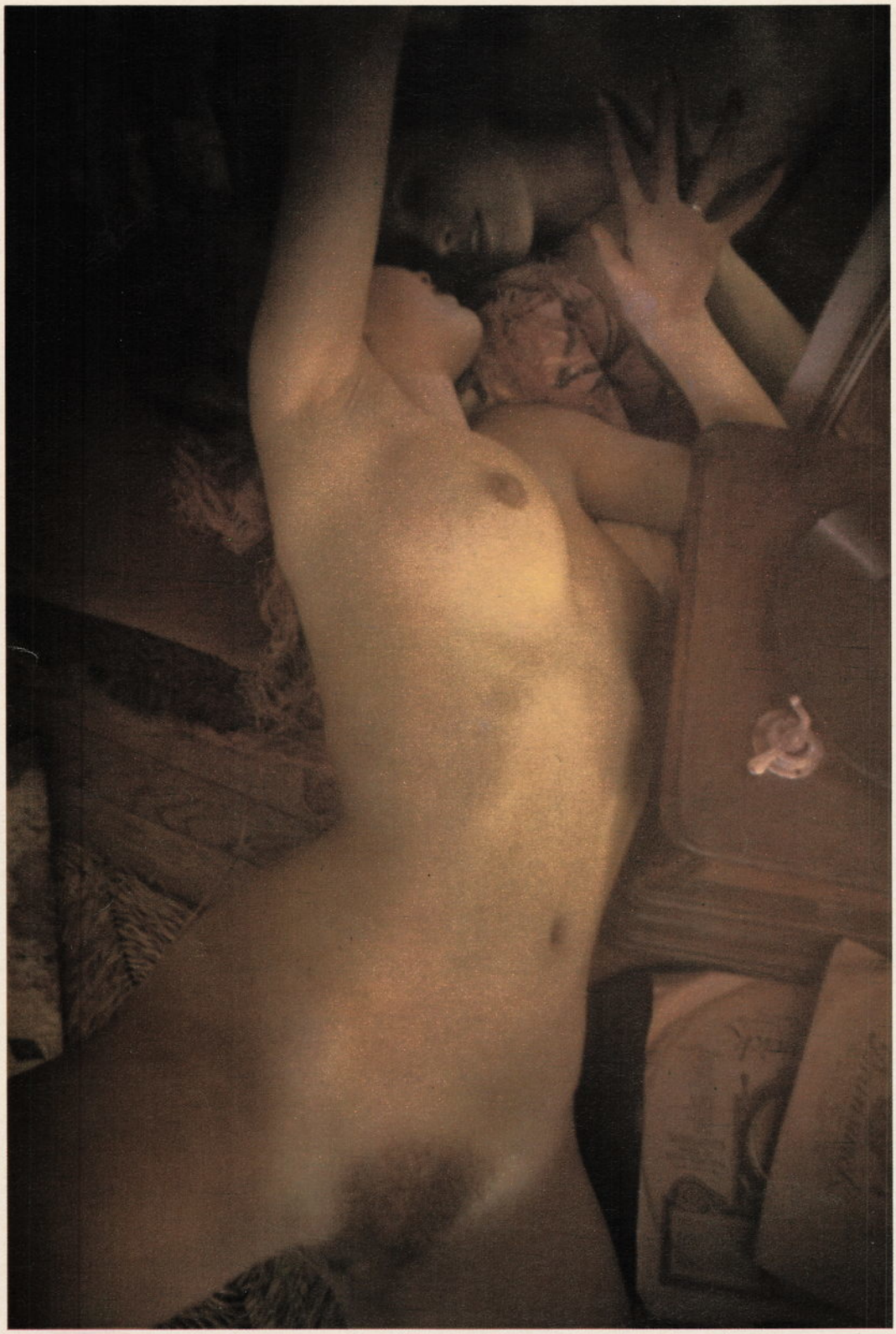
And turn them on she does, in some highly creative ways. "I'm an individual in bed," says Octavia. "I'm not afraid of experimenting with any technique that will please a man. I make love impetuously and with passion. I can take the erotic pulse of a man within seconds. And then, if I choose to, I can drive him wild with desire."

But Octavia reserves the royal treatment for a *very* select few. "I want a man who is my sexual equal," she explains. "I need a partner who is concerned with *my* sexual gratification as well as his own."

Obviously, a woman as worldly as Octavia knows instinctively which men are worthy of her. "Most men it seems are only concerned with themselves—with that one explosive moment when the world stops for them and *they're* satisfied," she says. "I find that older men take a great deal of interest in *my* pleasure. They might not be capable of continuous orgasms all night, but when I'm with them I know they're fucking *me*, and that *my* pleasure is paramount."

Serious acting and singing take discipline, as well as beauty and charm. And Octavia isn't about to rest on her laurels. "I want every possible attribute of success," says Octavia. "I want money, men, and the power to make people happy. I want to stand in front of an audience each night and simply electrify them. I want to turn crowds of people on with my performance. I want it all."

As far as we're concerned, Octavia, your wish is our command.



Clothes courtesy of Zoe's of Beverly Hills/Set design by Marsha Middleton

NORTH ANTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

metal, and then two guys tumbled out into the aisle, drilling each other. Shrimp saw blood spurt out of somebody's eye. It was a good fight, but he hurried along so he wouldn't be late for homeroom. You could always see a good fight at North Antor, but you never wanted to be late for homeroom, because it could lead to Herbert T. Asshole's paddle.

He got there just as the bell sounded. The homeroom teacher was Crazy Eileen. She wore the same dress every day all year long, year after year, and it stunk like dead flowers. She was liable to do anything to you—crack you on the head with a steel-edged ruler, or tell you little jokes that made no sense. She laughed a lot, but nobody ever knew at what. She taught English, and nobody understood what she was talking about, but it didn't matter. She might flunk you or give you an A no matter what you said or did, because she didn't know who was who or what was what.

Crazy Eileen scanned the aisles, taking attendance. "And where is John Kuzlanski?" she asked, pointing to an empty seat.

"He fell in a barrel of tar."

Crazy Eileen's eyes opened wide. "And how did that happen?"

"He was helping his father tar the roof and he fell off into the tar barrel, head first." They told her all kinds of stories, and the crazier the story was, the better. Anyone who had Crazy Eileen for homeroom could always skip school for the day, so long as they had some crazy fucking story to lay on her—"My aunt got run over by a steamroller," "I got bit in the stomach by a rat," anything weird. If you were really sick and brought a note from a doctor, she would send you down to the vice-principal's office and Herbert T. Asshole would grill the shit out of you. But tell her a tree fell on you, you were okay.

Homeroom bell sounded and everybody took off toward their first class of the day. Shrimp had electric shop, taught by Short-circuit Smith, an ex-midget-wrestler. He was the same size as Shrimp but built like a refrigerator. Shrimp climbed the stairs to the shop—a huge room filled with benches. Entering, he had the same old sinking feeling, of going nowhere, forever. He didn't understand electricity and he was always getting shocked. Nobody knew what was going on in electric shop, but they'd managed to build and wire a huge electric star, which was soon going to be hung on the side of the building for the Christmas display. The star was spread out over several benches. Short-circuit was in the middle of it, and the boys crowded round. "Today we will connect our parallel circuits. . . ."

It was a mystery to Shrimp. He looked on, in a daze. He'd never be wiring anybody's house, but then nobody else in the class would either. Maybe somebody would try to wire one of the old shacks on Killarney Hill and then it'd burn down. Shrimp looked over at Dick Mustello. Dick didn't know anything about electricity either. They had a big game in the afternoon, and Shrimp knew that's where Dick's head was at—already floating down the court. Dick was only a sophomore, but he was on the varsity team, playing first-string center. "Go get 'em, Dick, the motherfuckers!"

"The connections on this socket are. . . ."

A student messenger entered the room and handed a memo to Short-circuit. "I have to go to a meeting for a while," Short-circuit said. "You boys carry on, and let's have no funny business."

As soon as Short-circuit was out of the room and down the hall, Shrimp unscrewed a light bulb from the Christmas star and fired it across the room at Paul Flowers. It missed and exploded against the wall. All-out war began, bulbs flying around the room in every direction.

Shrimp ducked beneath a bench and gathered small bits of rubber wire to fire across the room at the enemy. The class split into two armies, and shit was flying through the air in all directions. Shrimp rose up, got beaned in the side of the head with a rubber socket, and ducked back down. "Maybe I'll join the goddamn marines. Except I'm probably too fucking short." He unscrewed another light bulb, rose up again, and winged it across the room, just as the door opened and Short-circuit stepped through, catching the flying bulb in the center of his bald head, where it exploded with a soft *pop*.

> North Antor cheerleaders were tough bitches, always ready to beat somebody to death with a megaphone.

Silence fell. Short-circuit walked slowly to his desk and brought out his paddle. "Come up here, Bone," he said, quietly. Shrimp walked to the front of the room, bent over Short-circuit's desk, and waited for the shot. He heard the paddle whistling through the air and then—*CRACK!*—it came like lightning across his ass.

"Next."

Shrimp quickly got out of the way, his ass burning, and Short-circuit pointed to another member of the electric army. *CRACK!*

"Next."

CRACK! on the next ass, and the next, until Short-circuit got tired and put his paddle away.

The Christmas star on the side of the building was such a big hit with the teachers that, the following year, the carpentry shop began its own project—the construction of a huge wooden Santa Claus. It was built in sections and was spread out all around the wood shop. Hammerhead Hanson, the shop teacher, had drawn out the design and everybody worked on some part of it. Shrimp was carving the outline of Santa's head and, everything considered, he'd done a pretty good job. It was better than making a goddamn tie rack. Last year he'd made a tie rack and given it to his old man, who didn't own any ties, and the old man had tossed it in the stove when they ran out of kindling.

Shrimp carved on Santa's head patiently every day, enjoying the way it took shape, but he'd never be a carpenter or woodworker either. He might get a job packing boxes in a supermarket, if he was lucky. Nobody from North Antor High School went very far, unless they went to jail. But Shrimp worked lovingly on Santa's nose, getting a big round look to it—like his old man's nose. Working close to the wood, he didn't even notice Miss Montoya enter the room, but he heard everybody draw a quick breath and he looked up.

She wriggled in—young, built, the new math teacher. Every eye in the shop was on her and sawdust was coming out of old Hammerhead's trousers. "May I help you, Miss Montoya?" he asked, dropping everything and rushing over to her.

"I came to get a paddle," said Miss Montoya.

"You can paddle me, baby!" shouted Shrimp, before he knew what he'd done. It was out, floating in the air, and she turned toward him, smiling. She dug it!

But Hammerhead didn't dig it. "Come over here, Bone!" Shrimp walked slowly to the front of the room.

"We've got quite a few paddles all ready, Miss Montoya," Hammerhead said, with an evil glint in his eye. He pointed to the long row of paddles that hung over his desk. Hammerhead and his students made all the paddles that were used in the school, and they hung there, neatly jigsawed, planed, and sanded. "Bone here will give you the paddle he just finished making, won't you, Bone?"

"Sure," said Shrimp, taking down a paddle he'd worked on for two weeks, a perfectly shaped weapon to be used against his fellow students.

"Let's just test it out first," said Hammerhead, "to see if it's working right. Bend over, Bone."

Shrimp bent over the desk. Miss Montoya watched—a faint smile on her lips. Shrimp looked down at her legs and kept his eyes

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THE PENTHOUSE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

For the first report of the Penthouse *Vietnam veteran advisory service, we are publishing a letter we received last fall from Harvey A. Dennenberg, national commander of the American Indo-China Veterans Legion (AIVL). We believe that AIVL's actions in Connecticut illustrate what can be done at the local level to help veterans get jobs, provide educational counseling, and organize political action. AIVL presently has active chapters in nineteen states with members from forty-one states as well as ten foreign countries. Its dues-paying members number more than five thousand.*

To the Editor:

I've followed your Vietnam veteran series for the past several months and have noted the depth and quality of most of the articles. Although you've pointed out what has been done by groups and individuals for Vietnam veterans in various locations throughout the country, you've neglected our legislative accomplishments here in Connecticut.

In July 1974, Thomas Meskill, then the governor of Connecticut, signed into law two pieces of legislation that have enabled the Vietnam-era veteran to cope better with the cost of higher education in Connecticut. The governor's action culminated an effort that began three years before. In 1972, a bill waiving 100 percent of the tuition at all state schools was asked for. The result was that nothing came of it. In 1973, we again went after the 100-percent tuition-waiver bill. This time we got a 50-percent tuition-waiver bill and gained the respect of many of the state's legislators. This year [1974] has been our best thus far.

During the 1973–74 legislative term, three bills were introduced. The 100-percent tuition-waiver bill was again proposed. A second bill called for the creation of a State Office of Veterans Affairs for Education under the Commissioner for Higher Education. The third bill proposed a waiver of up to $500 of tuition per year at any of the private schools in the state. The private-school tuition waiver was cut from $500 to $350 by the Education Committee and died in the Finance Committee. The other two bills passed and were signed into law in July by the governor.

Although the 100-percent tuition-waiver bill was to apply to all students—full-time day or night and part-time day or night—the state community colleges, technical schools, state colleges, and the state university have all sought to interpret the bill differently, based on their definition of the words "tuition" and "fees."

The bill creating the State Office of Veterans Affairs for Education was set up with a budget of $35,000. This money was to be used to hire a director and an assistant to attempt to coordinate all veterans' educational opportunities within the state. The core of this new office is the advisory committee set up to oversee the office and to act in recommending the hiring of the office director. Of the state's major veterans' organizations, only the Disabled American Veterans (DAV) is represented on the advisory committee. I should also state that all of the major groups were conspicuously absent during the lobbying for these bills. Besides the lobbying efforts of AIVL, the Connecticut Concerned Veterans (CCV) have to be given a great deal of credit for their efforts on behalf of the bills.

If the Vietnam veteran wants to improve his lot and obtain for himself what his World War II comrades were more freely granted, he had better get off his ass, get organized in his own state, and learn to deal with the state legislators. It's not going to be easy.

If Vietnam veterans can get cooperation from more-established veterans' groups, so much the better. But too often, the older groups have lost touch with the needs of Vietnam veterans and are spending their time and energy on beer busts and baseball. They have become bureaucratic and do not seem to be able to respond to grass-roots needs or to make decisions below the national level.

In Connecticut, we found we could do it ourselves if we had to. It might go easier with other vets' groups helping. But the point is that what we did in our state, other Vietnam veterans can do in their states—if they only get organized.

Harvey A. Dennenberg
National Commander
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West Hartford, Connecticut 06107
203-236-0388

Editors' note. The results achieved by the American Indo-China Veterans Legion (AIVL) and the Connecticut Concerned Veterans in their efforts to help the Vietnam-era veteran meet the cost of higher education in Connecticut are worthwhile in several respects. First of all, they demonstrate the importance of organizing in order to be heard at the appropriate level by the political powers that be. In this regard, *Penthouse* notes that veterans' legislation passed at the national level often suffers from a lowest-common-denominator effect because it must be similarly implemented throughout the entire country. For example, the tuition-equalization provisions in Senate bills 2784 and 2789, which would have given the Vietnam veterans in one state more assistance than veterans in another, were deleted in the House-Senate Conference Committee because of the running battle between members of Congress over whose state gets what and how much. So far, the Vietnam veteran seems poorly equipped to intervene in the congressional fight at the national level; the activities in Connecticut suggest that there is more likelihood of getting the right kind of response at the local level. Governors and state legislators are more easily "persuaded," especially by homegrown organizations. In addition, Connecticut's new governor, Ella Grasso, says she plans to build and expand on the legislative initiatives brought about by the lobbying efforts of AIVL and the Connecticut Concerned Veterans. Governor Grasso's stated intentions are convincing proof that politicians will heed the Vietnam veterans' message if they keep on sending it loud and clear.

Secondly, these efforts show the need for persistence in trying to get legislative action. Too often in the past, Vietnam veterans' groups have been discouraged by legislative foot-dragging and have lost many of their fights by default. *Penthouse* believes that Vietnam veterans can overcome—but they must be willing to stay the course and to learn to use their muscle where it will do the most good.

Judging from the results of their efforts to increase their Vietnam-veteran membership, the big three veterans' organizations—the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the American Veterans of World War II (AMVETS)—haven't won the Vietnam veterans' hearts and minds, perhaps because they do not seem to share their concerns.

Penthouse believes the best approach for Vietnam veterans to take is one which first emphasizes grass-roots involvement and establishes local organizations which are designed to deal with specific issues at the local or state level. A process not unlike those used to form cooperatives would seem to be appropriate. Vietnam veterans can and should become a political force in their own right, to counter the politicians' assumption that because they are divided they can be ignored. The time for action is now, and there is no reason for Vietnam veterans to rely on the benevolence of those whose main concern is simply to forget them and the war.

Penthouse invites comments and information about the efforts of other local Vietnam veterans' organizations. We will spread the word about what has been done elsewhere, the problems encountered, and how local organizations can help each other to gain victory in their common fight.

(The Penthouse *Vietnam Veterans Adviser will attempt to assist veterans who are having difficulty. Address letters to: Veterans Adviser,* Penthouse *Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.)*

E. HOWARD HUNT

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tion. We certainly see it here in this country, where corporations and individuals contribute to both parties, and of course there were some American firms and businessmen that were contributing to one or more of these 140 political fragmentations in Havana. But the principal money for the Bay of Pigs came from the U.S. government.

Penthouse: Did you approve of all the CIA operations when you were an agent?

Hunt: No, there were a lot of things I objected to. I objected to the CIA's support of the National Student Association.

Penthouse: Did you know about that before it was public?

Hunt: Christ, yes—for ten years! I thought it was a waste of money. I thought that Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty were a waste of time and furthermore a serious fraud against the American people, because contributions were being solicited by the Advertising Council on behalf of Radio Free Europe, which was simply a funding cover.

Penthouse: You first met William Buckley when you were his boss in CIA operations in Mexico in the early 1950's. Is that right?

Hunt: He came to work for me, but he was an agent.

Penthouse: Do you share Mr. Buckley's political philosophy?

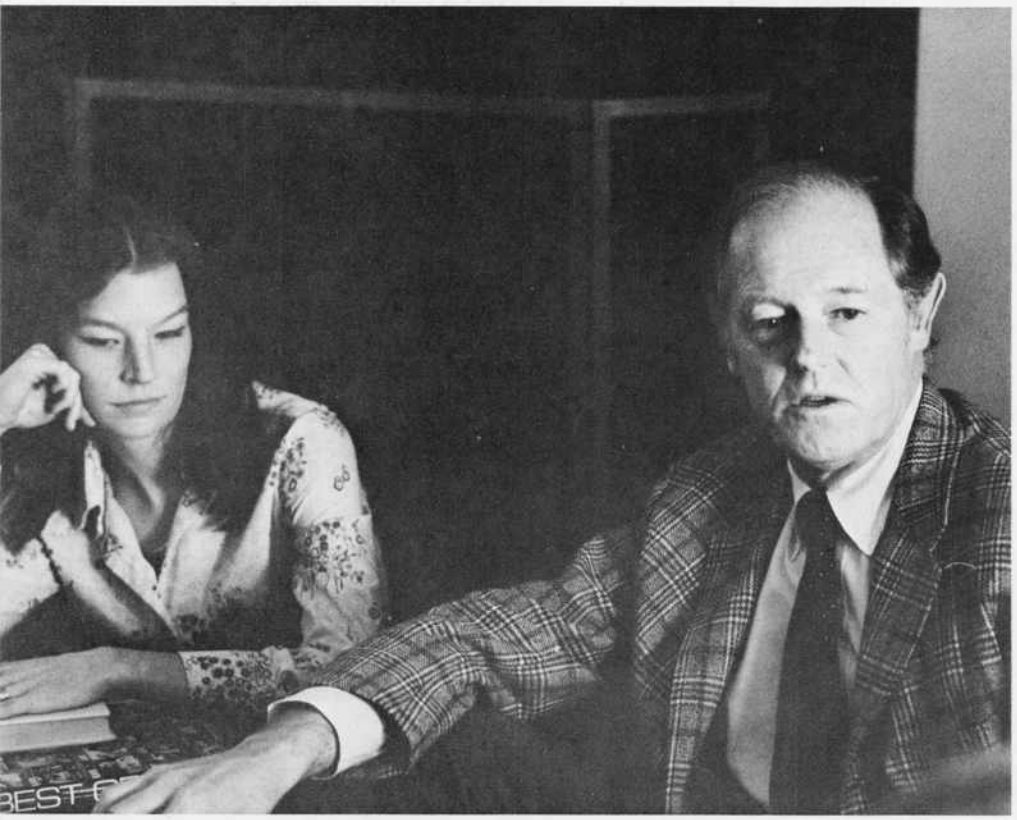
Hunt: I wouldn't put it on so grand a scale. I would say that I'm a follower of his philosophy on most germane issues.

Penthouse: What was the hardest thing about being a CIA agent?

Hunt: Explaining to one's children one's constant departures from one's post—and such prolonged absences as when I was involved in the Guatemalan coup. Or explaining why I was living alone in Florida, while my family was in Washington, during the Bay of Pigs affair—why I had taken them down to Mexico, resettled them down there, got them started in school, and then two months later pulled up and come back. This was the hardest part, but maintaining a false identity isn't hard when your backstops are authentic-appearing documents. Although I suppose most people think that's a hard thing to do, it's not. It becomes a way of life.

Penthouse: Would you want your sons to work for the CIA?

Hunt: Not today's CIA. There isn't much future in being in the clandestine business anymore; there's a lack of opportunity because national policy has changed. I don't see any future in the covert arm right now.



Penthouse: Did you read Victor Marchetti's book on the CIA?

Hunt: No, I was shown passages from it in galleys, but that was before a good deal of material was restored to it.

Penthouse: Do you agree with the right of the CIA to cut certain portions for "national security reasons"?

Hunt: In principle, yes. I agree with the concept of the National Secrets Act, which the CIA is drafting and which will probably never be passed.

Penthouse: You are a strict constitutionalist—a believer in the American Constitution. The First Amendment says that Congress shall not abridge the freedom of the press. How do you reconcile that with the National Secrets Act?

Hunt: I think the right of the press to know and investigate has got to end where the national interest becomes endangered or debased. I believe it was Justice Holmes who said that no man has a right to shout fire in a crowded theater. Well, that's basically how I feel about the preservation of secrets. We've had examples very recently of members of Congress who in the performance of their committee duties have come by classified information, and who have taken it upon themselves to reveal this information to the press. This is wrong.

Penthouse: One deleted quote from the Marchetti book later came to light. Henry Kissinger is talking about Chile and he says, "I don't see why we have to stand by and watch a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people." Do you agree with that philosophy?

Hunt: I associate myself with that philosophy. I always have. In fact, the *United States* has always associated itself with it. Since the days of President Monroe that has been a cornerstone of our foreign policy. When I was in prison, I received a great number of letters from Guatemalans who, as a result of government revelations, had become aware that I had been involved in the Arbenz ouster. They wrote from Guatemala and other parts of Latin America to thank me.

Penthouse: Are *you* proud of your role in Guatemala?

Hunt: Well, I don't beat my breast about it. I had a job to do, under the Eisenhower administration. I guess pride is a subjective thing—I never think of being proud of a particular operation.

Penthouse: Is it moral to oppose a democratically elected government through covert actions such as those conducted by the CIA in Chile?

Hunt: I'm not much of a moralist—I'm more of a pragmatist. The posture of our government over the years—and we can go back to the days of Teddy Roosevelt's gunboat diplomacy in the partition of Colombia—has been to act in its own self-interest. I think the government has no right to exist if it doesn't continue to do things in its self-interest.

Penthouse: Yes, but that leaves the U.S. government in constant conflict with other governments, who are doing things in *their* self-interests that are different from the self-interest of the United States.

Hunt: Well, I think that anyone with any degree of political sophistication would go along with that.

Penthouse: Then you also go along with the concept that might equals right?

Hunt: The fact of the matter is that big nations, like the Soviet Union or Red China, get away with a lot of things that the small nations can't.

Penthouse: And the United States?

Hunt: Yes, but we're less successful at getting away with it. The Soviet Union and Red China get away with bloodbaths—and nobody complains. There's a good deal of international hypocrisy around today.

Penthouse: Were you sad to retire from the CIA?

Hunt: No, I was delighted to leave. I was going into promising work for which I had professional competence, work that would give me an opportunity to be almost uninter-

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ruptedly with my family and to recover to some extent from the financial reverses I had suffered. I looked forward to it very much. I wasn't forced out of the CIA—I applied for retirement six months in advance and I had to get special permission from the Director to retire.

Penthouse: When Chuck Colson asked you to take part in the same kind of operations that you had done for the CIA, were you gladdened by the opportunity?

Hunt: That wasn't the upfront thing. The upfront thing was to look into the origins of the Vietnam War, the research type of thing, and it was laid on me in terms that I *had* to. I was familiar with classified documents, policy papers, State Department policy papers—that was true—and they needed someone competent to go through them. It was really the same old ball game. But then I wasn't entirely happy about moving over to the Special Investigations Unit. Every time a proposition was submitted, I would say to Liddy or someone, "Can't the FBI do this? Can't the Secret Service do that?" And then they'd come back and say, "No, they've decided it's too sensitive—the FBI can't do it."

Penthouse: How did you feel when you were first approached about Watergate?

Hunt: I thought the entries were unnecessary to begin with—but I went along with them. But when Gordon Liddy told me the second entry had to be made, I pointed out that we were getting reports from the monitor across the street, Al Baldwin, and that through James McCord that there was an outward movement of personnel and files and everything else. Our friends in Miami reported that Larry O'Brien, the Democratic Party Chairman, was actually down there. So it seemed ridiculous to me to go in and bug a man who had moved and was probably not coming back. We knew he wasn't going to continue as Chairman after the selection of a candidate had been effected. And in fact he didn't. So I would say there was a real lack of professionalism both in the concept of the Watergate entries and in the orders that were given.

Penthouse: If you knew what you know now, would you have done the same thing?

Hunt: Of course not.

Penthouse: What changed your mind?

Hunt: Well, I had assumed that we were operating under the authority of a very highly placed cabinet member and that that authority was sufficient. Certainly, in the past, no U.S. government agent has ever been tried for an entry whether it was illegal or not, and there were a great many of them over the years—organized crime usually being the target, but also foreign embassies. Also, I don't think that any of us seriously thought there would be any hesitancy about completing a rescue mission—which was actually undertaken rather halfheartedly and then abandoned altogether.

Penthouse: Similar to the Bay of Pigs in some respects?

Hunt: Yes, that's true. It has startling similarities. Our government put men ashore at the Bay of Pigs and abandoned them there to be slaughtered; then later on they were ransomed back for four or five million dollars. But the Watergate people haven't yet been ransomed back.

Penthouse: It was said that James McCord—when he wrote the famous letter to Judge Sirica that ultimately led to the unraveling of the Watergate puzzle—did so because he was unwilling to have the CIA, an organization for which he felt a great sense of loyalty, get blamed for the incident by the White House, which was attempting to do just that at the time. You obviously don't feel that way. . . .

Hunt: No, don't put it that way—I would object to that. I don't feel the same sense of dull loyalty to an institution that McCord may have, but I don't want you to put me in the position of saying I was prepared for a false defense to be mounted involving the CIA.

Penthouse: But the White House was trying

to blame it on the CIA—or at least was *considering* blaming it on the CIA.

Hunt: Yes, but who knew that at that time? It really didn't come out until later. It had become a matter of controversy between McCord and his lawyers, and of course their communications were secret from me. They had access to information that I didn't. I had been asked many times—before the Senate, before the House—"Do you have any reason to believe there was any CIA involvement?" And I always steadfastly said no.

Penthouse: Are you bitter about the CIA? About how you've been treated by the CIA since Watergate?

Hunt: I was a great deal more bitter in the past than I am now. I realized that I could become a nonperson very quickly and that some highly placed officials were doing all they could to distance themselves from me—affecting not to have known me at all, or if they were forced into a position of admitting that they'd known me, then saying it was only on a casual basis.

Penthouse: In October 1974 you admitted to Judge Sirica that you had lied about certain things in your book, *Undercover.* How can you now expect people to believe anything in it?

Hunt: Well, the book's about 165,000 words long, and the statements that I have since repudiated under oath in the Watergate trial amount to probably no more than 100 words. And I wrote those words at a time last spring when I hadn't really determined to disclose certain things that I decided later on to disclose. They were totally consistent with everything that I had testified to before. And, actually, it was a personal decision, perhaps at cost to the book—who knows?—to get the truth out during the trial. I've testified how it all came out—the feeling of unease on my part, the unspoken questions of my children after their first readings of the White House transcripts. But between the time I wrote *Undercover* and the time it was published, let's say there was no forum available to me. Nobody was asking me any questions at that time. It actually wasn't until I was sworn in at the trial that I had an opportunity to tell the whole truth. As I say, there are only about 100 words in the book out of a total of 165,000 in which I was being less than candid.

Penthouse: Nevertheless, there are people who will say, "Well, if *he* admits he lied about *this*, then who knows what else he probably lied about?"

Hunt: That's true, and I expect it. They've said that about John Dean, too: "He took money that didn't belong to him; how can you believe the man?"

Penthouse: One of the most universally despised characters down through the ages has been the person who implicates his friends to gain his own freedom. John Dean certainly has been the object of a lot of this kind of feeling, even among people who felt that he only did what had to be done. Was there any remorse on your part at having to testify against your former bosses?

Hunt: Very much so, I would say. At the Watergate trial, I was indifferent, really. I didn't have much feeling one way or the other. But I was very bitter at being forced to testify at the trial of Ehrlichman and Liddy and two of my Miami friends for breaking into the office of Dr. Fielding, Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. On the other hand, I don't think my testimony did them any harm. It only substantiated that a team had been formed and that we had been authorized to go to the West Coast and effect this entry. That was really all I could testify to, but I felt that insofar as I was personally concerned it was terribly unfortunate for me to be forced to testify. Because that was the working level, the guys—hell, I brought them together! And there was Liddy, who wasn't taking the stand. Ehrlichman, a man I had met once before—well, of course, I had no feeling about him one way or the other. As it turned out, none of my work associates got more time because of my testimony, and so I'm

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NORTH ANTOR

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focused on her smooth calves and bare knees. "Man, how I would love to. . . ."

"Now here's how we do it, Miss Montoya," said Hammerhead. "You've got to give these lads a good lesson."

Shrimp heard the paddle whistling, and he braced himself for the *CRACK!* which came like death. Miss Montoya's beautiful legs were gone and there was just stinging, blinding, pain-in-the-ass pain.

"All right, Bone! Go sit down," said Hammerhead, "if you can."

Shrimp walked back to Santa Claus, picked up his hammer and chisel, and went to work standing up. He couldn't sit down.

"Take this paddle, Miss Montoya," said Hammerhead. "It's broken in now."

"Thank you," said Miss Montoya, taking the paddle and wriggling across the shop again, her hips moving back and forth beneath her tight skirt.

"Some of them like to sign their names on the paddle after you give it to them," Hammerhead said.

Miss Montoya stopped at the door and gave Hammerhead a last flirtatious smile, letting some of it drip off her lips for the wild-eyed boys who were watching her every move. Then the door slammed shut and her high heels went clicking away down the hall.

"What I want to know," said Paul Flowers quietly, "is what's a chick like that doing in a shithole school like this?"

"I'll tell you what she's doin' here," said John Kuzlanski, who was working next to Flowers, on Santa's belly. "She was teaching over at Central, and she got caught balling some guy on the roof."

"You're full of shit!"

"I know a guy who goes there. He told me the whole story. She was balling the captain of the football team and they caught her. So they sent her here—with the rest of the freaks."

With Short-circuit Smith, and Crazy Eileen, and Vice-Principal Herbert T. Astle, who sprayed his hair gold. "This fucking school . . ." thought Shrimp Bone, his ass still flaming. But he knew it was where he belonged. All the Killarney Hill bums went to North Antor. You had to be from a good neighborhood to go to Central High School, where Miss Montoya had been caught balling on the roof.

But that night Dick Mustello scored thirty points against Central High School, and North Antor, home of the freaks, won for the first time in Christ-knows-when. Shrimp Bone—his pain-in-the-ass paddling now forgotten—was outside the gym after the game, waiting for Dick. Dick had wiped Central out, had given them the old hook shot, the old jump shot, and the old dunk shot. "Only a junior, and he's the best in the league."

Central High School had a bus, and their players and cheerleaders and managers were slowly moving through the crowd toward it. Shrimp watched the players—and knew none of them ever got paddled at Central High School. They were from Grand Ridge and University Row, where life was different from anything Shrimp or anybody else at North Antor had ever known. He could see it in the faces of the Central players. They'd lost but they weren't beaten. They were still sharp, still on top of it. They were all smart, all going to college.

Paul Flowers walked over to the window of the Central bus and gave somebody inside the finger. Words were exchanged and Paul swung, crashing his huge fist into the window, shattering the glass. Shrimp saw the face behind the broken spiderwebbed glass, the face of a Central hotshot, looking cool, looking down toward crazy Paul, who was shaking a bloody fist in the air and shouting, "We creamed you—you motherfuckers!"

> Every eye in the shop was on her and sawdust was coming out of old Hammerhead's trousers.

The Central cheerleaders looked away from the window and started to sing a Central cheer. They were on top of it, too, high-class, not like the chicks at North Antor. North Antor cheerleaders were tough bitches like Tootsie Rodriguez and Mary Flowers, and they were ready to jump on somebody and beat him to death with a megaphone. Shrimp loved Tootsie, loved her powder-blue sweater and the blue scarf she wore around her neck. He couldn't speak to her—he was too short—but even so, she wasn't strange like the Central High School chicks who lived in the bright houses beyond Killarney Hill, houses all lit up with fancy Christmas decorations.

Somebody had pulled the distributor wires in the Central bus and the driver couldn't get it started. *CRASH!*—another window was broken, and Shrimp pushed in close to the action. A hand came on his shoulder. He turned, ready to swing, and found Dick Mustello there, looking down at him. Shrimp followed Dick through the crowd, through the cheers and the shouts and the breaking glass. The Central bus was starting up, and he and Dick ran across the street, into the dark shadows of the city.

"You destroyed 'em, man," Shrimp said. "You ran all over their ass."

They walked down past the warehouses and under the railroad bridge. Dick was carrying his gym bag, holding it upside down, so he had all the width of it in his hand, palming it like a basketball. The lights of Central City were lost behind them, and they went up the long dimly lit street that crossed the river and pointed toward Killarney Hill.

They walked up the hill, past the ramshackle houses that lined the road. Through the windows Shrimp could see all the familiar sights—old yellow wallpaper peeling off the wall, bare light bulbs hanging in the middle of tiny rooms, kids screaming and radios blasting.

"I'll see you tomorrow," said Dick, turning toward the broken-down, one-room shanty where he lived with his mother and six brothers and sisters. He stepped up on the creaking old porch and Shrimp watched him disappear inside. Dick's mother was an old lady and spoke no English—or damn little. She wouldn't know what had happened. She'd probably bitch Dick for coming home late. "What does it matter," Shrimp thought, entering his own shack. "Dick's got them all beat."

Old man Bone was lying on the tattered couch, toes sticking out of his socks, a cloud of smoke around his head, and a bottle of rum on the floor alongside him. "How's it going?" he mumbled as Shrimp went past him toward the refrigerator.

"Okay," said Shrimp. "Dick creamed Central."

"Atta boy," muttered the old man, taking another swig of rum to celebrate.

"I've got Miss Montoya for math class!" Shrimp looked down at his new schedule, his senior year mapped out on a white class-card.

"I've got her too," Dick said.

"Her *ass*, man, that's the thing! All year long, looking at it every day."

Miss Montoya every day—her tight sweater, her tight skirt, her long beautiful legs. She crossed them every time she sat down, and Shrimp was always dropping his pencil on the floor and catching the view to her panties. He didn't understand logarithms, or the hypotenuse, or the rest of that crap, but her legs and her ass he understood perfectly. He knew every angle made by the crossing of one of her legs over the other by heart. It made the days okay—and at night there was basketball. Fifteen straight wins for North Antor, led by Basketball Dick, the most fantastic player in the league, in the county, in the state!

"They can't stop him, man, look at that jump shot!"

"Go get 'em, Dick!"

"Dick! Dick! Dick!"

North Antor, asshole of the world, breezing through the city and county and regional

finals. "We're going to Philadelphia, man, we're playing for the state championship!"

Shrimp Bone was out on the highway early in the afternoon, with his thumb out. "For the championship, man, of the state. We're going to hash their ass . . . give me a lift."

He rode into Phillie around suppertime, a sandwich in his pocket. Then across Phillie to the Penn Palestra and, "Look, man, everybody made it, all of North fucking Antor is here, *we're* here!"

They went into the Palestra, and North Antor's cheerleaders looked like they'd never looked before, looked tough and looked on top of it. Tootsie Rodriguez, shaking her ass. . . .

"Gimme an N, gimme an O. . . ."

North Antor was on the floor, taking their warm-up.

"Dick's looking cool, man. He's on tonight. Look at that hook shot."

"Here come the. . . ."

"Here come the cats from Phillie, man. Look at the *size* of those motherfuckers!"

The championship team from the other half of the state came out in shiny white uniforms and tall black bodies. Fast, big, smooth. "Doing some warm-up shit, a routine, man, like the Harlem Globetrotters—look at him shove his hand down through the net. Man. . . ."

Dick Mustello fought the big black center—fought him and held him. The two of them tangled on every rebound, black legs and white, black hands and white, grabbing for the championship of the state. Dick was in the air, taking his jump shot, and the black center was up over him—"Look at that, he blocked Dick's shot! I never saw that happen before."

When Shrimp got back to Killarney Hill in the middle of the night the lights were still on in Dick Mustello's shanty. Shrimp went up to the porch, looked in, and saw Dick sitting alone at the kitchen table. He tapped on the window. Dick got up and came out on the porch. Shrimp looked up at the tall center. Dick's face was tired, his dark eyes sad. "Fuck it, man," said Shrimp.

They sat on the porch railing and looked down Killarney Hill toward the lights of Central City. Shrimp lit a cigarette and swung his short legs back and forth.

"Some scouts were there," said Dick. "I got three good offers. Penn State, Loyola, and Texas U."

"They're gonna give you bread?"

"Bread and a car."

"You're in."

"I can be a physical education major, they said. No hassle with studies. And I can be a coach when I get out."

"Fuck coach, man! You'll be playing with the Knickerbockers. You've got it made."

"I had a tough time with that center."

"You held him. He didn't make you look bad."

"We almost made it," Dick said, slipping his lean hips off the porch railing.

"Right! We almost made it. And you've got it made. You're free, man, you can kiss this town good-bye forever."

Shrimp jumped down from the porch railing. Dick was standing tall against the hill and the lights were beyond him. He looked taller than the whole city.

"See you in the morning."

"Right," said Shrimp. "See you in Miss Montoya's class. I'll have my hand up her dress."

Shrimp walked up the hill to his shack. The old man was on the couch, covered in newspapers, and the television set was showing the usual bent fucked-up picture, with everybody's head about two feet long.

"How's it goin'?"

"We lost."

"Atta boy," said the old man, rolling over on his side.

The whole school was hurting. Shrimp could feel it in the hallways, and in all of his classes. "We went all the way to the top and we thought we were going to take it—and we lost." The chicks, some of them still had tears in their eyes. Everybody looked beat from the trip, and everything seemed different, seemed looser and weird, like they weren't in school at all but were still way out there in Phillie, on top of the world, almost.

> He heard the paddle whistling, and he braced himself for the CRACK! which came like death.

Even Miss Montoya's ass didn't cheer Shrimp up. He sat, staring out the window. When she called on him, he looked around lazily and just blinked his eyes. She hadn't gone to Phillie. Some of the teachers had. Crazy Eileen had made the scene, wearing the same dress as always and ringing an old cowbell.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Miss Montoya.

"No," said Shrimp, not giving a damn anymore.

"You'd better report to me after school today, Mr. Bone."

"Here," said Shrimp, raising his right hand and sticking his middle finger in the air. It was out there, wiggling, before he even knew it.

Miss Montoya's eyebrow shot up, and she was down the aisle after him, hauling him out of his seat, and dragging him to the front of the room.

"Bend over, young man!"

She took her paddle out of the desk, the only bitch in the school who did her own paddling. All the other lady teachers called in Vice-principal Herbert T. Asshole to do the job, but Miss Montoya did her own paddling. Shrimp bent over the desk. He didn't give a fuck anymore. He hardly heard the paddle whistling through the air, but it broke through his daze, *CRACK!* across his ass, and something fell apart inside him. He couldn't stop the tears. "We lost the goddamn game." He turned around and looked at her, the tears streaming down his face.

She laid the paddle down and stared at him. He wanted to stop crying, but he felt like a little kid again and a sadness came up through him and ran out of his eyes like a river. Miss Montoya put her hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, dear, but it was for your own good."

"You fucking bitch!" he screamed, tearing himself away from her. She leapt at him, had him by the shirt collar, and dragged him toward the door. "To the vice-principal's office, young man. . . ."

She opened the door. Shrimp saw Herbert T. Asshole passing by in the hallway. Asshole looked, saw the commotion, and rushed in to grab hold of Shrimp.

"I'll handle this, Miss Montoya." He bent Shrimp over forward with one fast push of his hand, snatched Miss Montoya's paddle up from the desk, and came down with a dynamite *CRACK!*

It lifted Shrimp off the floor, burning his balls, rattling his teeth. He burst open—coming apart in all directions.

"You lousy fucking bastard!" He was screaming, crying, shouting through his tears. Herbert T. Asshole and Miss Montoya both grabbed him, shaking him like a rag doll.

Dick Mustello stood up. Asshole turned on him, flashing his crooked teeth. "Sit down, Mustello!"

Dick stood there, relaxed but ready, the way he always stood at the beginning of a game, when he was set to jump for the ball against the opposing center.

Asshole charged up the aisle toward him. "Bend over, Mustello!"

"You aren't paddling me," said Dick, in a quiet calm voice. He pushed Asshole's paddle out of the way and walked past him.

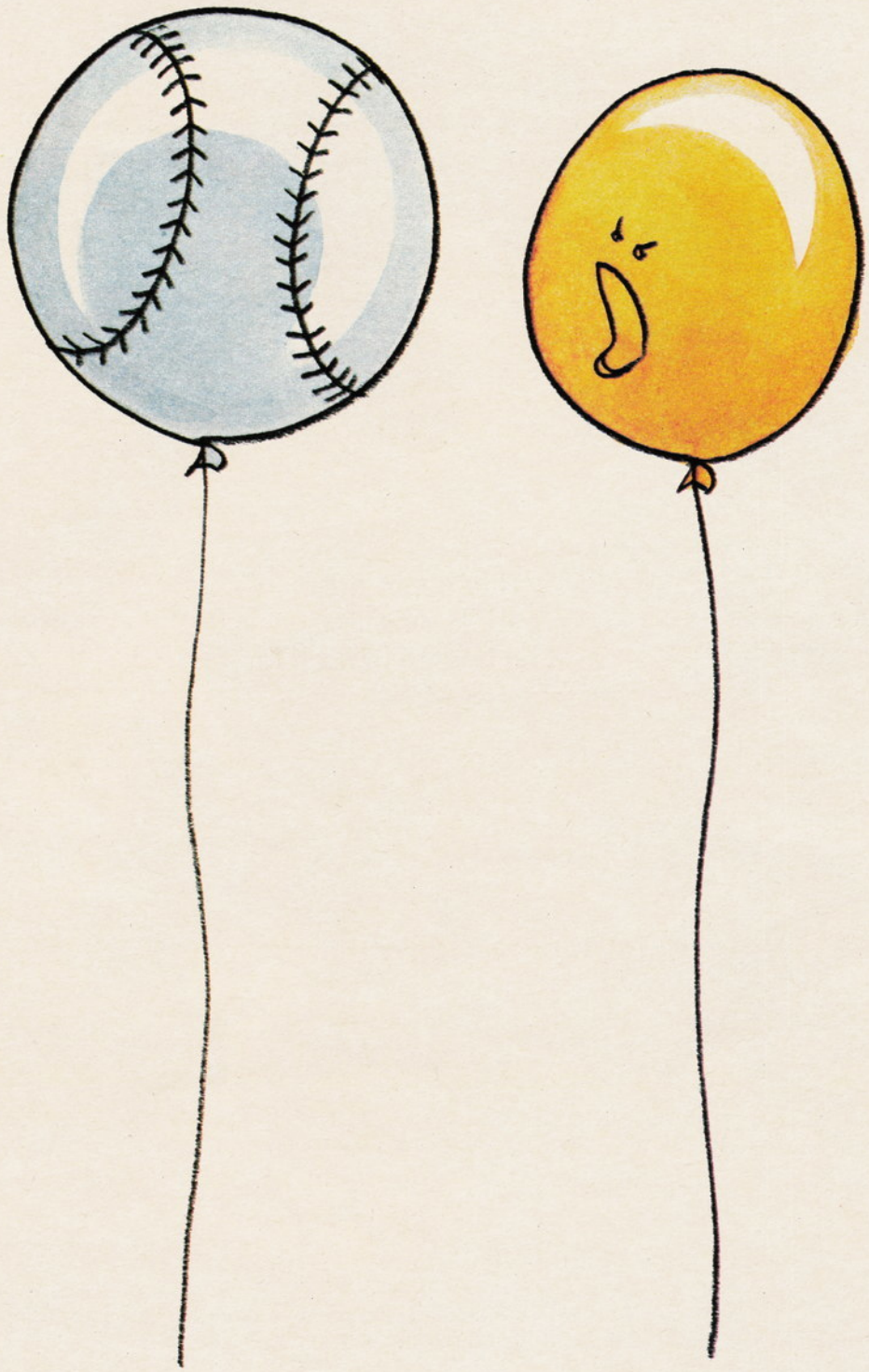
Asshole ran after him. "I'll suspend you for this!"

Dick and Shrimp Bone walked together toward the door. Asshole pedaled after them furiously, trying to block the shot.

Paul Flowers stood up. Tootsie Rodriguez stood up. John Kuzlanski stood up. The whole class stood up and walked out of the room.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Can't you talk about anything else?"

the String Thing

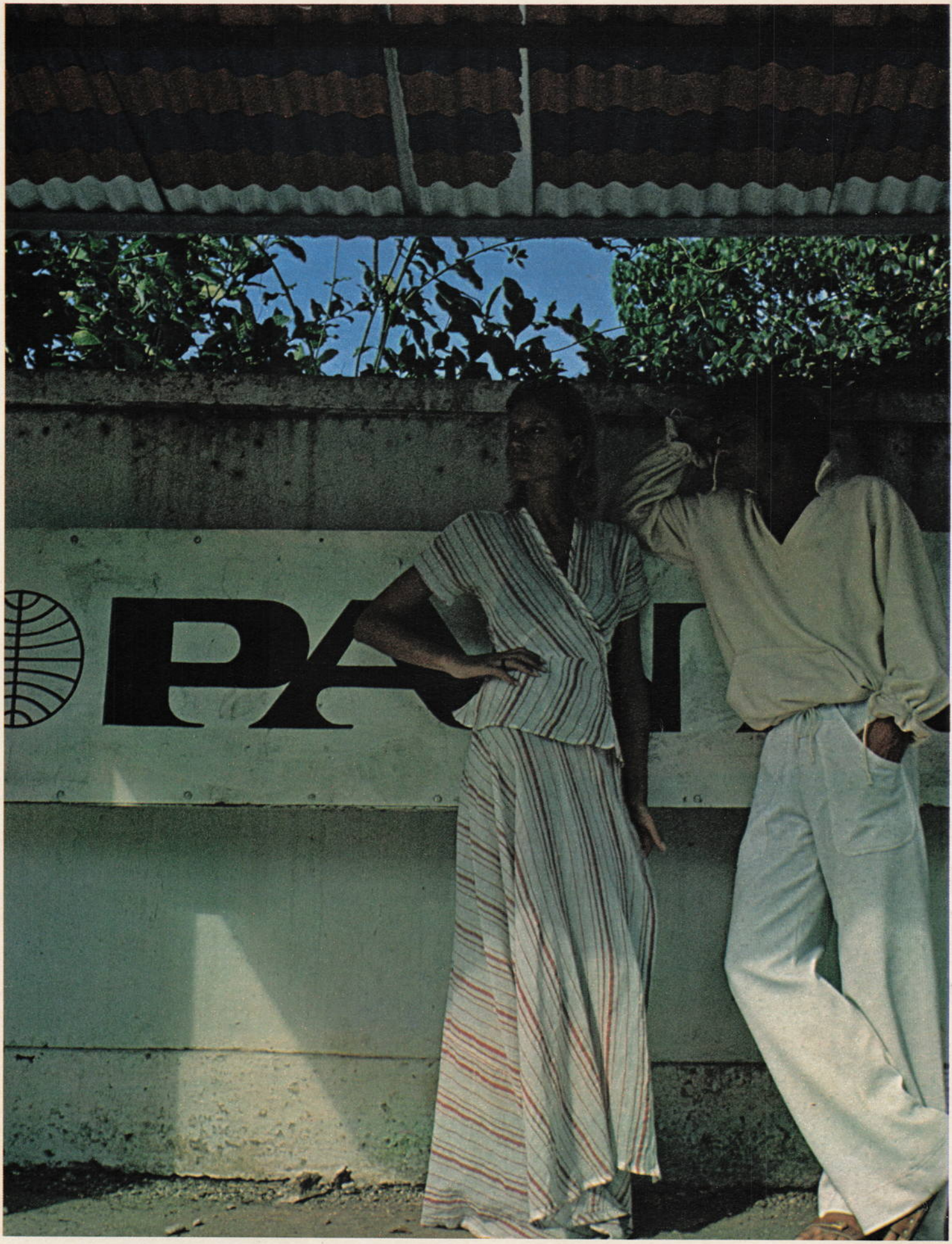
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERARD ROZHEK

FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING

Drawstring sportswear for a man's sporting life in summertime Jamaica.

The all-cotton terry lace-up suit (top, $40; pants, $20) by Egon von Furstenberg, Ltd. Her swim gear by Estevez Resort Sport.

For information on
where to buy merchandise
featured, please see
Retail Fashion Finder, page 146.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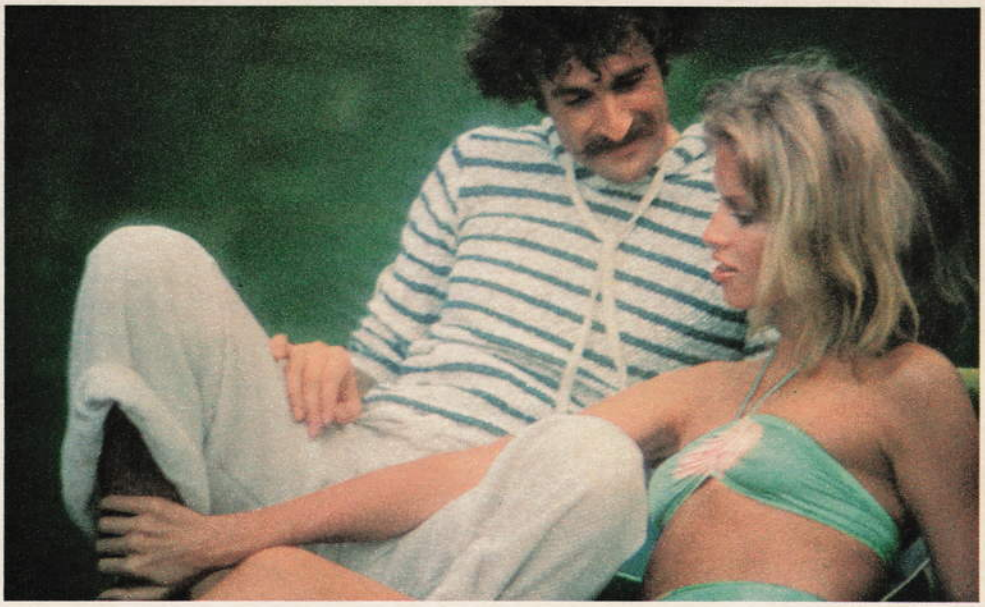


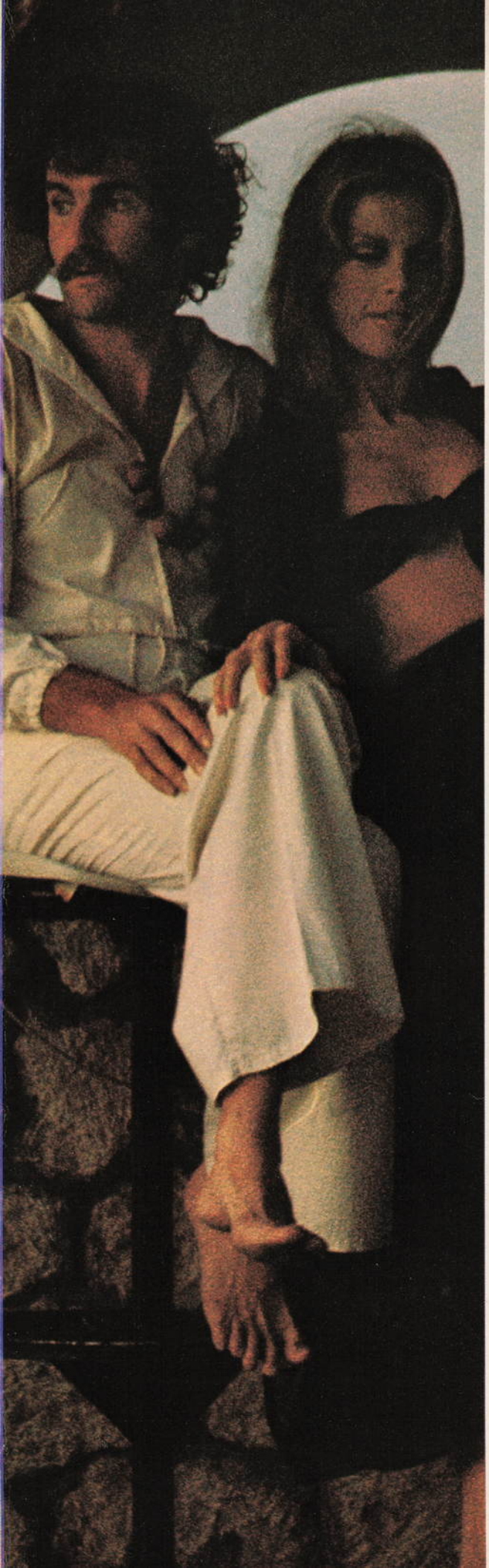
Left: *Everywhere you go, Jamaica is a "Pan American" island. The cotton sweatshirt-inspired drawstring pullover features a big pouch-pocket ($27.50) by Reggie/Peters. Drawstring cotton pants ($20) by George and Ray Designs. Sandals by Famolare. Her ensemble by India Emporium, Inc.* ***Top:*** *The linen and cotton pullover sweater features drawstring hood ($35) by Guildhall Imports. The flecked cotton corduroy drawstring pants ($25) by George and Ray Designs.* ***Above:*** *The green cotton lace-up jean suit is Faded Glory ($42) by Appendagez. Her loose smock dress by India Emporium, Inc. The belt with jeweled crab-shell buckle by Larry Seegers.*

This summer's fashion sportswear is derived from the physical fitness and sports boom. Sweatshirt-inspired sweaters, drawstring pullovers and pants, and lace-up suits add function to fashion with hoods and big pockets to give a wardrobe of stylish active gear to the contemporary man who enjoys a variety of outdoor sports.

A workout in these *Penthouse*-recommended fashions can be especially fun in Jamaica where the sporting life abounds in deep sea fishing, rafting down rapids, horseback riding, cricket and polo—not to mention just drifting along miles of lovely, frequently deserted beaches easily accessible from the road that runs along the coast from Port Antonio to Montego Bay to Negril.

Midway on Jamaica's north coast is historic Runaway Bay and the seaside resort of Eaton Hall Great House, lovingly restored from a swashbuckling eighteenth-century great house that makes for graceful relaxation between sports. After a day in the sun, evenings are for relaxed elegance in the candlelit dining hall which features both Jamaican and French cuisine.

How to get there: Pan American flies direct via daily 707 flights from New York City to Montego Bay and Kingston, and to Montego Bay from Miami. In addition, Pan Am offers seven-day/six-night package tours of Jamaica including airport transfers, air-conditioned room with private bath, Modified American Plan meals, and selected Island tours.



Left: *Photographed on the poolside terrace of Eaton Hall Great House atop a coral cliff overlooking the Caribbean sea. His cotton drawstring, hooded jacket ($14) and drawstring pants ($13) by Landlubber. The wood necklace by Paul de Croom. At right, her chiffon ensemble by Concept VII.* ***Above:*** *Dunn's River Falls near Ocho Rios is perhaps the most exciting watering spot in the world. The cotton lace-up jean suit ($90) by Jean-Paul Germain. The diver's watch is by Longines. Her sun-dress by India Emporium, Inc. The coral necklace by Vicki Grassfeld.*

"I know that you guys are a great double-play combination, but people are beginning to talk."

E. HOWARD HUNT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

able to console myself to some extent.

Penthouse: Did you ever consider playing mute like Liddy did?

Hunt: No, there was no reason to. Our paths were totally divergent from the legal point of view. Gordon had stood trial and been convicted along with McCord, and he was pinning his hopes on appeal—which has now been denied him. I could understand his silence. As for myself, I was immunized and made many appearances before the grand jury. From that time on, there was never any question in my mind that I was going to testify until Gordon separated himself. It was a traumatic time for everyone, but I understood his decision. That was his choice and I respect him for it. I don't know that he ever understood mine. He would probably be incapable of understanding John Dean's performance—except on the basis of youth, fear, and inexperience.

Penthouse: And saving his own scalp?

Hunt: Of course, we're all involved in *that* these days. But I think that as it turned out there were better men at the bottom of the pyramid than there were at the top.

Penthouse: You would include John Dean at the top of the pyramid?

Hunt: Well, he and Magruder and Mitchell helped Liddy put Gemstone together. [Gemstone was the large-scale espionage scheme against the Democrats that included the Watergate break-in.]

Penthouse: You come out quite strongly in your book against Richard Nixon. What first turned you against him?

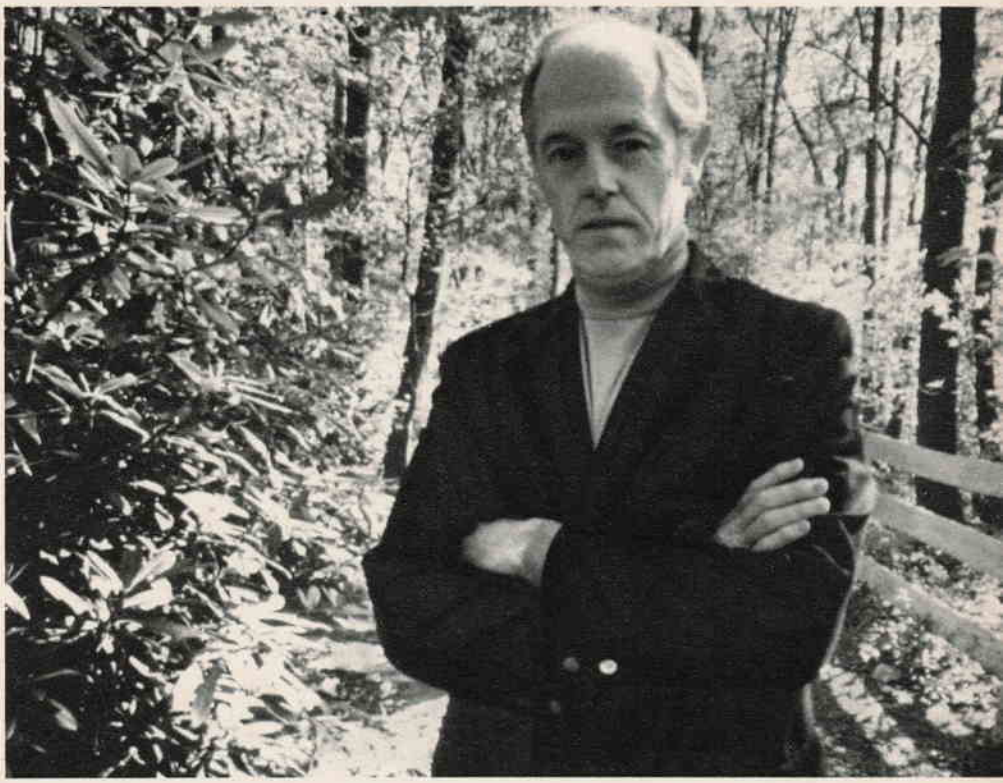
Hunt: I think it goes back as far as April 1973, when I was in the D.C. jail with the four men from Miami. We watched with rapt attention as the president of the United States said that, yes, he had in fact organized the special investigations unit in the White House, and that in reference to the Dr. Fielding entry on the West Coast, he assumed full responsibility. We thought, quite naïvely, that this was cause for rejoicing. But nothing ever happened. Then we realized some days later that the president, while assuming *responsibility*, had neglected to assume any of the *blame*. This didn't enhance our position at all, and there was more distancing that took place then than had happened before. We felt that it lay in the president's power to get the whole thing into focus and that he didn't do it. Then, later on, when the White House tapes became available—at first piecemeal, then in a flood—I think that anyone with an open mind realized that the people in the White House were not terribly concerned with the sufferings of others. They were primarily concerned with putting the best face on their own performance.

Penthouse: Is it true that you were trying to blackmail the White House for $200,000 as hush money?

Hunt: No, and the Special Prosecutor's office agreed with me. Blackmail and extortion are attempts to obtain by pressure something that is *not* your due. Quite to the contrary, the support money, the lawyers fees, had all been agreed to in the past—they were our due. I was exerting on behalf of myself and others what pressures I could to have our contracts kept. And bear in mind that Watergate was not our idea. We were *approached*—very much in the clandestine tradition. We were sought out specifically. My wife was appointed to serve as the channel, and our requirements were inquired about. They were translated, or "conveyed" I should say, and we were given an understanding that everything would be taken care of. Subsequently, at the House Judiciary proceedings last summer when the impeachment activities began, Mitchell's assistant, Fred LaRue—who was the most heavily involved person in the procurement and couriering of the funds—

Let's suppose that the principal had entrusted taking care of these financial matters to LaRue and/or others, and had assumed that these commitments were being kept. But LaRue kept coming back for further authorizations. Now, by this time the men who were disposing the money probably believed that all the commitments to us had been met—when in fact, from the very first delivery, there were arrears. So you had a false perception on the part of the principals that everything was being taken care of. And we, for our part, knew that they hadn't been.

This middleman, Mr. LaRue, had never told his bosses or superiors that he was shortchanging the people for whom he was responsible. This only came out very recently, and in that context I can understand how John Dean, as of late March when he was being asked for more money—not knowing



made some astonishing statements to me. He was describing how he had an emissary get in touch with my wife, and how he had provided the budget in good faith. But he said that he—and in other instances too—arbitrarily cut the sum of money. I'd like an opportunity to ask Mr. LaRue *why* he arbitrarily cut these sums. Because therein lay the seeds of the falling apart. I would look at it this way: the president is on tape saying that a sum of X dollars is needed. I think this happened about March 21 or 22. And he asks, "Is that right?" and somebody in the room says yes. Then Nixon says, "Get it." But they *didn't* get it. They got part of it. It was $132,000 that was required at that point, and only $75,000 was delivered. And when LaRue was asked by the House members, "How much money did you have on hand at that time?" he said $190,000. So one wonders, *why* these false accountings? the background and believing all along that the orders had been carried out—got panicky. Dean translated what was simply a reiterated demand into a threat of blackmail. So he got panicky. He didn't know what to do; he didn't make the correct assessment of the situation. He believed that our demands were escalating, while in fact we were still talking about the same funds that we had been talking about from the very beginning.

Penthouse: Why did you ever support Richard Nixon?

Hunt: I felt that he was probably the only game in town. He was never really embraced by conservatives, you know, but I would guess that they also felt that he was the lesser of a number of evils.

Penthouse: Do you think that Nixon was just an opportunist?

Hunt: What politician isn't an opportunist?

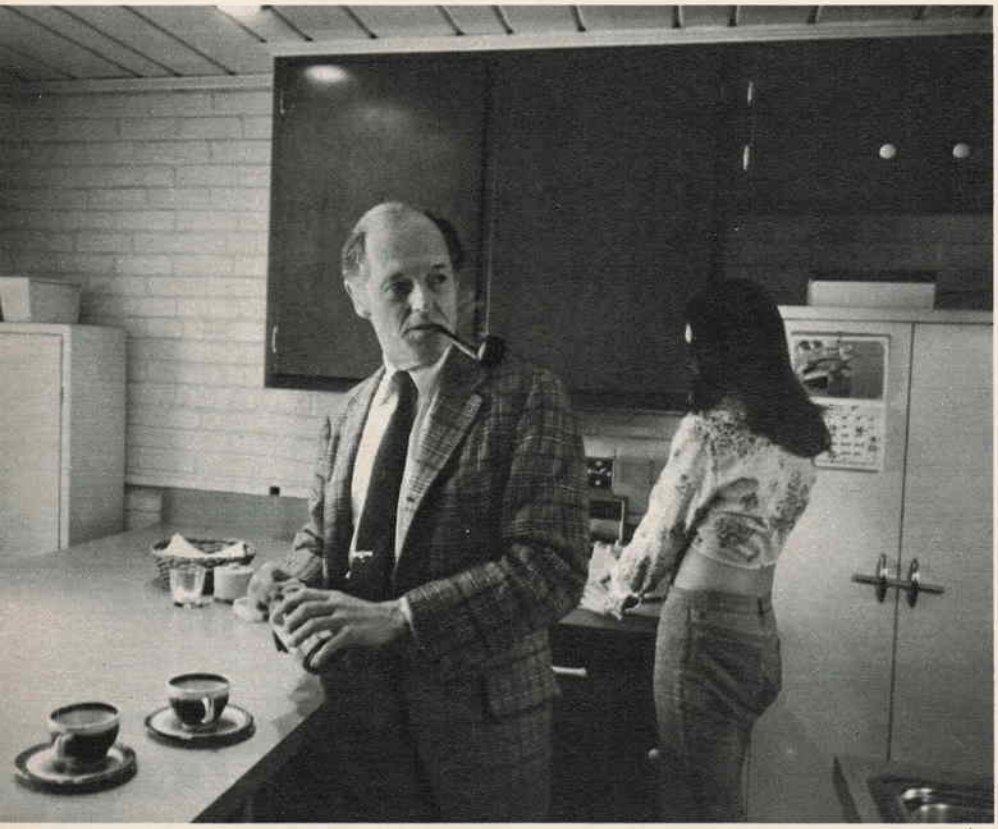
To single him out for one more epithet does seem just a little unfair at this point.

Penthouse: After Francis Gary Powers's spy plane was shot down over Russia in 1959, much was said about the fact that Powers was equipped with a suicide device to use if he was caught. What about you? Were you ever on a mission for the CIA where you were equipped with a suicide device?

Hunt: Not with the CIA—but with the OSS, yes. But those devices are used to avoid torture. That's not too tough a decision to make.

Penthouse: Was there ever any other time when you were ready to face suicide? Other than the time with the OSS?

Hunt: No, not in modern times—that is, not since World War II. I was never equipped with anything like that after the war.



Penthouse: You spent almost a year in jail after Watergate. What was it like?

Hunt: It was a brutal experience, and I may be facing still more of it. All I can say is, imprisonment, like military service, affects each man differently and he has to meet it on his own terms as best he can. *And survive.* You do this, first, by following instructions—following orders without questioning them is a very good start. And the second way to survive is to keep your nose clean and your mouth shut.

Penthouse: Is that the policy you followed in jail?

Hunt: Yes.

Penthouse: How did the other inmates react to you?

Hunt: Well, that depended on the institution. I was in ten different institutions in an eleven-month period because I was brought back to Washington so frequently to testify. That's unusual in itself. I was in Danbury for about seven months of my total imprisonment, and about half of the prison population there spoke Spanish. There was an overlay of white-collar criminals doing thirty days, lawyers doing sixty, and so forth. I never felt that I had any particular problems in prison. Down in the D.C. jail there *was* one attempt to beat me up. But other than that I thought I was well received.

Penthouse: What did they do to you in the D.C. jail?

Hunt: Well, I had been brought down from Danbury and it was a Sunday—hotter than hell, about 104 degrees. I was in a two-man cell with nobody else in it. I finally got to sleep about two o'clock in the morning. About four I heard the cell door open and close, and I was aware of somebody coming in and taking the lower bunk. Then I heard paper rustling around, the john flushing, and so forth. Well, the guard got me up soon after that to dress for court, and when I got down and began looking for my shoes and socks I couldn't find them. Then I looked for my manila envelope with my legal papers in it—couldn't find that. Couldn't find my address book; couldn't find my glasses. So I woke up this guy in the lower bunk and said, "What about this?" He said, "Well, I haven't got them." So I called the guard and said, "I think this man has taken some of my possessions." The guard prodded the guy and the fella got up . . . and he was wearing *my* socks, wearing *my* shoes. I looked over at the toilet, and there were all my papers torn up in there. And I said, "All right, get out of my shoes!" The guy swung at me and broke my other pair of glasses, the ones I was wearing. So the guard finally came into the cell and held the guy. He asked me, "Are you going to prefer charges?" And I said, "No why?" And he said, "Cause I didn't see *nothing*." So I said, "All I want is what's left here." Then I left.

Penthouse: When Jimmy Hoffa got out of jail, he did an awful lot of talking about prison reform.

Hunt: So do I. There's a basic problem to be resolved among penologists and by the Bureau of Prisons. It has to do with the purpose of incarceration. Is it to punish? Or is it to rehabilitate? This question has never been resolved satisfactorily—at least not satisfactorily in terms of the prisoner. Now we're supposed to be an advanced, progressive society. Yet we seem to insist on the medieval practice of taking a pound of flesh—flesh gushing blood. And the blood seems to come mostly from the innocent members of the family of the imprisoned man. For certain crimes—for the protection of society—incarceration is clearly the answer. Nevertheless, it seems far in excess of what the law should require to deprive a family—a wife and children—of the financial support their father could provide. And to have the children grow up with the shame of belonging to the family of a convict. For some reason I'm taking the male point of view, though I don't necessarily mean to, except that the male is usually the breadwinner. But is it proper to deny a man his sexuality because he has cheated on his income tax? Is it proper to destroy his home, to drive his dependents on welfare, to create a never-ending cycle of dependence, crime, and so on? I think these are very real questions that are faced by prisoners and by every family of every prisoner every day. And I think that a more adequate solution has got to be found. The states—much more than the federal government, I suppose because they're closer to their constituents—are trying to get men out on the streets as wage-earners, as job-holders at least.

Penthouse: You befriended Clifford Irving in jail?

Hunt: Well, we kind of flowed together.

Penthouse: Did you find you had a lot in common with him?

Hunt: Well, we had the book world in common—literary agents and that sort of thing—but he comes from a younger generation than I do. He was an avid baseball player, and I was a little old for baseball. But we got along well—he was well-liked. We used to eat together a good deal.

Penthouse: Have you resumed the friendship now, being out?

Hunt: By the terms of any man's parole, he can't be known to associate with known criminals.

Penthouse: Is it strange to be called a "known criminal"?

Hunt: Well, it takes a couple of years to get used to it.

Penthouse: What do you think of the *Rolling Stone* interview with two of your children that was done last year?

Hunt: I think they exploited my children at a very delicate point in their lives. And I think it shouldn't have been done. It was a cruel thing to do, and it has caused quite a bit of

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family disharmony. It's the type of journalism I call "coffin riding." It's just unnecessary. They set these kids up and then they slugged them.

Penthouse: Where do you think the country is headed? Do you think there's a healthier atmosphere today because of Watergate—as many people seem to believe?

Hunt: I think there will be. I think it's impossible to distinguish between the political and the economic in this country. They're so closely interwoven. I think it's certainly reflected very vividly by the market. There is a great deal of confusion, politically speaking, in this country about what can be done, and about what's going to be done. And I think this is one of the negative aftereffects of Watergate. It's still going on. The sooner we can get away from the tape-playing sensations of yesterday, and turn the national mind into more productive channels, the country will be infinitely better off.

We've dealt far too long in rehashing—with a lot of really voluptuous gore—every detail of Watergate. And of course politicians, journalists, and lawyers are all going to continue to be very interested in Watergate. But the average guy out in Iowa is much more concerned about the price of feed grain for his cattle.

But I don't think that the nation is going to be able to fully free itself from Watergate as long as men who have been convicted for what we generally call "Watergate" remain in prison. I think the time will come when they will be very much on the national conscience. And I think that the country, in permitting itself this unprecedented orgy, has lost far more than it could possibly gain.

Penthouse: Do you think there's a new sense of honesty in government that has come about as a result of Watergate?

Hunt: Well, there's been some legislation having to do with campaign contributions and so forth. And that's good. I think the basic honesty of the politician is probably always going to be open to question, and that it should always be rigidly examined by his constituents, by the media, and so forth.

It takes a rather special kind of person to go into politics. In the first place, we have an ego trip. I think that anybody is entitled to inquire into a politician's background. For the influence of money will always be felt in this country's politics. We're a money-oriented society.

Penthouse: Is that bad?

Hunt: I've never liked to think of senators' and representatives' votes being bought and sold. But they always have been. It's not a situation I'm comfortable with.

Penthouse: But do you think it's bad that we are a money-oriented society?

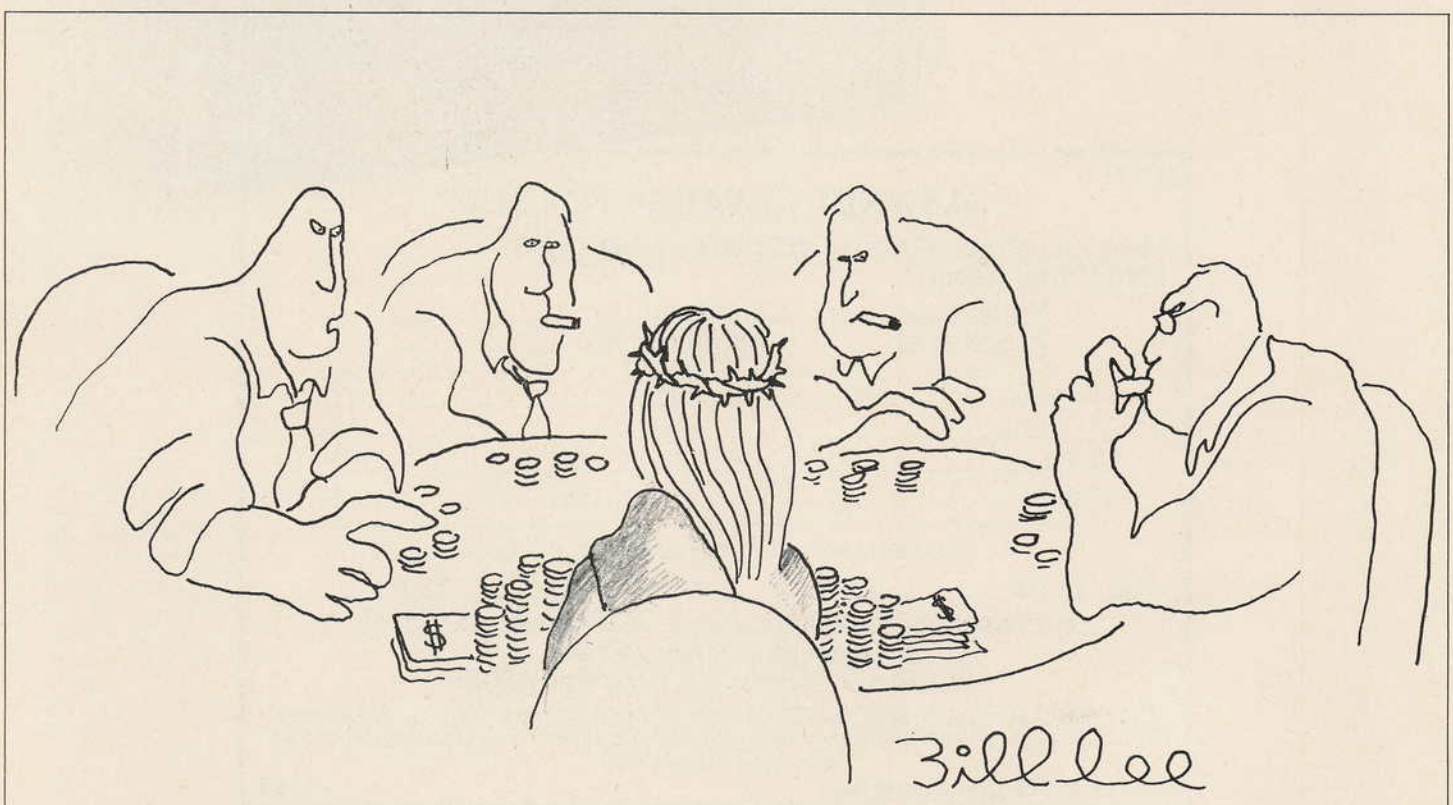
Hunt: That would get us into a discussion of the capitalist system and profits. I don't want to go into that, except to say that wives of congressmen complain they can't keep house on $36,000 or $38,000 a year and they want the guy to get more. So he does! The pressure is on every politician.

Penthouse: In view of President Ford's offer of limited amnesty to Vietnam war resisters, do you think the Watergate conspirators should also be offered amnesty?

Hunt: If President Ford forgave those who evaded national service their violations of the law, then surely the Watergate conspirators—many of whom engaged in work for the United States—should receive some easing of their situation—whther you call it commutation, pardon, amnesty, or whatever. But I would not personally accept amnesty myself. If somebody said to me, "If we give you amnesty, we'll have to give it to these guys in Canada and Sweden," I would say, "Forget it." When you've lost as many friends as I did in World War II, well, I guess it's just something that remains with you for the rest of your life.

Penthouse: What do you think is America's position in the world today?

Hunt: I think this country is losing on every front. I can't think of one where we're winning. And if we continue along the same lines that we've been following . . . well, I'm very pessimistic. We go into the SALT talks. We don't seem to have a really defined national objective. You can't build the country up when you're tearing it down. You've got to stop and say this is the end. No more bullshit—today we're going to do something positive for the first time in the thirty months that this national convulsion has been going on. Only our enemies are benefitting from what this country is going through now.



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But I don't really think the American bloodlust against the perpetrators of Watergate, without further stimulation from the press, is going to maintain any kind of high threshold. I think that left alone, we'll just let the judicial process take place.

Penthouse: Five of the congressmen who were Nixon's staunchest supporters on the impeachment question were all voted out of office. There is a public concern.

Hunt: Sure, there's a revulsion against all aspects of Watergate. Watergate doesn't have any constituency, I'm the first to admit that. There are no fans or supporters of the Watergate five—or seven, or fifteen, or twenty-five, or however many there are—and people have suffered the loss and ruination of their careers and will continue to suffer for a long, long time.

But I think that we've got to stop talking about it. As one pundit said back in the Thirties, "Bury the dead." I think that Watergate has got to be buried. Then, in effect, our wounds must be bound up and something positive done, because this is all negative stuff.

Penthouse: Is it going to be harder for the CIA to operate in light of Watergate and all the more recent revelations?

Hunt: I don't know that it's doing much operating at all. It was set up to do things, but Congress has gone beyond the original intent of limiting CIA knowledge to a certain specified number of people. There's a revulsion today against it. Nobody ever said, "I wonder what the KGB is doing?" Well, I'll tell you what the KGB is doing. The KGB is dancing and laughing and issuing free rations of vodka, because it's just great. They weren't responsible for the demise of the CIA—we were.

Penthouse: Do you think—in the light of your estimation that this country is losing more than it's winning globally—that today it's more necessary than ever to have the kind of CIA that existed twenty-five years ago?

Hunt: I think Bill Colby, the current director of the CIA, put it pretty well when he said that the country really shouldn't be without the means to effect an international response that isn't limited to (a) a diplomatic protest or (b) landing the Marines. The covert-action arm of CIA was intended to be just that. And it did serve successfully for many years in that capacity. And if we do away with that, what are our alternatives? Our alternatives are to accept unendingly a second- or even third-rate role in global affairs. And if nobody's afraid of the CIA anymore, then these tinhorn dictatorships will go bananas.

Penthouse: Do you ever stop to consider that the concept of the U.S. versus the rest of the world, in terms of power supremacy, is perhaps no longer relevant, given the developments of the last twenty years? That perhaps countries can coexist without interfering with each other? You're pretty much aware that the Cold War has largely ended in the last few years?

Hunt: Well, on certain levels perhaps. But I haven't heard of the KGB laying off any workers. And certainly the Chinese Communist intelligence service hasn't. On one level the Cold War is dying—that is to say simply by our nonparticipation in it—but the objectives of our self-declared enemies remain the same.

Penthouse: You don't think it's possible that China and the Soviet Union are not out to conquer the world?

Hunt: Well, maybe not today, but I feel that that's certainly their end goal. Meanwhile, Castro, despite the pleadings of Senators Javits and Pell, has declined to prohibit the export of revolution. And you can't find any responsible Chinese or Soviet leader who will disavow armed struggle. That is the way things are in that part of the world.

Penthouse: The Marxist president of Chile, Salvador Allende, did disavow armed struggle, yet the CIA helped overthrow him.

Hunt: I'll have to confess that I'm really only an amateur on Chile. I was not in the CIA—or in any aspect of the government really—while those deliberations were going on. I wouldn't want to put myself in a corner on that.

Penthouse: Do you think that your stature will change over the years?

Hunt: I don't really know. If I'm ever freed, I'm just going to move abroad and not have any problems to face up to. My country has treated me shoddily. The people I trusted in didn't come through. And as a result I'm far less happy than I used to be. I'll leave others to face the problem of getting America going again.

"Nice work, Policewoman Hendrix!"

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I have heard so many different explanations and theories as to why some girls have larger vaginas than others that I don't know which ones to believe. Here are my questions which I hope you will answer:

1. If a girl is a virgin, will her vagina stretch permanently to a larger size after the first few times she has intercourse?

2. Will the penis size affect this stretching if she is a virgin?

3. Will frequent intercourse or promiscuity result in a permanent enlargement of her vagina?

4. It is said that vaginal exercises give a girl muscular control which enables her to better grip the penis. I know that women who have had children use this exercise to give themselves a better grip on the "situation." If a girl never had children, is her natural vagina size usually a tight fit or does this vary from girl to girl?

5. Would a tall girl, even a virgin, normally have a larger vagina than a short girl?

6. Is there anything that would cause a nice, tight vagina to become so stretched that it is too loose for the average-sized male member?

7. If a girl has slept around a lot and yet tells her present boyfriend that she has only had a couple of previous affairs, is there any way to find out if she was very promiscuous from the size of her vagina?

8. Finally, what is "marital vagina"?

Thank you for your time, Xaviera. I figured that you could best answer these questions truthfully and put an end to all the verbal pollution concerning vagina size.—L.H.R.

First, I'll answer your questions, then I have one for you:

1. Initiation into sex doesn't normally cause any physical damage to the vagina other than the rupture of the hymen.

2. A prick too large simply will not penetrate the vagina.

3. Mine is still intact and tight—no "Holland tunnel" for la Hollander.

4. Vaginas, like cocks, vary in size. In a woman, vaginal size depends mainly on pelvis size and structure.

5. Tall or short, virgin or courtesan, cunts vary in size.

6. Normally, a difficult childbirth can cause permanent stretching, although the elasticity of the vaginal muscles can bring the vagina back to normal size even after childbirth. If there has been some tearing of the muscles in the vagina, chances are it can be corrected surgically.

8. Question eight is really answered in question six, which brings us to number seven, and to my question for you:

Whom are you trying to kid? Your entire letter consists of beating around the bush until you come to question seven which, restated, would be: "I think my girl friend is a liar; how can I prove it?" What is it you want —a lie detector? A sworn affidavit? If your sex with this girl is good, forget the bullshit and enjoy your relationship.

THE CRIME OF PUNISHMENT

Are you interested in establishing sex rights for prison inmates? As you may very well know, sex is a taboo within today's penal system. It makes no difference what a person's choice of sex may be, sexual activity is still illegal for those in prison.

Why not take action that will afford prisoners sexual relations of their choice?—W.M.

Yes, I am very interested in seeing that prison inmates are not further dehumanized by our archaic penal system. I really can't understand how anyone interested in rehabilitation can honestly believe that depriving men *and* women of such a fundamental right as sexual fulfillment will aid prisoners in returning to a normal, functioning life-style. Everyone is at least vaguely aware of the damage, both physical and psychological, caused by imprisoning a group of men or women in the sexual prime

of their lives. Our penal system is based on revenge not rehabilitation. I often wonder if the same people who believe sex is dirty are also running the prison systems.

In 1971 the only penitentiary in the United States allowing conjugal visits was Parchman in Mississippi. The warden noted that homosexual activity was reduced. The same experience was shared by institutions in Sweden and Russia when conjugal visits were allowed. But conjugal visits are obviously not enough. The laws should permit girl friends and prostitutes (male and female) to visit inmates.

THE CIRCUMCISED CLIT AND OTHER PROBLEMS

I am a bisexual male, age twenty-seven, and for reasons which you will understand upon reading this letter I'm writing to you anonymously. But please help me with two sexual problems.

My first problem is heterosexual. It concerns my ignorance of the female anatomy. Laughable as it may seem to you, I want to know if an operation similar to circumcision is performed on women. I ask this because I am sure that the girl I am sleeping with has something missing from her equipment, such as the clitoris. The fact that she never climaxes or masturbates induces me to think this. She is, incidentally, the only girl I have ever had intercourse with, hence my ignorance and my lack of expertise. The medical books are not very helpful either. After all, how can you take the time to sort out the labials on an already difficult lay?

I would also like to know what happens prior to, and at the moment of, a female climax: just how hard do the nipples become, how firm the breasts? Is anything ejaculated by the woman? Facial expressions and bodily contortions do not convince me. Please help me with this problem as I feel very, very cheated.

My second problem is homosexual. It concerns my lust for young boys between the ages of ten and sixteen. I have no feeling whatsoever for men of my own age.

It all began in a movie when I was thirteen. I allowed a guy to fondle me for more than an hour, during which time I experienced the most wonderful sensations, culminating in a climax I still remember. This incident was followed by a session in a nearby park which blew my young and innocent mind. I now continue to relive this experience by seducing young and willing boys. Is this lust for children a common thing in otherwise normal adults? I seek a cure only because this kind of activity may be wrong.—R.X.

Your girl may have a medical problem she isn't discussing with you. Circumcision of the clitoris is almost unheard of in this country although it is still practiced as an initiation rite in some African countries. Your girl friend may have a hooded clitoris—one covered by skin. This may explain why she doesn't climax. Because the area may be painful to touch, she does not masturbate. There is a very simple surgical operation that can correct a hooded clitoris if, indeed, that is her problem.

An orgasm varies in different ways for different people. Generally, when a woman achieves orgasm her nipples distend and harden. It was a popular myth that women would "spend" at the moment of climax. It has been proved that women's Bartholin's glands—which secrete a mucous fluid that acts as a lubricant—vary in size and capacity. In some women the discharge is copious enough to be imagined as a kind of sperm.

Pedophilia is neither common nor considered to be normal in our society. A boy of sixteen is not judged to be capable of consenting to a sexual act any more than a boy of ten. They may be willing, but if you pick the wrong boy, it would cost you much more than a few dollars.

MONOSEXUALITY—LIFELONG LOVE AFFAIR

I am a normal, attractive, well-built, blue-eyed, twenty-one-year-old male. I don't really have a problem; I just need an opinion. You see, I am in love with myself and have been so for some time. I like neither girls nor boys. I guess I'm a monosexual.

I love to spend an evening with myself in front of the mirror. In fact, my house has more mirrors than the average department store. I have one room in my apartment that is completely mirrored. All four walls are entirely covered as are the floor and ceiling.

I am not modest about my body since it is the dearest thing in my life. I even fantasize about myself. My body is so extremely flexible that I can get into more positions than you can imagine. I have some pretty good times with myself, but I think my relationship could reach even higher plateaus—with some advice from you.

Have you ever heard of anyone like me? Are there any books on the subject of monosexuality?—Narcissus

How well do you remember the original myth? Narcissus was made to suffer unrequited love as punishment for his tactless indifference to the local maidens. Hence, he fell in love with his reflection in a pool of water. The reflection only mocked his tears until Narcissus finally pined away and died.

I don't know much about modern-day sexual hermits. You see, I prefer those who like to share sex. If I do hear from another monosexual, I'll print his or her address so the two of you can get together and ignore each other.

MASTURBATION MYTHS

I am a sixteen-year-old male. For years I've been masturbating, and it feels so good I can't stop. Oh, I've tried, believe me, I've tried. The only reason I tried was that masturbation is supposed to affect sexual relations. But then I read somewhere that masturbation has no such effect on anyone. I've had no sexual relations with a girl, so I don't know which opinion is true. If masturbation does affect your sex life, please give me a suitable remedy.—D.R.

I am now nineteen and have been masturbating since I was twelve. I've jerked off in the shower with the hot stream of water bathing my cock and balls, between pillows, on fur coats, and in my sister's and mother's panties, bras, and nightgowns.

For the past two years I've been getting laid at least four times a week—yet I continue to masturbate. My problem is that when I come I ejaculate very little, perhaps one small spurt and then the rest just oozes out. I have read in many sex books that men are supposed to come quite a bit, spurting all over the room and often enough to fill a girl's mouth. My girl performs fellatio frequently, but when I come I don't really spurt since there's just a little trickle of very condensed come. Should I worry that I don't come enough? Could it be a physical problem?

When not erect, my cock is three inches; when erect, it is just over six and a half. Is that normal?—Jason

You both sound like victims of the many primitive myths concerning masturbation. I am constantly amazed at the number of letters I receive from men who immediately attribute their sexual problems to their masturbatory habits.

Masturbation, as with most pleasures, is best when not done to excess. If done to excess, however, masturbation is still good, and not physically harmful.

The enlightened view of masturbation seems to be that it is useful and a substitute for real fucking. Psychologically, masturbation can be an experience in self-acceptance when one is alone and has the chance of self-encounter.

I assure Jason that six and a half inches is a *very* acceptable cock. Spurting semen all over a room is indicative of the size of your cleaning bill, not your cock. Your only real problem—if you can call it that—is perhaps an underactive prostate that causes the semen to ooze rather than spurt. It's not harmful—and it shouldn't impair your enjoyment of sex in any way.

THE WATERMELON FUCK

At a singles club recently, some of the guests were discussing the many pleasures of the "watermelon trick," supposedly popular out West.

Being relatively sophisticated I thought that I knew most variations of the sex sport. However, I never heard of this before and was embarrassed to ask. I am hoping that you could describe this for me.—K.S.

There are two versions of the watermelon trick that I know of—one for women, one for men.

The one for women I first discovered in Europe where, in a small dimly lit café, I watched a young naked girl onstage squat over three fresh eggs. One by one, using the muscles in her vagina, she plucked the eggs from the stage without cracking any. As she finished her act, I turned to a man beside me who said, "If you think that's something, down the street her older sister

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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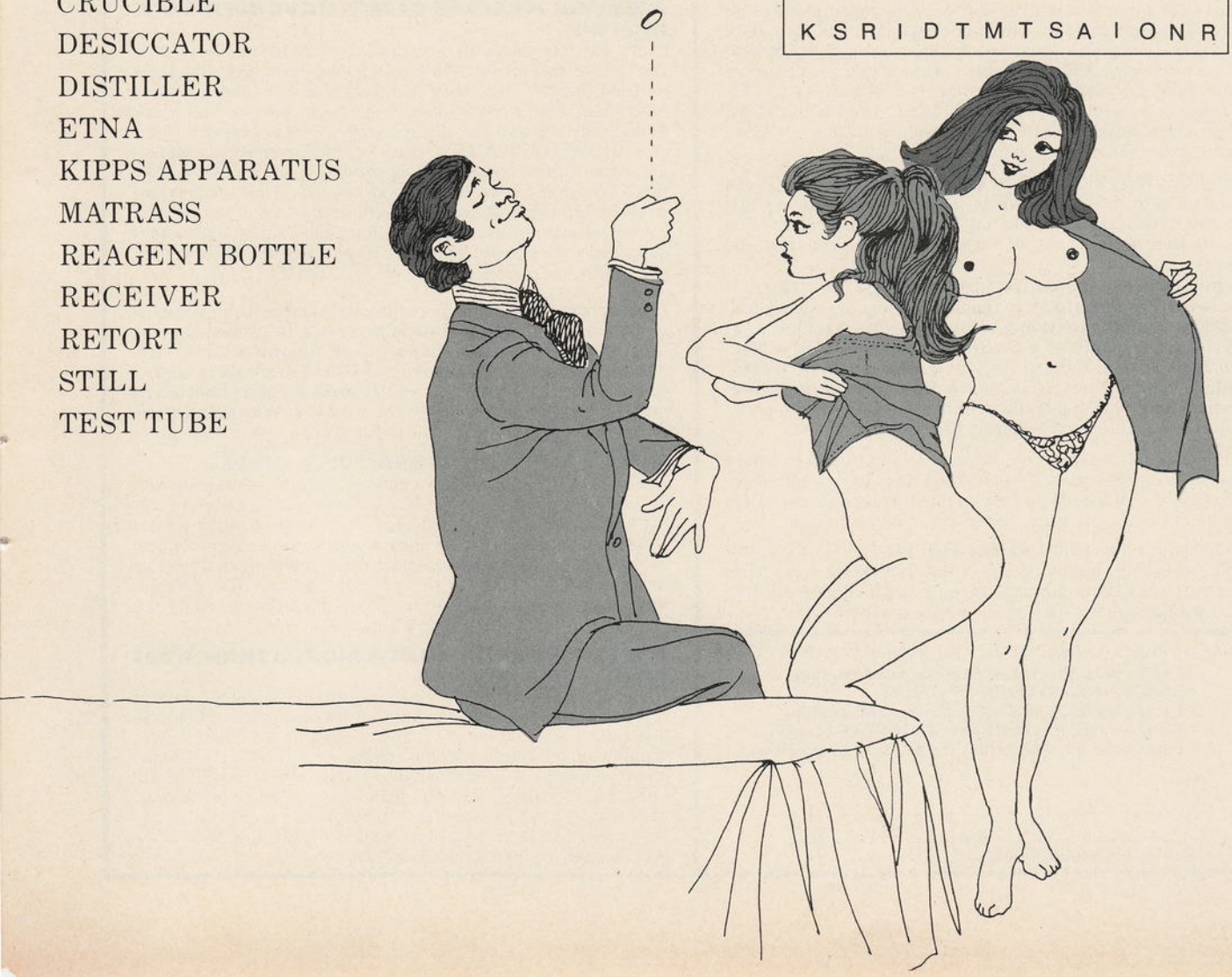

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COUPLES

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of Couples, a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, Couples, *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Jerry T., 20, bank trainee. Bob B., 22, record company promotions assistant. Lori S., 23, administrative assistant. Sue H., 19, secretary.

JERRY'S STORY:

"Before I came to Chicago, my sex life was pretty conventional. Although I went to one of those dreadful prep schools, I never had a full-blown homosexual experience there. I knew that kind of thing went on, of course, and I did have something of a crush on one or two of the older guys in my dorm. But I was going out with a girl Jenny from home during my last two years in that school.

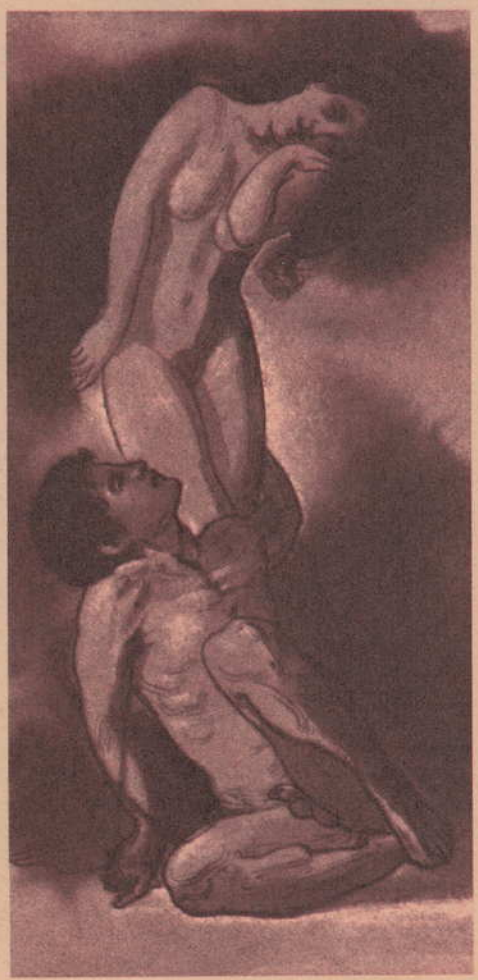
"It was a foregone conclusion when I left school that I'd go into banking. My father's the director of a bank, and I didn't have any other ideas, so that was that. I could have stayed at home and commuted to the city, but I preferred the idea of getting an apartment in Chicago. I guess I wanted to leave that awful little suburb and get rid of Jenny.

"I'd arranged to share an apartment with a friend of mine from school. I'd assumed that Bob and I would get a place just for the two of us, but he persuaded me that it would be better to get a larger place and sublet some of it. 'For the money we can afford, we'd only be able to rent a very small studio between us,' he said.

"Bob was all for having two girls share the apartment. At first I wasn't convinced by the idea. But Bob insisted and in the end we chose two girls, friends who'd come to look at the place together. They moved in two days later.

"Still, I had to admit that Bob had been right. Having two girls around the place did make a difference in my life. One night, after we'd been at the apartment a few months, all four of us happened to be in for the evening. We were lounging about doing nothing in particular when Sue suggested we have a group therapy session. For the past few weeks she'd been seeing some kind of a shrink. From what I could gather, it was a group session where everyone just sat around on the floor feeling each other up. Apparently this was supposed to relax you, but I'll bet that most of the people went just for a little sex.

"But all of us agreed to give Sue's idea a try. The three of them, excepting me, were pretty well stoned on some dope. We sat in a circle on the floor with the lights off, eyes closed, and began feeling each other up. I started with Sue, because I wanted her most. But after a minute or two she made a really bitchy complaint, 'You're doing it all wrong. Stop giving me such little pats. You've got to run your hands all over my body, all over.' She was certainly doing that to me, but I had a bit of a block about it. It seemed . . . well, just awkward, caressing a girl with other people in the room.



"Sue and I started stroking each other again, and I was still a bit shy at first, keeping my hands to the neutral parts. Not her, though. Her hand went straight down to my hard cock, and she started stroking and massaging it, while her other hand crept round to tickle the cleft of my backside. I honestly don't remember all the details of what happened next—I just lost all control. I know I started sucking Sue's breasts and fingering her ass, while she masturbated me. It's funny, she did it ever so delicately, just using her thumb and first two fingers to pull up and down on my shaft.

"She was very juicy, and in a moment we were screwing on the floor. It was really a bit disgusting, what with Bob and Lori being in the room. I could hear them fucking as well, and the whole thing made me feel kind of . . . kind of dirty, somehow. I suppose I enjoyed making love to Sue; she certainly seemed to enjoy it herself. She kept pumping away with her backside as she lay beneath me, trying to make me go faster and thrust deeper than I already was. And she kept sliding one of her fingers in and out of my rear end, and I have to say that it was quite exciting. Then she yelled, 'I'm going to come, I'm going to come. Do it to me too.' I didn't really know what she was talking about! Then she said, 'Put your finger up my ass.' I didn't really want to, but did it anyway. Sue came all in a rush then; it seemed to bring her off. I came a minute or so later.

"Sex with Sue was far better than any of my abortive sessions with Jenny, but when I'd finished I felt rather ashamed of myself. I went off and had a bath, and was sitting on my bed with a towel around me about half-an-hour later when Lori walked in. She was naked, but didn't seem to be particularly

Illustrations By Danny Maffia

concerned about it. She came and sat down beside me, then leaned over and kissed me hard. Next thing, Lori was giving me a blow job—something no one had done before.

"We ended up making love, and when we'd finished I heard Sue giggling. She and Bob were standing by the door, arm in arm, and they'd obviously been watching us perform. 'Quite a little stud, aren't you, Jerry?' Sue said, and hopped on the bed and cuddled up to me. I got angry because she was ruining everything. I know I shouldn't have done it with Lori as well, but still sex isn't a spectator sport. Bob and Sue were treating the whole thing like a sideshow.

"I have never been to bed with Lori again; she keeps hinting, but while I like her I'm far more involved with Sue. I keep trying to explain to Sue that sex for its own sake is fine, but there comes a time when a relationship changes, deepens. I still sleep with Sue—I can't resist her—but she still won't take it at all seriously. I can sleep with her one night and then the next night she won't come home at all. When I ask her where she's been, she says, 'Oh, I stayed with some guy,' as though I was just some casual acquaintance. I get very jealous, I must admit."

BOB'S STORY:

"Well, it all depends on what attitude you take towards women, doesn't it? I mean, let's face it, Jerry's problem is that he can't make up his mind whether he wants a big romantic, emotional scene with somebody, or whether he just wants some pleasant uncomplicated fucking. It's not a problem I share, frankly. Perhaps I'm unemotional, a cold fish—but I'm always happy to give any attractive girl a good screw. I'm not really interested in some *Love Story* kind of crap. A lot of the girls I go out with aren't interested either. I mean, take this Lori and Sue shit. Not to put too fine a point on it, Sue's a cock-happy little cunt. She likes fucking, sucking, anything—she just goes all out! And why not, after all? I'm the same way.

"So is Jerry—the same, I mean—but he refuses to admit it even to himself, I think. He's as horny as the next guy, but he insists on believing all this nonsense about sex not being meaningful without love. I'm not being cynical—I believe you can fall in love—but the idea that sex can't be enjoyed as a pleasure in its own right is just fucked, man!

"But to hell with it, I say, because nobody else wants it. Lori and Sue are both good fucks in their very different ways, and I don't want to lose either of them. Lori's all healthy and blond and direct about it all—being in bed with her is actually invigorating rather than tiring. It's like a good massage. She's not really into complicated positions, she doesn't really think it's worth the effort. I was screwing her the other day and I got the urge to give her one right up the ass. I turned her over on her stomach, lifted her hips up, and was getting all prepared to slip it in when she turned over. I thought she was being coy, shy, or whatever, and I was just launching into a big 'You don't know what you're missing until you try it' speech when she interrupted.

"'Look,' she said, 'it's not that I haven't tried it, it's just that I like it better up front, okay?' Well, there's no answer to that, as they say, so I didn't press the point.

"Besides, I get enough variety elsewhere to satisfy me. You meet a lot of different girls in my business, and by the law of averages you're going to be able to pull some of them.

"I regard Lori and Sue as good uncomplicated fucks if I happen to be home. But I certainly wouldn't pass up any other opportunities on their account. I remember one girl in particular, this singer—she's quite well-known—who records on my record company's label. Her public image is that of a fresh young thing, well-scrubbed and just up from the country. All her ballads are about love and nature and puppies. I had to go see her a month or so ago to discuss the promotion of her new record, and while I was sitting in her loft talking to her I sensed

that she might be open to offers. Still, I thought, I'd better take it easy—if I make a move and I'm wrong she could cause me a lot of aggravation—so when we'd finished our business I said good-bye and started making for the door.

"'Do you have to go already?' she asked.

"'I can't think of anything else I need to stay for,' I said, leaving any move up to her.

"'That's just where you're wrong,' she replied, and walked up to me, undid my fly, and started jerking me off. So naturally we ended up in bed together in fairly quick time.

"We were lying there after our first fuck and she started talking about her sexual fantasies. What she'd really like, she said, is to have several men making love to her at the same time. I told her jokingly that I knew lots of guys who would be only too happy to oblige, and she said, 'Why don't you fix it up one night?' She obviously meant it, so I thought why not? I told her she'd better invite a few other chicks around as well, though, because otherwise it would look like a total gang bang.

"We arranged a date. I got in touch with a few friends and we pitched up at her place one evening. She opened the door clad in the smallest pair of hot pants I think I've ever seen and a gauzy semi-see-through top, and when we got inside there were five or six other girls lounging around. 'Bob, you've got a full-scale orgy on your hands,' I remember thinking when I saw them.

"Everything started off quite sedately, actually. We all sat around with drinks and started chatting, and after a little while I was just thinking, 'Somebody's going to have to make a move soon if anything's going to happen,' when my singer friend stood up and started heading in the direction of her bedroom. When she reached the living-room door, she paused and said, 'Well, who's coming with me, then?' I had briefed all the guys about her kink, so they didn't need to be asked twice. The girls came too, and everybody migrated to the bedroom.

"She certainly got what she wanted. She and all the guys stripped, and then she started positioning them on her bed. It was one of those huge circular jobs. I didn't take part myself, not the first time, anyway. I wanted to watch and I was also busy chatting with another girl I liked more than the singer. But she didn't need me. She was too busy managing five other guys. She was kneeling on the bed giving a hand job to two guys, one lying on either side of her, and at the same time she was sucking two more off. Her hips were straddled over a fifth, who was eating her out. After a while this last guy moved out from under and, kneeling behind her, took her doggie style.

"It was quite something to watch, I tell you, especially when they all started coming. The other girls were watching goggle-eyed, and I thought the whole thing might come off as being a little disgusting, you know. But it wasn't at all. They all wanted to join in, it was incredible. I've been around there a few times since, and it gets better all the time. More people too.

"So this Lori and Sue bit, it's just the icing on the cake as far as I'm concerned. It's not serious for any of us. As for Jerry, well, you've got to learn to look after yourself sometime, haven't you? He'll probably get his act together—sometime."

SUE'S STORY:

"The old way of sex is dead; anyone can see that! The idea that two people should live together 'till death do us part'—it just doesn't make sense in this modern world. Have you read Laing's *The Death of the Family*? Monogamy is stultifying. Now that we have the Pill and nobody has to have any unwanted children, the institution will gradually break up altogether. It will probably take a generation or two, of course, because these things always do, but that will be the pattern of the future.

"Now what we have here in this apartment is what you might call an embryo commune.

It's not a proper commune, of course, because there are only four of us and the relationships are not fully interchangeable. I mean, in a proper commune we would all sleep together in every possible combination, but here it's just straight heterosexual swapping. Jerry won't sleep with Lori, which is a pity, and Bob and Jerry wouldn't dream of sleeping together—those old homosexual taboos will probably be the last ones to crumble. Lori and I have slept together, but I must say we both prefer sleeping with men. It may be that we are more affected than we think by unconscious remnants of childhood inhibitions.

"Actually, Lori and I only made love to one another once. It was kind of a dare, really. You see, we were both trying to come on very liberal to Jerry and Bob one night, so we suggested that we have an evening of homosexuality. We were just bored. But Bob and Jerry carried on about how disgusting it would be, and so Lori and I—without even saying a word to each other—just stripped our clothes off and I began to kiss Lori's nipple. But she kind of darted away and I thought perhaps she was chickening out. But not Lori! We were sitting on the floor and Lori grabbed on to my waist, kind of pushing me back on my elbows, and she went right for my clit with her tongue. She really knew how to perform cunnilingus. I guess a lot of guys are turned off by the smell or taste, but a girl knows what another girl wants. The clit is the center of my eroticism and Lori just flicked her tongue rapidly against it, kind of kissing my clit and running her lips around it. Then she let go of my waist and used her fingers to stroke the inside of my vagina while her other hand caressed the inside of my thighs, tickling me. Well, within a few seconds my vagina was really wet, and with the one hand that had been up my cunt, she began to finger my anus. Every bit of erotic sensation was centered in my pelvic area. I really began to writhe. Rather than just going along with the sensation I tried to fight it.

"Our lovemaking became a kind of master and slave thing, although both of us willingly accepted the roles. Lori grabbed on to my wrists, and I started to writhe even more violently, as if I were trying to fight her. After a while it got to be so much that I started to laugh. You know, kind of laughing in pain as when you're being tickled to death. I mean, Lori had one helluva tongue. And not only was she doing my clit, but she'd wipe her tongue and lips along my sides and then blow very, very softly against my skin. It was just so pleasurable and so ticklish that I really was going hysterical with laughter. Lori cracked up too, and she let go of my wrists and we *finally* embraced.

"Now, both Lori and I have fairly full breasts which interlocked, so to speak, rather nicely. We just kept rubbing against one another, letting our breasts kind of slide in and out of position. Lori just kind of pushed me back on the floor again, holding my wrists and just dangling her breasts over mine so that just the tips of her nipples touched my skin. Her nipples really got erect and it tickled like hell again when her nipples started to run against my stomach.

"By this time my pubic area was sopping. I kind of lunged at her, embracing her, and we just kind of hesitated for what seemed like only a few seconds and then we both came in really writhing orgasms. We didn't even have to finger each other.

"We lay there for a few minutes, and then I remembered that the guys were watching us. I started laughing like hell. I mean, they didn't know what the fuck was going on, and so they left for their own rooms. I supposed they jerked off—they looked pretty interested, believe me!

"Unfortunately, Bob and Lori don't take my beliefs as seriously as they should, and Jerry is positively obstructive. He hasn't grown out of all that old-fashioned stuff about fidelity and monogamy. Actually, that's a serious drawback at the moment, but I'm confident he'll get over it. He comes from this really

square background, you understand, Sunday school and the whole Protestant bit. He's really unresponsive to new ideas and thoughts.

"You may wonder why we don't simply get rid of Jerry and certainly that was a possibility I considered at one stage. But quite apart from the fact that the lease is in his name, I think it's actually a good thing to have outsider-types in a commune. Otherwise, it can all become so shapeless and relaxed that there's no point anymore.

"What I would like now would be for the four of us to move into a larger pad and get in another couple, or maybe another foursome. Four people isn't really enough—I mean you get bored having just three people to choose from—whereas if there were eight of us, you could really get some scenes going. But Jerry is a problem, as I told you, and also I sometimes think Bob and Lori are only interested in the sexual angle. In a proper commune you should have much deeper relationships going. Also, you really should pool all your property, share everything, and everyone pay whole salaries into a communal bank account, each taking out just what he needs. But that requires such a lot of organization, and the others don't seem too keen. We'll have to see how things go. What you really ought to do is to come back and interview us again in a year's time to see how we've developed. It's a bit experimental at the moment, you see. Things are evolving all the time."

LORI'S STORY:

"We have a very good scene going here, as I expect the boys have told you. But I don't like it when Sue tries to tack on all sorts of fancy meanings to what's gone on. It's just an apartment-sharing arrangement with a bit of fucking thrown in, and I can assure you that you will find the same setup in practically every apartment on this block, though not everyone may be so frank about it. She likes to call it a commune at the moment because she's very much into communes—last month it was astrology—but it's not a commune at all because that implies some earnest commitment, with children and organic vegetables, whereas we are just four people who happen to share an apartment together.

"Jerry is the fly in this ointment, as I expect you've gathered. I mean—don't get me wrong, we all like him terrifically—but he himself doesn't seem to be too happy with the setup here. I think he'd like to settle down with Sue and just be a couple, but of course she's not that kind of girl. Or maybe he just doesn't enjoy screwing me! We've only done it once. It seemed okay to me, but he's never wanted to do it again. It's a pity, because I actually thought he was a pretty good stud. If he fell in love with someone, I think he's the sort who'd love her forever, regardless of what happened. I hope he hasn't fallen in love with Sue because it won't do him any good at all. I know for a fact she's got at least three other steady guys, not to mention knocking off Bob when she's in the mood.

"I'm very fond of Bob but it's never going to be anything more than that. In a way we all hit it off too well, more like brothers and sisters. I think I could really fall for Jerry if he ever gave me the slightest hint of encouragement. . . . I'm suffering from the pangs of unrequited passion, you might say! I know he likes me as a person, he even seems to prefer talking to me than to Sue. Oh we have great long talks sometimes, but it never gets any further than that, and it's usually when Sue's out. It's all Sue this and Sue that and do I know who she's out with and what can he do to make her settle down and suggesting I have a talk with her to persuade her to be faithful to him.

"I'm passionately in love with this guy called Larry at the moment, but I only see him about once a month. He works as a stuntman in films and he's hardly ever in town. He's all huge and hairy and battle scarred. He told me he's broken every bone

in his body at one time or another, and you can see it just by looking at him. He's a fantastic lover. God, he's wild!

"And he does it at least four or five times a night, honestly! Say he comes over on a Thursday. He rings me up, meets me after work, bang bang bang till about three in the morning, then sleeps for three hours, then up and at it again till breakfast. I stagger off to the office shagged out. Around coffee time the phone rings. 'Hi, it's Larry. I'm feeling kinda horny again. Can't you get out at lunchtime.' Lunchtime comes—I take a taxi around to his hotel, bang bang bang, back to work, then into the evening session again. It's incredible! He asked me to marry him too! But he told me he'd been married five times already so that sort of put me off!

"But wouldn't I love to have that cock every night! Larry's a good fuck, and whenever we do have one of our little sessions, he always fucks me while carrying me around the room. It just feels like I'm riding this guy's cock, and Larry's got a nice one. I just hang on around his neck, but he's so strong that I don't even have to do that. I don't have to do a thing. I just have to wrap my legs around his hips—you're just completely dependent upon the guy. He runs around the room for a few seconds and I just go bumping up and down on his cock. Then Larry'll stop. He grabs my ass and thrusts me against himself till he comes. By this time I've had my third orgasm—at least!

"I suppose now that I'm twenty-three I really ought to think about settling with one guy. But then I think, 'Life's too short, what the hell!' Anyway, I haven't met anyone I could really fancy except Larry and Jerry. But as I told you, that's no good. It's sad in a way because, despite all appearances, I think I'm really a one-man girl. I quite like the idea of just one steady man—loving him and putting his slippers in front of the fire. God, what shit! Before I moved into this apartment and set up the thing with Bob, I used to hate the uncertainty. I mean, some weeks I'd sleep with three different guys in a week, and then other weeks nothing would come along at all and I'd be tearing the furniture in frustration. It's so unfair . . . I mean, a man if he feels horny just has to go along and talk someone into it. But a girl has to sit around biting her nails. And half the time the really dishy ones would turn up when it was my period but, of course, they never believe you if you say that. They think you're just being coy, and that's the last you see of them.

"Anyway, so you can see that moving into this apartment was a good thing, because it's a great relief to know you have someone to go to bed with if you feel like it, and on the other hand, there's no hassle if you don't. Which is good for one's morale because otherwise, if you're a girl, you find yourself sleeping with guys you don't really like just because you happen to feel in the mood. And half the time they're lousy lovers anyway. It's amazing how many totally incompetent men there are around! They all want to bite you and scratch you to prove what he-men they are. It's really corny. Now if I see a guy I really dig I'll go to bed with him. But otherwise I don't bother because I know I can have Bob tonight or the next night or whenever I need it. It's a good arrangement. I can't think how other girls manage."

ROBERT CHARTHAM'S ANALYSIS:

I don't think I have seen epitomized—in as brief a space—the confusion and uncertainty about the meaning and purpose of sex reflected in the sexual attitudes of many young people today. I call these attitudes sexual materialism, which is, I suggest, a facet of the general materialism that so dominates life in the Seventies.

I see the accent on materialism in the wider social sense as the outcome of a fear of social and economic insecurity. Similarly, the accent now being placed on physical sex in some quarters and the rejection of emotional relationships—so typified by the attitudes of Bob, Lori, and Sue—are the outcome of fear and emotional insecurity. Rather than be emotionally insecure, let's reject emotion entirely.

Those who know my views as expressed in books and articles will agree, I think, that they are as liberal as anyone's. I do not, and never have, held the view that we live in a permissive society. The vast majority of young people today are different in their sexual experience from the youths of my generation, thirty-five to forty years ago, only in one respect—we didn't talk about our fucking so freely. (Perhaps we would have benefited if we had, but I doubt it.) Nevertheless, I grew up to know the value of emotional relationships and the role that sex plays in the bonding of such relationships. What John Donne said at the turn of the seventeenth century is as valid as we draw to the end of the twentieth: "No man is an island unto himself." On our own emotionally, we are incomplete. Each of us needs a partner, opposite or the same sex—some of us, both—to complement ourselves.

At the least, sex without *respect* has no more value than one-night stands, and I cannot understand why young people like Bob, Lori, and Sue cannot recognize this. These young people are living in a sexual vacuum which must be very uncomfortable. In fact, they say so, without realizing it. They constantly have to justify their activities.

I know as well as any youngster today that physical sex can be a great experience. But I also know that if you have an emotional rapport with your partner, it can be greater still. I am all for getting the most out of sex that one can! I will even concede that love is not essential to good sex. But I am positive that to make sex better there must be at least a measure of respect for one's partner.

What comes through in the four narratives is the confusion these boys and girls have. Bob, Lori, and Sue regard themselves as fully liberated sexually, yet all of them reveal they still have reservations. Bob, for example, while putting great emphasis on what he calls the "uncomplicated fuck"—which means sex without emotional involvement—still believes "you can fall in love." And when he is watching the singer and her quintet of males, he says, "I thought the whole thing might come off as being a little disgusting." "Disgusting" is the same word used by Jerry (whom Bob so despises for his attitudes) to describe his reaction to having sex in public.

Sue, with all her experience of nineteen years, pontificates, "The old way of sex is dead. The idea that two people should live together . . . just doesn't make sense in the modern world." The commune *is* the pattern for living in the future, and though she is aware that her present way of life is not that of the true commune, she must justify it by calling it a commune. On the one hand, she indulges in promiscuity to avoid the stultification of monogamy. On the other, she hankers for a deeper relationship. Yet when she has the chance of forming one with Jerry, she rejects it.

Lori isn't really digging the scene at all. She really wants a relationship, too. She could fall for Jerry "if he ever gave me the slightest hint of encouragement." She supposes she ought to be thinking about settling down with one guy, "But then I think, 'Life's too short, what the hell!'"

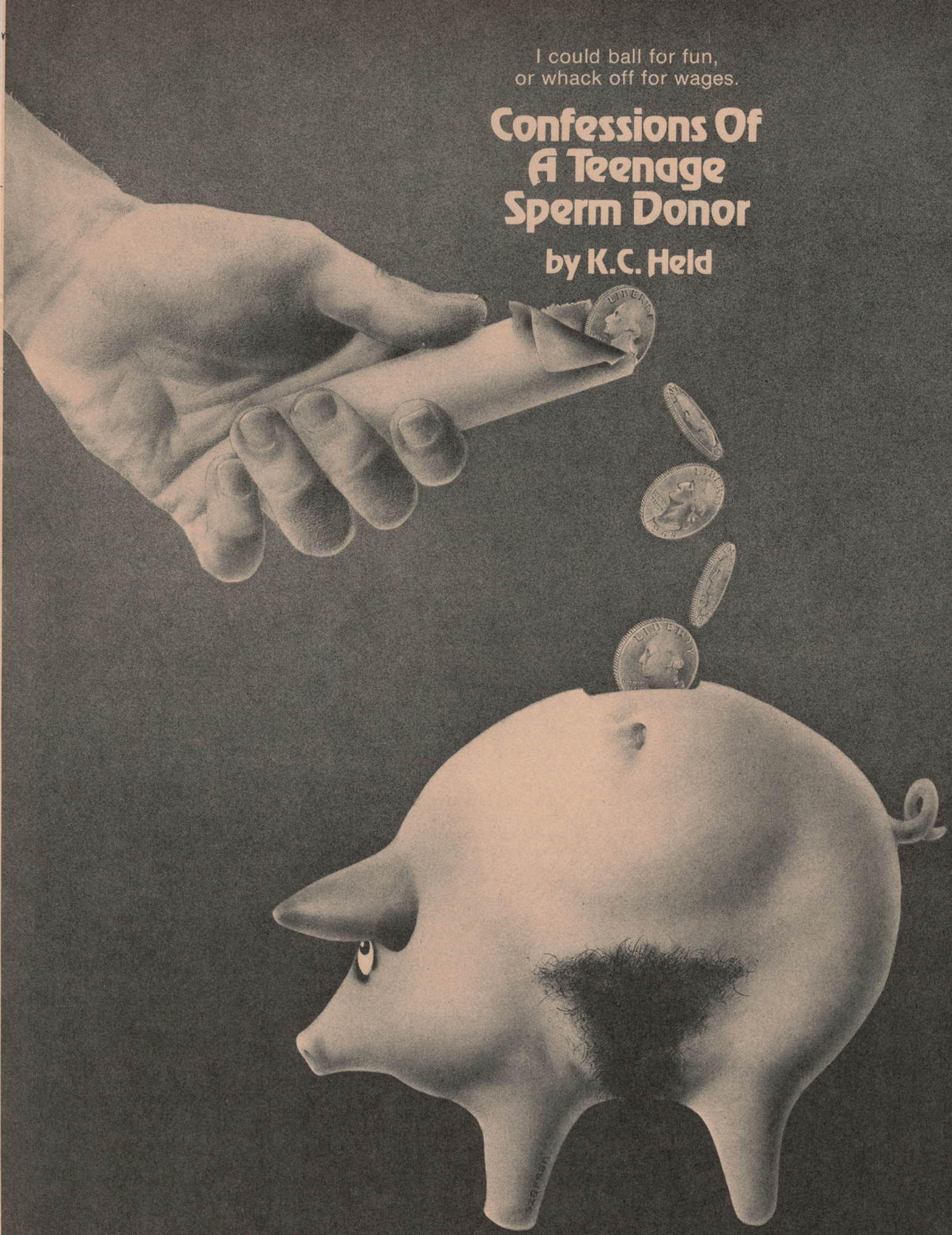
Of the four Jerry is the least complicated in his attitudes. As Sue remarks, he is still under the influence of "this really square background, Sunday school and the whole Protestant bit." But at least he wants sex to be something more vital than just a physical experience.

What is most striking about these four young people is the shallowness of their existence as they reveal them. They seem to have no aim insofar as human relationships go. Spiritually, they have never come to life. And this, I think, is the great tragedy of sexual materialism.

I could ball for fun,
or whack off for wages.

Confessions Of A Teenage Sperm Donor

by K.C. Held



"That's not the point," she said, testily, "I'm not selling my orgasms, you're selling yours."

At the carefree age of eighteen, I wasn't carefree. Basically, I had three problems. One, I was still a virgin; two, I was priapismic; and, three, I was unemployed.

Now, I didn't have all three problems on my mind at precisely the same time. Obviously, if you've got a hard-on, then getting a job isn't exactly uppermost in your thoughts. And if you're at a job interview, then getting a hard-on isn't very likely. Actually, I suppose it depends on who's doing the interviewing. Maybe I'd better start again.

I'll start with being unemployed, because solving that problem actually solved the other two as well.

For me, being unemployed was a very serious thing, because, as square as it may sound, I very much wanted to get enough bread together so that I could go back to college. At that time a good job wasn't easy to find, but with some connections I nailed down a decent job as a chemical lab assistant in a pharmaceutical company that manufactured contraceptives.

Specifically, they made diaphragms. Naturally they also made the jellies and creams without which a diaphragm is about as reliable as an old sock. They're spermicides, you see. . . . They kill sperm. And, in order to make sure that each batch of jelly or cream was effective, it had to be tested. That's where I came in.

I was the errand boy who collected samples and took them to a technician who tested them. I did suggest using methods other than a microscope for testing, but nobody went for it.

Anyway, each time that I collected the spermicides, my boss, Larry, would give me some instructions about picking up a "sample" from some locker in the men's dressing room. And each time, dutifully, I would deliver my collection of samples—including this brown paper bag from the locker.

Okay. So what was in the bag? Actually, I didn't look the first few times. And that's not because I was un-curious or stupid. But you see, on my way back from those rounds, carrying a stack of diaphragms and some jars of spermicides, I would pass a row of beautiful and available secretaries. So, my mind was on problems one and two (see above), and not on what was in the bag.

Now, strategically, I thought that chatting with a chick while sitting on the corner of her desk and mesmerizing her with this waving pyramid of contraceptives was a pretty good gambit. It avoided direct conversation without blurring my intentions. Sooner or later, I figured, this technique would pay off.

One day when I made my delivery to the technician, I hung around to watch. That's when I first saw the contents of the bag. It was a short, wide-mouthed jar with a black screw-top. And inside, what do you know? . . . You guessed it . . . a semen sample. I rushed back to Larry, my brain racing.

As usual he was hunched over a racing form.

"Uhh, Larry?"

"Yeah?" He didn't look up.

"You know that Roy uses real sperm over there to test the jellies."

"Yeah." He turned a page.

"Well . . . where does the stuff come from?"

"Roy's mother," he muttered.

"Larry, I don't think you're listening to me."

"Huh? What? Oh. Where does it come from? We have donors."

"Donors?" I asked with growing interest.

"Donors," he answered, and went back to his charts.

"What d'ya mean *donors*?"

"Leggo my arm and I'll tell you."

"Sorry."

"Well, in answer to your question, they're not exactly donors. We pay them."

"P-p-pay?" I was stunned. "H-how m-much? Who *are* these guys?"

"We pay ten bucks a shot, and we use unmarried guys who work here."

Well, ten bucks *then* translates into about twenty-five nowadays; so this was not peanuts. And in my situation, I'd have been interested if it had been only ten cents.

"*Ten bucks!*" I shouted, rattling the reagent bottles on the lab benches. "Do you realize that I'm jacking off a fortune without even knowing it?"

"I gather," he said with amused nonchalance, "that you would be willing to donate."

"The word *willing* is an understatement," I pleaded.

"Okay, you're on. Tuesdays and Fridays deliver a sample to Roy at three o'clock." And that's how my career began.

Coincidentally, I lucked into another good deal that same afternoon. The serology lab needed some blood . . . not very much, about ten cc.'s . . . for which they offered three bucks. I sold them mine. They then put me on the permanent schedule for Mondays and Thursdays. At this rate I would have the bread to go back to school—and I'd go back in style.

As I lay in bed that night, though not ungrateful, I wondered if there was anything I could sell the company on my free Wednesdays. In the dream that followed, they expanded their line of products which, in turn, opened up new markets for me. They made shampoos. . . . I sold them my dandruff. They started on antiperspirants. . . . I sold them my sweat. And when they branched out into mouthwash . . . I even sold them my breath. I became so mercenary in that dream, that at one point, while taking a physical, I refused to give the doctor a urine sample unless he slipped me five bucks. Then it all concluded with a blaze of national glory with my stumping the experts on "What's My Line?"

The next day was donation day. On my way to lunch I popped a specimen jar in with my sandwiches. Then, after lunch, I stopped in at the men's john and found an empty cubicle. There, for the first time, I jacked off for fun and profit. I cleaned up, put the jar into my empty lunch bag, and delivered it. A few minutes later I left the petty-cash office with a tax-free ten-dollar bill clutched in my profit-making right hand. Was life terrific?

Or was life terrific? Well, about a half hour later my silver cloud turned out to have a lead lining.

Larry came up to me and said, "Roy wants to see you about that sperm sample. It's no good."

"Why? Is something the matter with it?" I panicked.

"He didn't say. Look, you don't have VD or something?"

"Why . . . er . . . no, I don't *think* so," I answered cagily not wanting my virginity to become public knowledge. I alone knew that a disease was out of the question unless I had an infected hand. I gave it a surreptitious inspection—healthy, if calloused.

The disappointing information I got from Roy was this: Sperm donors were not allowed to have orgasms prior to donating for about two and a half, maybe three, days. It seems that the sperm count drops after ejaculation. Since a full and potent sample is needed for test purposes, donors must lay off until the sperm count rises again.

My options were clear. I could either pursue my sex life at leisure and thus forfeit twenty bucks a week, or I could whack off at work for wages. It took my cash-oriented brain a full ten seconds to decide in favor of sex for science.

Understandably, the restriction to twice a week at age eighteen was not easy to cope with. On Tuesdays and Fridays I was so ready to donate that I barely had time to whip out the specimen jar. In fact, I became so conditioned to that thing as a love object, that even today if I happen to see a short, wide-mouthed jar with a black screw-top, I get raunchy . . . Pavlov was dead right.

A few weeks later while on my way to lunch, daydreaming about my bank balance, I collided with a secretary I'd been trying to hustle. After a few "excuse me's" and a few pleasantries she suggested that we drive down to the river and have lunch there. There was no mistaking her meaning.

"I don't have a car," I moaned.

"We'll take mine."

"Great," I said as casually as I could while envisioning the loss of my virginity.

"Wonder what's with her?" I thought on the short drive. Maybe that hypnotic waving around of those diaphragms and jellies at her desk had done the trick after all.

Well, a few minutes later, lying in the grass under a weeping willow with the river sloshing by, we got down to basics. We locked into a passionate embrace and began swapping tongues. Granted, my first big sexual experience was taking place in the all outdoors where any pervert could be watching, but I felt it would be appropriate to unfasten a few articles of clothing from my loins. But this girl had some kind of clothes fetish, and allowed me no more freedom of expression than a good yank at my zipper. Now she obviously had been around, because she was working my joint like a human vibrator. As for me, being a yokel from the hinterlands, I was totally inexperienced through lack of opportunity. So I just copied her. Fortunately, she granted herself fewer restrictions of clothing. I just put my hand between her legs and vibrated. It must have been pretty effective because in about two minutes . . . wham! . . . she was finished. And I hadn't even got in yet!

Then she sat up, still playing with my joint, and said, "You'll have to come this way. I don't have my diaphragm."

"Okay," I said hoarsely, not really minding as my orgasm was on its way. And then suddenly it occurred to me that this was a *Friday*! I had to deliver a sample at three o'clock. This hand job was about to cost me ten bucks and it was too late to stop. Talk about mixed emotions . . . what the hell could I do?

Then, eureka! I had it! I grabbed my lunch bag and pulled out my old friend the specimen jar. With trembling hands I unscrewed the lid and stuck the jar at the end of my joystick just in time to catch my ten bucks worth. I then screwed the lid back on, put the jar back into the bag, and lay back to catch my breath.

"Fantastic," I moaned with pleasure.

"Fantastic, hell," she said. "Weird . . . just plain weird. What is all this catching it in a jar and saving it? Are you nuts, or perverted, or what?"

I agreed she was entitled to an answer, and for lack of anything better the truth would have to do. So, not without a certain amount of pride, I told her everything.

"Now *that's* fantastic," she said. "Ten bucks! When do I get my share?"

"What d'ya mean your share?" I asked.

"My five bucks for making you come."

"Look," I said, "you don't really want me to pay you, do you? It would make you no better than a whore."

"*You're* getting paid, aren't you?" she said, not without logic.

"I know, but I'm not asking *you* to pay *me* five bucks for making *you* come."

"That's not the point," she said, testily, "I'm not selling my orgasms, you're selling yours."

"Maybe so, but I'm trying to save my dough to go back to college," I retorted, feebly.

"Now listen, you cheapskate," she said, hotly, "I don't care if you're saving up to buy your grandmother a new dildo!"

"What's a dildo?"

"Never mind! Now either you cough up five bucks or you can go screw yourself."

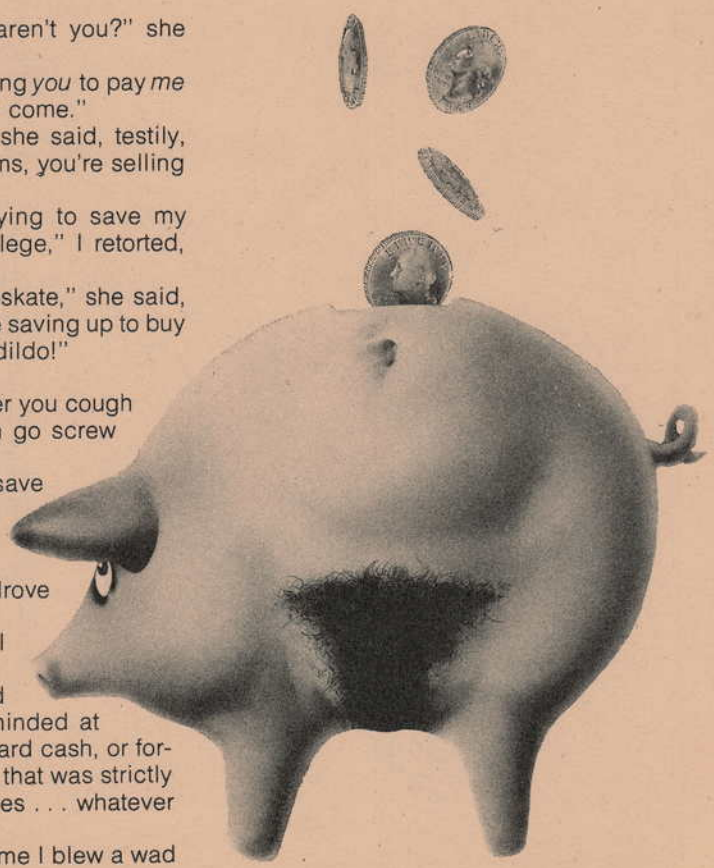
"I wish I could. . . . I'd save myself a hell of a lot of trouble."

And with that, she jumped into her car and drove off.

"Cheapskate hell," I thought. If it had been shelling out for dinner and drinks, I wouldn't have minded at all. But paying out cold hard cash, or forfeiting it, for sex. . . . Well that was strictly against all of my principles . . . whatever they were.

Anyway, at Christmastime I blew a wad

In one afternoon I graduated from masturbating for money in the men's room to being a gigolo.



of money on presents for the family. See, I wasn't a cheapskate, after all. In fact, I dented the coffers so deeply, that I'd have to budget very carefully if I wanted to get back to school at all. Consequently, when the next chance to lose my virginity came along, I had problems.

It started late afternoon on a Monday. The Christmas office parties were getting under way, and, as was customary, the lab boys all carried a little grain alcohol with them to spike people's drinks, if they wanted. As I passed an open door to a private office, a good-looking secretary named Millie waved me in to jazz up her first drink—and, as I was to find out later, she wanted me to jazz up her afternoon as well.

She was a real looker and, even though she was in her thirties, turned me on. Rumor had it that Millie didn't have to work. Her old man, who was on the road most of the time, earned plenty. She just worked to keep from being bored.

Anyway, after a couple of stiff drinks we were giving each other a holiday kiss. . . . Which somehow led to a little more than that. And pretty soon the holidays had nothing to do with it.

"Lock the door," she said softly while undoing her blouse. And without a thought I did just that.

But when we were on the couch I realized in a flash that I was about to start screwing away my entire education and that, in effect, I was paying out ten bucks to get laid. There I was again with those damned mixed emotions. Now what the hell was worth what? . . . Was I ever confused!

"What's the matter?" she asked, tenderly.

"Look, Millie, it's like this. . . . You're going to think I'm crazy, abnormal, a cheapskate, stupid . . . or maybe all of those things, but here goes." And I told her my scene.

Well, fortune was with me, because Millie was very sympathetic and understood completely. And then, without saying a word, she smiled and reached into her handbag and deftly pulled out a ten-dollar bill.

I was so surprised and embarrassed that I lost my erection. That didn't faze her at all. In a few seconds she had it back and in a few minutes I was no longer a virgin. And in a few hours I was no longer a virgin several times . . . in several ways. As you can well imagine I was beginning to wonder if my poor, depleted sperm count would ever be normal again.

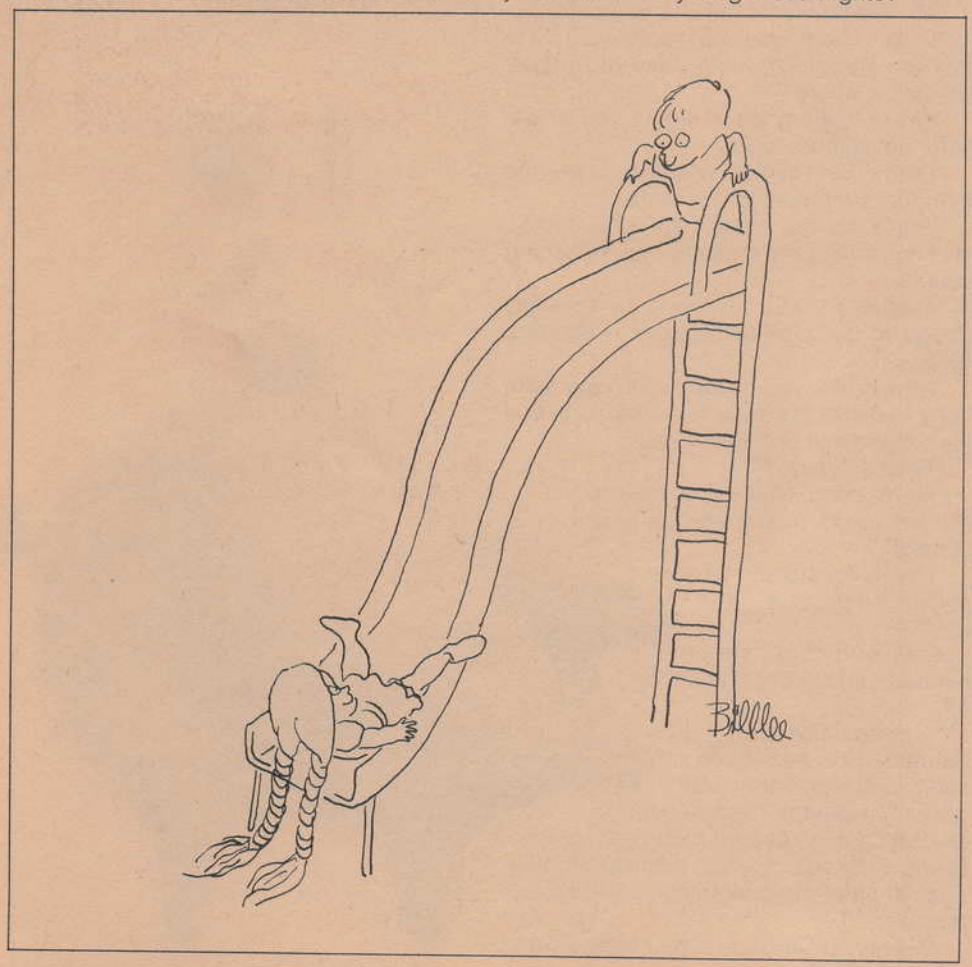
When the marathon ended and we were sitting around sipping a couple of lab specials, she said, "Is there any reason why we can't make this a kind of permanent arrangement?"

"You mean Monday afternoons here in the office?"

"No, silly. I mean at my place in the evening. We can have some drinks, a little supper, and . . . uh . . . you know."

"Oh, I know."

"Now Tuesdays and Fridays would suit me just fine," she continued. "How about you? You do anything those nights?"



"I go bowling."

"Wouldn't you rather go balling?"

"Damn right I would, Millie. But the trouble is," I continued, shaking with excitement and frustration at the same time, "I can't because of the bread I need for school."

"Well now, we can't have an ambitious young fellow like you lose out on a good education, can we?"

I shook my head.

"So . . . why don't I just give you the money each time?"

"Oh no, I couldn't possibly do that," I groaned, hoping she wouldn't agree.

"Don't be silly," she said, fully in charge, "I can afford it. Besides my husband is out on the road all the time screwing away a fortune. This'll give me a chance to get even with him. Make it fair all around."

"I see," I said. But I didn't. Her logic made no sense to me at all, but I wasn't about to argue with her.

So that became the arrangement. In one afternoon I graduated from masturbating for money in the men's room to being a gigolo.

Now with a setup like that you'd think I would have been satisfied. But no. My mercenary brain came up with a further wrinkle.

With Tuesday and Friday *nights* scheduled for Millie's private use wasn't it just possible to donate to the lab on those *afternoons* as well? Wouldn't my sperm count have just enough time to bounce back to normal before the next donation? There was only one way to find out.

So after my last session in the sack on Tuesday night, I had no sex until my Friday afternoon encounter with the specimen jar. A few minutes later I was hanging over Roy's shoulder while he studied my sperm sample through the microscope.

I fidgeted about as I waited for the verdict. Finally, he looked up at me with a broad smile and said, "There's nothing wrong with *this* juice."

And there you have it. From then on, until I left the plant for school, I had the busiest Tuesdays and Fridays of anyone I've ever heard of—and that went on for quite a while. In fact, it went on for so long that even today I wake up on Tuesday and Friday mornings quivering with anticipation. Mind you, I don't exactly sneer at the other days of the week, but those two have something very special about them.

Oh yes. I suppose you're wondering if I ever told Millie about the setup. After all, I was no longer forfeiting twenty bucks a week at work, so why should she have to compensate me with *her* twenty? Right?

And, believe me, I considered the situation very carefully. Morally there were no two ways about it, and I did what I had to do. Let's face it, anyone who would keep taking twenty bucks a week under false pretenses from a kind and generous lady like Millie could only be a rotten bastard.

So eventually, when the time finally rolled around for me to go back to college, this rotten bastard drove there in his first, and very own, car.

MOMMA TONGUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

After they lost the battle of Hastings (from hunger), they picked up some words from the Normans. "Fille," which they made into a young lady horse; "garçon," which they made into a waiter; and "chauffeur," which they kept around in case somebody invented the automobile.

It is interesting to note that while the Britons were still mumbling to themselves, the Chinese had had paper for a thousand years. And ink, printing, porcelain, money, and rockets. The Arabs had an empire. The Greeks had theater and sculpture, and the Jews had law. The whole world was jumping, but back in Blighty they were still trying to think of what you could call a horse.

The Romans had spent time there but didn't talk to the natives. And the only guy who spoke Latin had gone to Ireland to kill some snakes.

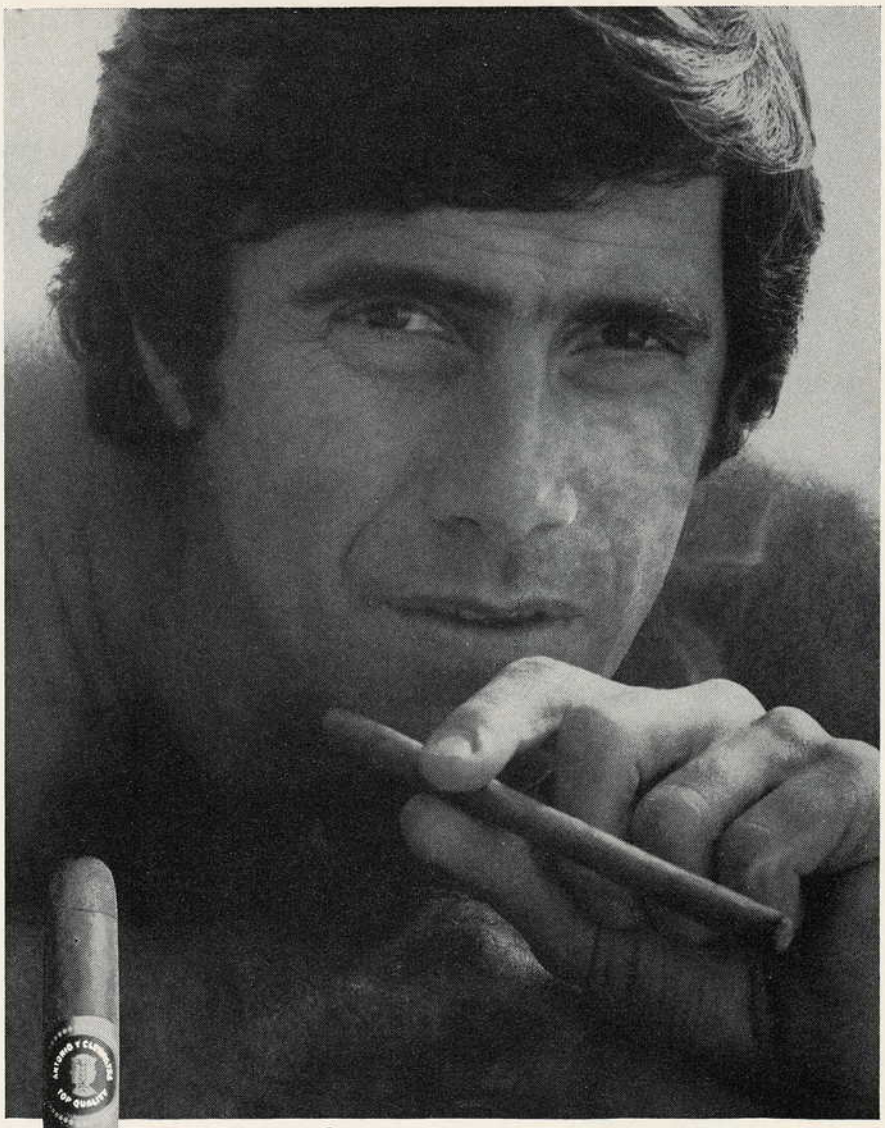
After a while the Angles learned from the French how to eat "mouton" and "bœuf" —and they felt strong enough to send out a boat. The sailors found an island but couldn't think of anything to call it, because they still only knew a little gibberish. It ended up as "New-found-land." Pretty good for a bunch of ignorant Limeys, huh? (Later on they used the same technique with New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey. . . .)

Know something? They even had trouble naming themselves. First they used the scenery and everybody was named Woods, Fields, Meadows, Trees—or at least the butlers were. (Think about it. Aren't butlers always named after the landscape? Brooks, Rivers, Barns? Even Butler?) Then they went on to trades: Cook, Baker, Smith—but that couldn't last forever so they played their last card—Brown, Black, White, Green. Who was Shakespeare writing *for*?

It's hard to believe, but even after they got to the New World they still couldn't think of a damn thing, outside of New Jersey. In order for the English to get a toehold, they had to massacre what they referred to as the "bloodthirsty savages." Apparently, just before they'd cut some poor guy's scalp off, they were obliged to ask the poor devil to please tell them where they were. The answers have been preserved. An ignorant native didn't know all that guff about the Angles and the Saxons, but he knew damn well he was in Massachusetts, or Connecticut, or Iowa, or Mississippi, or Walla-Walla. He knew for damn sure that he *wasn't* in La Pueblo de Nuestra Dama La Reina de Los Angeles de Portulaca.

Well, the language topped out about a hundred years ago, and now it's skidding back down to where it came from. "Lunch" has changed to "pizza." Dinner comes from Hamburg or Frankfurt—with French fries and plenty of catsup (Malay!). And what's left is "Coke," "pot," and "TV." We're almost back to square one.

Like, man, see what I mean? O+



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"...I feel that I'm cheating him because when we have oral sex, I can't handle swallowing the semen. Is this problem all in my head or is it a physical thing?"

"I am 16 years old and cannot understand why my penis oozes so much fluid. Some of my friends say this happens to them, too, but only a few drops appear when they have an erection."

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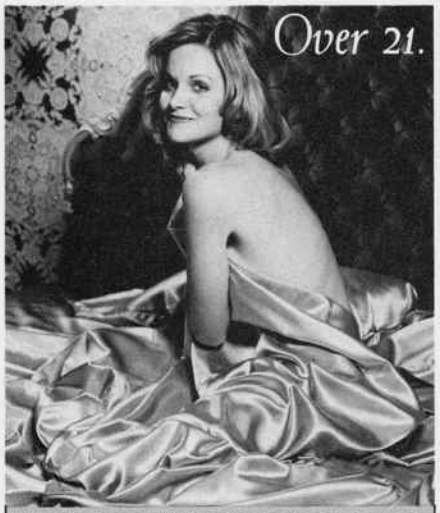

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

does the same trick with watermelons."

The Western watermelon trick for men is in the best tradition of frontier six-gun, Clint Eastwood machismo. It's really a contest in which any number of men can compete. The players strip and then stand in front of a row of watermelons, graduated in size from very small to huge. In each watermelon a hole has been cut in the rind, revealing the delicate, pink fruit inside. As each man in turn is enticed to erection, he kneels and inserts his penis into the smallest watermelon first, and then stands lifting the melon without using his hands. The winner is the man who lifts the heaviest watermelon. As a prize, he gets to keep the watermelon of his choice.

A slight variation of the game is called "watermelon roulette," wherein five watermelons have been carefully holed and warmed; the sixth is also cut—but it's coated with alum.

THE SAME OLD HAND

I am tired of the same kind of masturbation every day. Recently a friend told me about the different types of stimulation gadgets used by women. We men would also like to be stimulated. Is there anything I can buy to vibrate my cock to orgasm?—J.I.

Use your imagination. What ever happened to the old liver-in-the-milk-bottle trick? What about silk panties, feathers, soap and water, your catcher's mitt? You can buy a number of gadgets—scented oils, sensitizing creams, desensitizing creams, tingly foams, cock rings, and lubricated rubbers.

One man wrote to tell me he wished he hadn't used a small vacuum cleaner. I still believe that the best device is a good old-fashioned horny mind and a strong right hand. But if you're really desperate for kicks, you might try the watermelon fuck. If watermelons are out of season, try the grapefruit fuck. You might try warming the grapefruit in the oven for a few minutes.

A SEMEN SPECIAL

A few months ago I read a letter from a girl who had diarrhea from swallowing her boyfriend's ejaculation. I'm a prostitute and I have the same problem—swallowing an ejaculation is an "enema substitute" for me. In my line of work, I've found it to be 100 percent effective on any john who has not had a vasectomy. I understand what this operation does, but can you tell me what sperm contains that would cause such a reaction?—An admirer

None of the ingredients in normal semen should cause diarrhea. And yet many people complain that the taste or smell of sperm causes everything from nausea and diarrhea to warts and hangnails. It is possible that you may be allergic to one or more of the specific ingredients.

As a lay psychologist I think that you must find the actual act of swallowing sperm both fearful and distasteful. I suggest that your desire to rid your body of what you have forced it to swallow manifests itself, quite practically, in having a bowel evacuation.

VAIN OVER A VEIN

I am a nineteen-year-old male, and I have what may be considered a unique problem. About five months ago I noticed a protrusion on my cock. This protrusion turned out to be a vein and has become gradually larger. Now I'm quite worried about it. The vein is located about one-eighth of an inch below my glans and has become so enlarged that this part of the vein protrudes almost one-fourth of an inch above the surface of my cock and is three-forths of an inch long.

Also, since the vein is always deep purple and very ugly, I worry about being turned down by chicks who might otherwise have sex with me.

The only reason I can think of for this protrusion is the pressure of my hand on my cock when I jack off. The only solution I can think of is surgery, either removal of the protruding vein or placing it well below the surface of my skin. Offhand, I think I'd prefer removal since I've been told other veins could take over for this one.

Are there any other solutions to this problem?—T.T.

Unfortunately, there is no exact counterpart of a gynecologist for men, but any good general practitioner will surely refer you to the proper specialist.

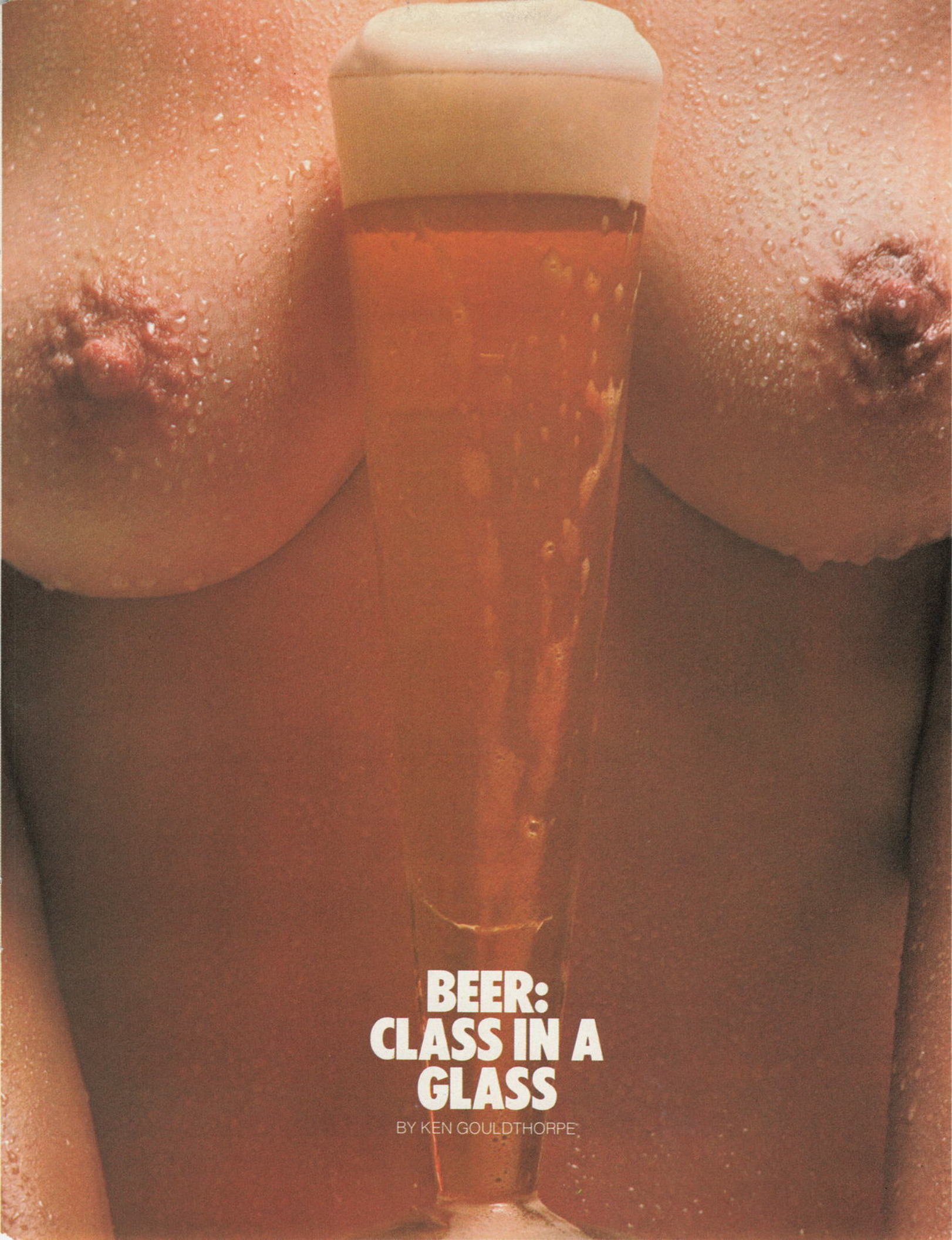
You may have thrombosis of a penile vein, which is apparently quite unusual. Such protrusions are not caused by masturbation, as you suggest. Even though it was your vanity that prompted you to seek help, I suggest that you waste no time having your cock seen to. If a doctor tells you the protrusion is harmless, leave it alone. I believe an interesting scar would help, not hinder, your sex life.

FEMALE RAPISTS?

I read recently where a woman was suing another woman for rape. I always thought that a man had to be in on the deal, as the law says something about penetration. I can understand how a boy can be raped by another boy—but a girl by a girl?—B.K.

I have had a great deal of difficulty getting a standard legal definition of rape. The legal stipulations for proving rape vary, but my impression is that penetration of a female by a male is necessary. A woman who forces another woman to commit a sexual act may be charged with indecent assault, molestation, or a number of other things, but not rape.

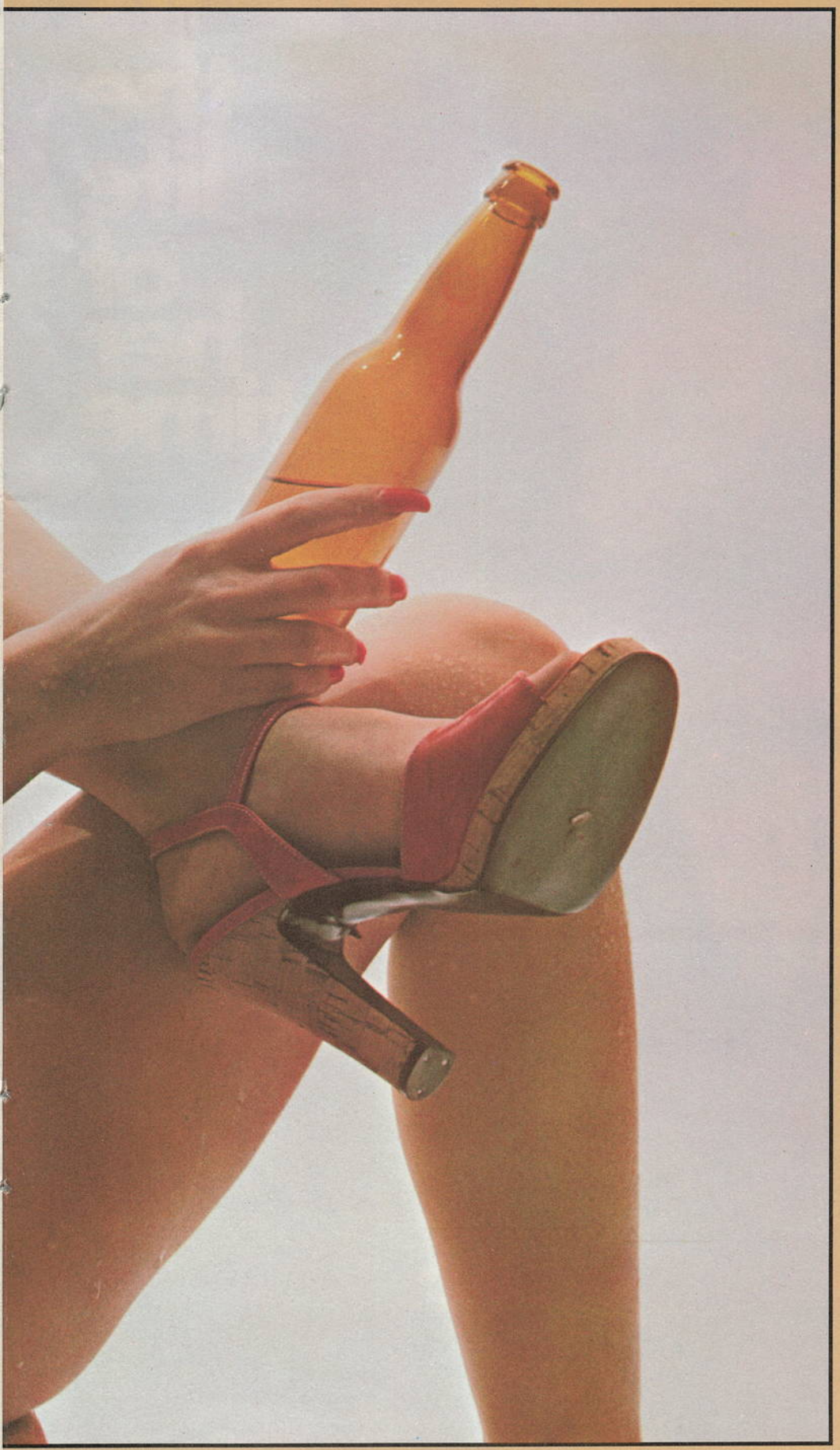
Not long ago, I read that a male cabdriver was abducted, beaten, and forced to commit sexual acts with two tough female passengers. He claimed he was raped, but he is even having a hard time making a case for indecent assault.



BEER: CLASS IN A GLASS

BY KEN GOULDTHORPE

Photographs by Stan Malinowski

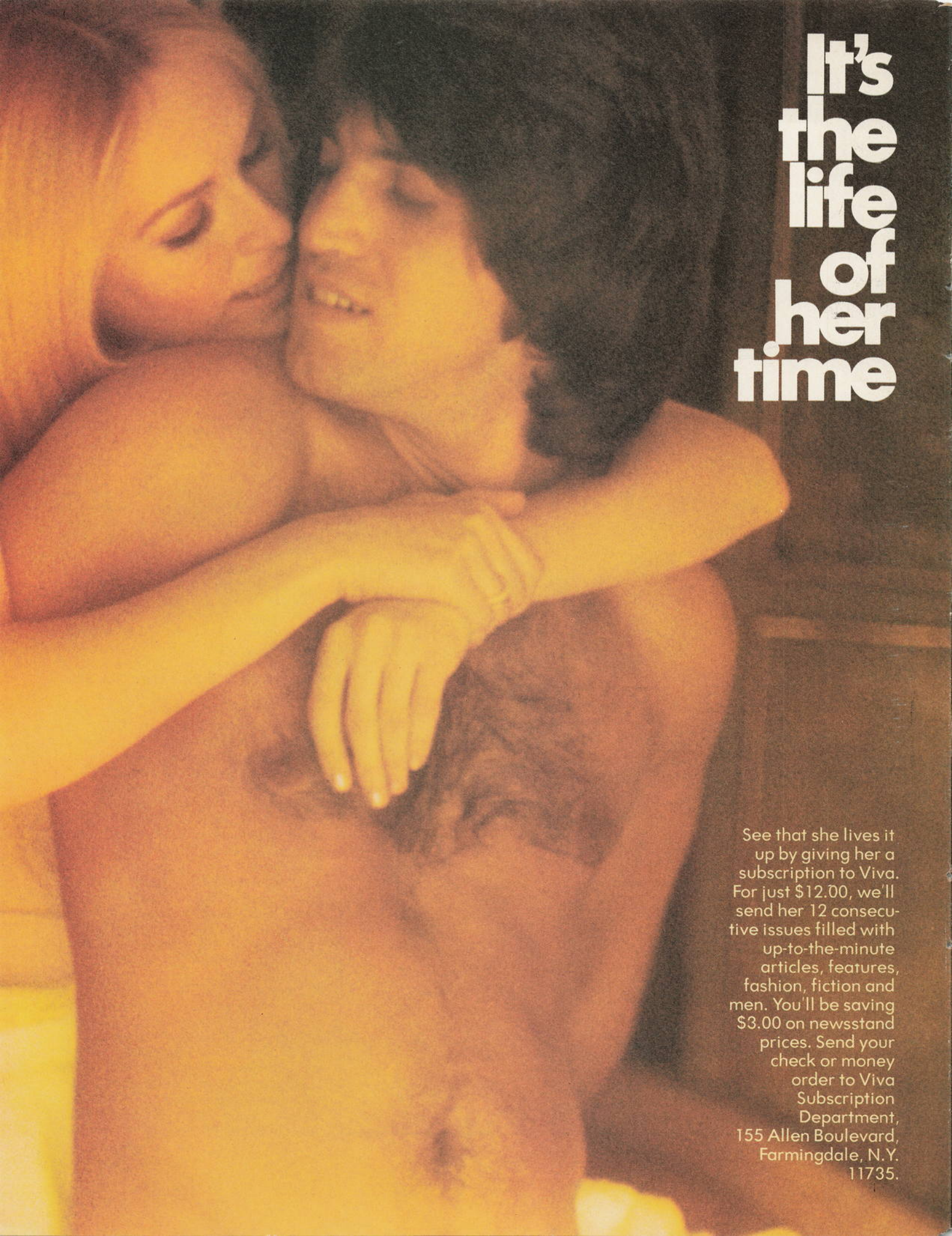


As Oscar Wilde so aptly said: "Work is the curse of the drinking classes," which is, as Oscar well knew, just another way of stating that the art of drinking requires the luxury of leisure. And drinking *is* a fundamental part of the leisure process—something to be savored in the fullness of time, never rushed over for its instant reward. But although we down more of it than any other nation on earth (over 4,240,000,000 gallons per annum), all too many of us have lost the simple art of appreciating one of the greatest beverages ever discovered—beer.

Worse—there are those among us who tend to bracket it at the lower end of the social scale, relegating it to the lowly status of a "convenience" liquor, as though to deny its noble and ancient lineage. Beer has no affinity for rank or station, high or low. It is the drink of commoner and king, of princess and pauper. It is, at its very best, a soother of enemies, a cementer of friendship, and it's been with us since man first put aside his hunting spear and settled down to cultivate grain.

It is as old as recorded history. Hieroglyphics dating back some 7,000 years have been translated to mean "brewing." The Mesopotamians were expert brewers 2,000 years before Christ walked the earth. The ancient Egyptians made beer from crumbled barley bread mixed with water, refining it into something palatable enough for the Pharaohs to offer to the gods, and one of these wise rulers also shrewdly dispensed it free to his subjects as an annual soporific. Apparently things on the political scene haven't changed much in 3,000 years. The conquering Greeks and Romans quickly learned the art of brewing from Egyptian brewmasters and spread its use throughout the world they dominated.

But far beyond the boundaries of the Greek and Roman empires, wherever man lived in civil or savage state, he made a type of beer. The Kaffirs of southern Africa made their brew from millet—and they still do. Further north on the Dark Continent, Nubians, Sudanese, and Abyssinians developed a fermented beverage they called *bousa*—from which, some say, the word *booze* is derived, having been brought back to England by those Kiplingesque troopers who



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sailed down the Nile to relieve Khartoum.

Angles, Saxons, and warrior Norsemen consumed it literally by the gallon, and their interiors must have been as leathery as their looks, for the beer of their day was flavored with the bark and leaves of the oak, ash, and tamarisk, which were all equally useful in tanning animal hides.

By Shakespeare's time, the consumption of beer in England was already legendary, as were the taverns in which it was quaffed. But it was beer with a distinct difference. A taming of the brew had taken place, for those gut-tanning ingredients of old had been usurped by gentle hops as a key flavoring agent. Hop plants travelled to England from Germany (some say Bohemia) by way of Flemish immigrants who settled in the ancient County of Kent in the time of Henry VIII, and hop fields flourish there to this day. To be absolutely precise, what those sturdy old tosspots were drinking wasn't really beer at all but ale—by definition a malt or malt-and-cereal brew fermented at a higher temperature than beer, the yeast remaining at the top of the vat during the fermentation.

Ale it was and ale it still is, and the love of the Briton for his brew is unparalleled anywhere in the world. He is raised with a respect for it, steeped in the mystique of it, and he chooses his libation with a deliberate care born of study and practice. For him, it's not simply a matter of brands or brewers, it's a matter of tastes which span a spectrum of flavors. He can choose from light, brown, bitter, mild, or old ales and mix any combination of them. He may opt for "wallop" (the house draft ale), creamy black stout, or, in these days, even lager beer. But it's not just the brew that makes it for him—it's the pub, familiarly known as "the local." Here is his club. Here he meets his friends, not so much to drink as to catch up on the happenings of the day in convivial surroundings. There's ritual here, too—which pub to choose, which bar (most still have three, the saloon, the public, and the private), and naturally, which brew to sample. A boy's first drink with his father at the local on attaining the legal age (18) is nothing less than a British bar-mitzvah.

Our own beer-drinking traditions started in much the same way. Colonial taverns were famous as wayside stops with comfortable lodgings, as meetinghouses for one and all, and as smoking houses in which to enjoy a churchwarden of choice Virginia along with a pot of the landlord's best—all in the company of friends. It was ale here too, often brewed by Mine Host or a local squire with a gift for the gallon. George Washington, William Penn, Samuel Adams, and James Oglethorpe of Georgia were brewers all, and George's original recipe for a standard thirty-gallon barrel still exists, if you'd like to try your hand at the real thing come the Bicentennial.

But times have changed, and so has the beer. What we consume en masse in this country is a far cry from Washington's brew, and even the tavern tradition fell victim to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

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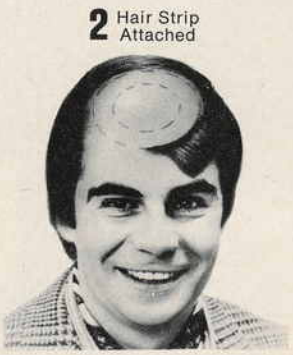

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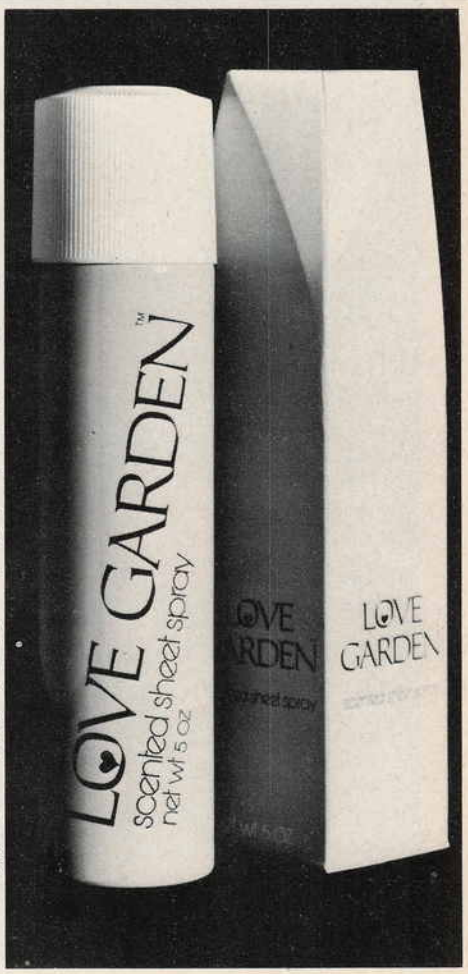

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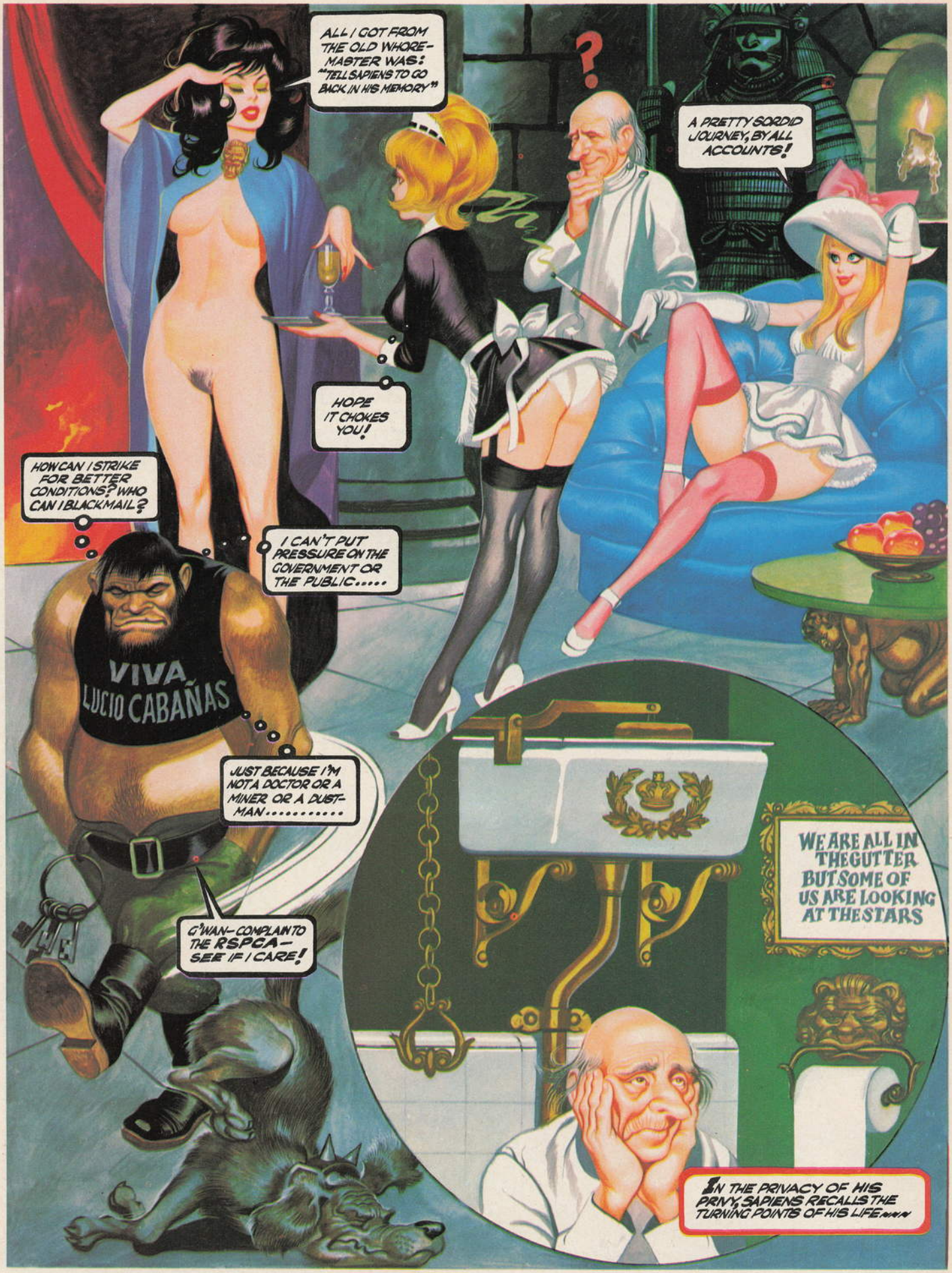
LOAD OF RUBBISH! WHAT'S HE TALKIN' ABOUT? THE RIGHTS OF MAN—I AIN'T GOT NO RIGHTS!
TOM PAINE
I SOMETIMES WONDER WHAT I'M DOING HERE!
THE WORLD IS CHANGING, KIDDO! WHO KNOWS WHERE ANY OF US'LL BE TOMORROW!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU SHE'D MAKE CUNTACT!
I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT—HEH-PUSSABLE!
THERE'S A CERTAIN INITIATION CEREMONY FOR NEW RECRUITS TO THE PUSSFORCE!

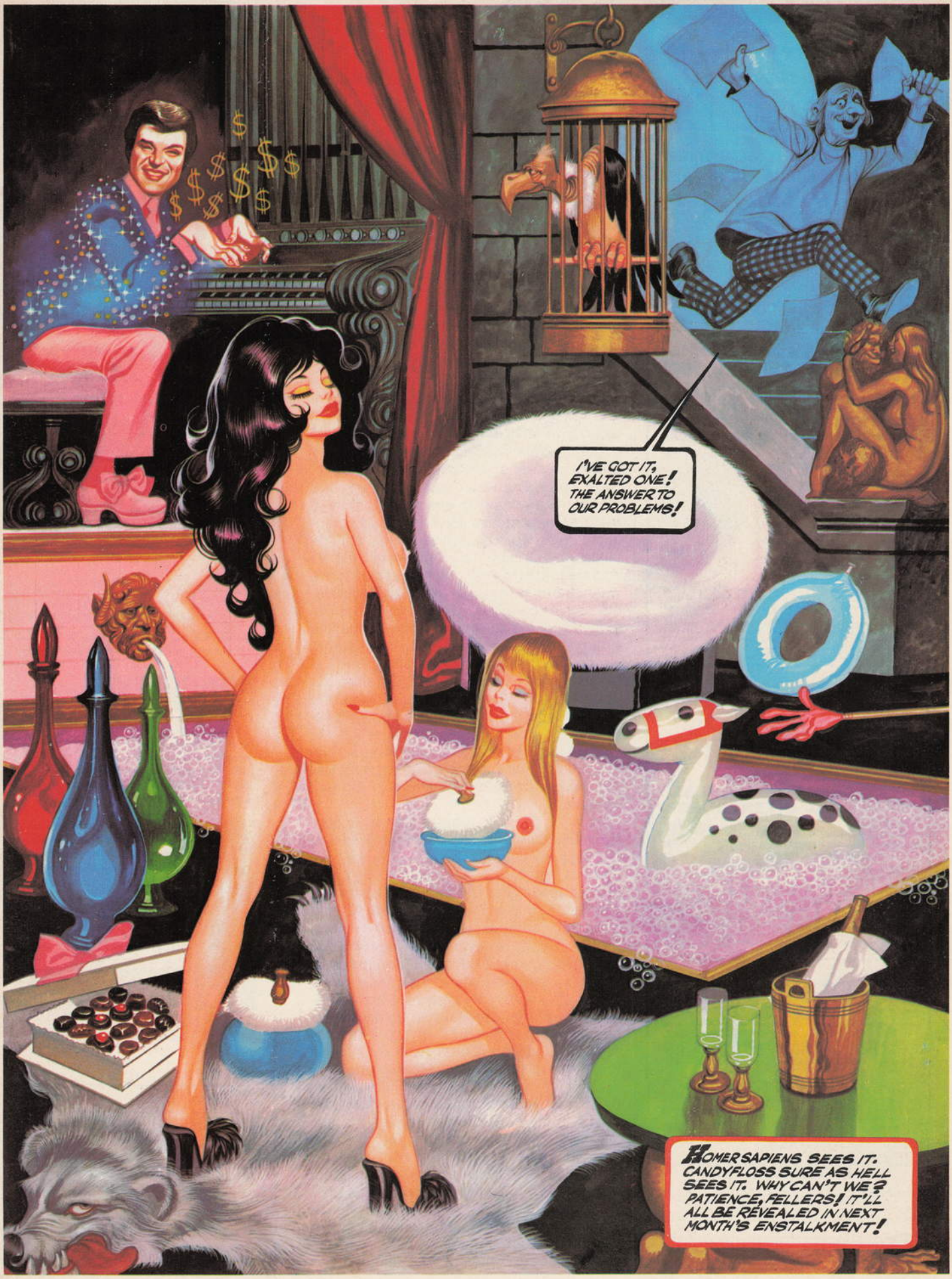

ALL I GOT FROM THE OLD WHORE-MASTER WAS: "TELL SAPIENS TO GO BACK IN HIS MEMORY"
A PRETTY SORDID JOURNEY, BY ALL ACCOUNTS!
HOPE IT CHOKES YOU!
HOW CAN I STRIKE FOR BETTER CONDITIONS? WHO CAN I BLACKMAIL?
I CAN'T PUT PRESSURE ON THE GOVERNMENT OR THE PUBLIC.....
VIVA LUCIO CABAÑAS
JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT A DOCTOR OR A MINER OR A DUST-MAN.....
G'WAN—COMPLAIN TO THE RSPCA—SEE IF I CARE!
WE ARE ALL IN THE GUTTER BUT SOME OF US ARE LOOKING AT THE STARS
IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS PRIVY, SAPIENS RECALLS THE TURNING POINTS OF HIS LIFE....

KNICKER~ NICKER!
CREEP!
PANTY PURLOINER!
A MAN'S GOT TO HAVE A HOBBY!
DEGENERATE!
1938....THE BRILLIANT SCIENTIST IS EXPELLED FROM THE HALLOWED HALLS OF THE BRAIN BANK FOR UNAUTHORISED RESEARCH INTO HIS FEMALE COLLEAGUE'S BIOLOGICAL ATTRIBUTES
THAT'S YOUR MAN, SIR ARCHIBALD!
CAD—NOT YOUNG HOMER!
ALWAYS KNEW HE WAS A WRONG 'UN— AFTER ALL, THE ROTTER LIKES GIRLS!
IT'S NOT CRICKET! EH? WHAT?
THIS WON'T DO AT ALL!
LETTIN' THE SIDE DOWN, OL' CHAP!
THAT MAN IS A WART ON HIS FAMILY ESCUTCHEON!

IN DISGRACE, SADIENS FLEES TO NAZI GERMANY WHERE HE IS GIVEN FULL FACILITIES FOR PURSUING HIS WORK.....
UND VERE ARE MINE APHRODISIAC PILLS?
HOW LONG DAS IT TAKE TO MAKE VUN BOTTLE OF SCHNAPPS? HE-HE!
CRETINS! ALL BEER AND BRATWURST!
—AND TO THINK THEY PRODUCED BEETHOVEN AND GOETHE!
1944 — HITLER SENDS FOR HIM
VON DER OIL UND DER NOSH MITT—OUT VE ARE! FIND A SUBSTITUTE, OR A LAMPSHADE BEKOMMEN!
PATIENCE, LIEBLING —WE'LL PLAY 'RING OF THE NIBELUNGEN' LATER.....
YOU KNOW WHAT THIS WORLD IS SHORT ON, MATE — FAITH!
UND DAT'S NOT ALL VE ARE MITT—OUT!
YOU TOO CAN HAVE A BODY
FILM TIME

NIGHT AND DAY, SAPIENS TOILS TO ESCAPE THE FUEHRER'S "LIGHT" SENTENCE
COOL IT, KID - WE ALL FEEL LIKE THAT AT FIRST!
I CAN'T TAKE IT - I TELL YOU! I'VE GOTTA GET OUT!
BY GEORGE I'VE GOT IT! I THINK I'VE GOT IT!
VUN OF OURS? FROM KIDDING YOU HAF TO BE!
WHAT THE HELL DID HE PUT IN THAT LAST DRINK HE GAVE ME?
WHEN AN ALLIED BOMB FINDS THE LABORATORY!
THERE'S ONE FOR UNCLE SAM!
YOU'VE BEEN SEEIN' TOO MANY JOHN WAYNE FILMS!
WELL - IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE YANKS ARE HERE FIRST!
VATCHY? YOU GOT VATCHY?
A PLEASURE, TOVARITCH! LONG LIVE STALIN!
SO MUCH FOR PATRIOTISM!
GOODBYE, MADISON AVENUE — HELLO, RED SQUARE!

WATCHLESS, BUT WITH HIS NOTES INTACT, SAPIENS FINDS A NEW PATRON IN SWITZERLAND
ONE DAY ALL THIS WILL BELONG TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER!
LET ME KEEP THE MINK, THE SABLE, THE RUBIES AND THE ROLLS—JUST TO REMEMBER YOU BY?
A MR VON KREESUS RANG FOR A MASSAGE!
BUT HE'S HAD THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE!
PLEASE MISS WANDA! NOT MY DARLING FIFI!
THAT'S ALL HE WANTS, MATE!
MY FEET ARE KILLING ME!
... HE'S BEEN CHASING ME AROUND THE FOREST ALL DAY IN ONE OF HIS 'WOOD NYMPH' FANTASIES!
YOU'RE LUCKY— I'VE GOTTA WEAR THIS GEAR IN CASE HE FANCIES A MERMAID!


I'VE GOT IT, EXALTED ONE! THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEMS!
HOMER SAPIENS SEES IT. CANDYFLOSS SURE AS HELL SEES IT. WHY CAN'T WE? PATIENCE, FELLERS! IT'LL ALL BE REVEALED IN NEXT MONTH'S ENSTALKMENT!

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BEER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

the incredible growth of America and the mobility of its people. Beer as we drink it today first came to us in the 1840's in the wake of a mass German migration. These latter-day Teutons had outdone their tribal ancestors in producing a superlative golden effervescent brew they called "lager." The secret was in their storage vats. As the beer fermented, it was "lagered," or stored —hence the name—and in the process it gave off a gas that was later reintroduced into the brew—hence the carbonation. Such was the impact of the beer on the budding American palate that it rapidly became the most popular type consumed, and today some 90 percent of all the beer we make owes its origin to those immigrant brewmasters who nurtured their yeast cultures all the way to the Midwestern towns that their beer was to make famous.

Since water accounts for about 90 percent of the finished product, they founded their breweries near abundant supplies of fresh, clear water. The water had to be pure and free of mineral salts to ensure uniformity in the brewing process. Give or take a scientific fillip or two, we still make it in much the same way as they did. Barley malt, kilned and roasted to specification, is added to the water, along with raw or pre-prepared cereals such as corn and rice. The mash is carefully mixed and allowed to settle, so that the grain starches convert into fermentable sugar. Then the mixture, called the "wort," is filtered into the brewing kettle where the hops (or hop extract) is added. Next, the wort is boiled, and insoluble matter is reduced by a high heat process called the "hot break." The mixture is then filtered into a fermenting vat and cooled at temperatures that range between 47 and 49 degrees Fahrenheit.

Now the yeast is added, that magic substance that turns the sugars into alcohol and changes the wort into beer. This is the very heart of the process, since the purity of the culture affects the total character of the end product. It sinks to the bottom of the vat and imparts its unique flavor to the brew over a period of eight to eleven days. The carbonic acid gas generated during fermentation is stored for reintroduction to the beer at a later stage, after which the brew is refiltered before packaging. Canned and bottled beers are always pasteurized by a high-heat process to kill any additional yeast activity that might cause the container to explode.

So much for the brewing. Having taken so much trouble to produce a perfect brew, we owe it to the maker to sample his product under near perfect conditions. Sad to relate, we seldom do. We swill it out of cups, cans, and bottles. We gulp it down at damn near freezing. We jounce it around as though it were latex, disturbing the exquisite balance that the brewer—and nature—have put into the end product. In short, we treat it with the sort of subtle contempt that familiarity is

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supposed to breed, and in so doing we fail to reap the rich rewards of a truly great taste that has sustained our ancestors for many centuries.

A word to the wise. Treat the brew with a little respect, and you'll rediscover what real flavor means. Carry it carefully and store cans or bottles upright in the refrigerator at a temperature no lower than 40 degrees Fahrenheit. For lager, 45 degrees is just about the perfect temperature for tasting, and ales and stouts are at their peak at 55 degrees. If your lager is too warm, the gas will separate from the liquid and you'll be inhaling more than you're drinking. If your lager is too cold, it will be flat, cloudy, and just plain dull.

Don't drink it straight from the can or bottle. Choose a sturdy, clear glass—a shell, a schooner, a footed pilsener, or a glass stein—and pour the beer directly into it until you build up a head of foam, then ease the remainder down the side wall of the glass. Why bother, you ask? Well, for one reason, your glass will display the rich hue of its contents, which makes the drinking just that much more enjoyable. For another, the glass will hold up the head, and there's nothing more inviting in the world than a well-collared schooner. To ensure and sustain that good head, by the way, do not use your beer glasses for any other purpose, and never wash them with soap or towel-dry them. Connoisseurs rinse them in a soda solution and again in hot water, allowing them to dry in the rack.

The same process is recommended for ale glasses, though I personally take mine from a pewter tankard. I swear I can taste the difference and, anyway, I thoroughly enjoy the ritual. In the heyday of the tavern—indeed, up until glass became inexpensive to make—the pewter pots of regular patrons, with initials engraved and the pub name on the bottom, were stored on hooks in the ceiling beams, ready for instant use.

Even if you're a beer drinker of long standing, I'd suggest you experiment a little to really enjoy beer and ale at their best. So many fine brews are now on the market—you'll probably find thirty or forty brands at your corner supermarket—that you might consider a personalized *bierfest* of your own. Study the shelves, ask a few questions, and select perhaps a dozen different brews that appeal. Try them over a period of time under the conditions outlined above. Tastes differ significantly from brand to brand and from country to country, ranging from tangy lagers to rich creamy ales and dark robust stouts. Mix them and match them. Pour them ceremoniously and sip them appreciatively. Get back into the ritual. Try them alone, with your meals, or as a late evening nightcap with some sharp cheddar and crackers, and make a note of your reaction to each brew. But, above all, reserve for this noble old beverage the same respect that you would certainly delegate to other, more potent libations. In so doing you'll compliment both the brewer and your own discerning palate. Prosit!

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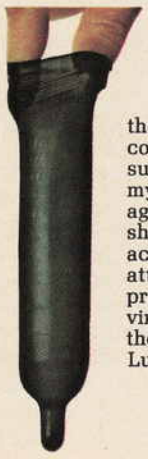

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THE CIA KILLERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

ment (hiring a man without letting him know he works for the CIA), and "black" operators and operations ("black" meaning covert).

The list can be expanded indefinitely. It is possible for two CIA men to gossip for hours using nothing but the jargon of the trade. The men might know each other only by the cryptonyms (code names) which all CIA men in clandestine service bear. In the Company, a man's cryptonym, and the nickname stemming from it, may after many years become more familiar than his true name. Desmond Fitzgerald, for instance, longtime top clandestine executive of the CIA, is better known as "Chet"—that is, Chester D. DAINOLD. (The last name of the cryptonym, incidentally, is always given in capital letters in agency communications.) Agee's cryptonym was Jeremy S. HODAPP. Company cryptonyms tend to sound like names out of *Tom Swift and the Electric Submarine*. The process of their selection is, of course, top secret.

Like the Mafia, the agency forms a true brotherhood—one for all and all for one—except that, in the clutch, alas, everyone is expendable. But up to that final point, the members of the Company will do anything for each other—lie, cheat, steal, kidnap, suborn perjury, bribe, corrupt, subvert, kill, and kill again. If you are of the blood, the Company will care for you. (No wonder E. Howard Hunt felt betrayed by the unwonted treatment he and his CIA crew got from the White House after Watergate.)

When an employee leaves the Company and needs a new job, the Company placement agency finds something suitable to his talents, temperament, and training. It's a big, active department and it does excellent work. Of course, if it is a matter of a nonstaff man or woman—that is, a hired agent—who is being terminated "with extreme prejudice," no employment or financial benefits are involved. It's a job for the coroner, if the body ever turns up. But these cases are rare, and top agency approval is said to be required for such terminations. Nonetheless, the similarity to the Mafia is noticeable. But so far as is known, the agency has never terminated one of its own career employees in this manner.

To become a member of the brotherhood is not easy. You have to be *chosen*. In the old days it was simpler: a matter of family, college, school tie, connections . . . the right names, the right places, the right accents. Today, the Company is very big. It has to cast its net far and wide, but it tries to maintain traditional forms.

Having been chosen, you must be tested. MI-6, the Company's sister service in England, was for many years so clubbable and cozy that it tested the candidate by inviting him to a weekend at a country house. There, his wit and politics would be put to the test by a group of his peers. Although the candidate didn't know it, all of the guests at the party, including the sophisticated and

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beautiful young woman who invited him to share her bed, were MI-6 personnel. Very British. Very low key. Wonderfully effective at separating out potential deviates—or so it seemed until Burgess and Maclean and all the other scandals.

The Company's testing is more typically American. As described by Agee, in fact, it resembles nothing so much as a high-school fraternity initiation, except that it goes on for several months. It is applied not to intelligence analysts but to future "case officers"—those slated to be covert agents, the Richard Helmses and William Colbys of the future. These men will make their careers "running" paid agents, subverting governments, carrying out occasional assassinations, instigating coups d'etat, corrupting political parties and newspapers, and possibly, if they are able and shrewd, climbing high enough up the ladder to run such major (and scandalous) operations as the infamous Phoenix program of political murder in South Vietnam.

(The Phoenix program was officially described as a program of "pacification" in South Vietnam. Actually, it involved political murder and execution on a large scale. Suspected members of the Vietcong "infrastructure" were rounded up in large numbers. There are authenticated instances of victims being "interrogated" in helicopters, some being simply hurled overboard in order to encourage "confessions" on the part of others. Colby directed this program, and while he has denied participating in political murders, he admits that Phoenix took 20,500 lives.)

The Company maintains what is appropriately called "the farm" in southern Virginia on the banks of the York River, not far from Williamsburg on the Richmond road. Ostensibly, this is a military reservation called Camp Peary. It is surrounded by chain-link and barbed-wire fencing and is the CIA's big U.S. playground and campsite, a training base not only for newly recruited personnel but for foreign agents, secretly flown in from abroad, who aren't even supposed to know what country they're in. The Company, of course, has other training sites. It used one in Colorado to train Tibetans who were supposed to go back to Tibet and lead an insurrection that would wrest their land from Chinese Communist rule. There is a permanent installation in Panama that is used for guerrilla training and, of course, there were the famous sites in Guatemala used for the Bay of Pigs fiasco.

But Camp Peary is the principal permanent training base in the U.S. It has its own plane service to and from Washington, its own small navy, simulated Iron Curtain borders complete with watchtowers and police dogs, landing zones on the York River to practice "infil-exfil," classrooms, barracks, gymnasiums, swimming pools, and, naturally, playing fields. Baseball is permitted but not encouraged. The training program is rigorous.

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from a specified construction site, or fashion his own paddle and belabor his fellow pledges while they belabor him. But he has other ordeals. He trains under his cryptonym, as do all other pledges. One of the first tasks assigned is to ferret out others' identities. If you can get your best friend drunk and find out his name while concealing your own, your rating goes up three points—and your best friend may be thrown out of training. It is an early and pertinent exercise in the kind of morality represented by the Company.

The pledges are sent off on "intelligence missions." They are ordered to break into a nearby power plant and take photographs. There they are often caught on the three-strand barbed wire topping the fence that surrounds the installation, then seized at gunpoint by weary (but witting) power-plant guards. Or they are sent into Richmond to run paper chases through department stores with other pledges and instructors, some trying to "surveil," some trying to evade surveillance. It is great sport for the pledges, but the plainclothes details at the stores have gotten a bit tired of the fun and games over the years.

Pledges may be put down in strange territory late at night without money and ordered to make their way to a rendezvous point inside of four hours. Sometimes a bold pledge will steal a farmer's car and arrive in jig time. He gets a high score for his achievement, and an instructor quietly arranges for the return of the car to its owner. There's no sweat—the local police and sheriffs have become accustomed to the cut-up kids of the CIA and have been given an occasional twenty-dollar bill to look the other way. After all, it's a matter of "national security," isn't it?

After some months of these puerile stunts, plus a deadening series of political lectures on the dangers of the Communist conspiracy (these concentrate on Soviet secret-police techniques, goals, and objectives—Marx and Lenin and Communist political doctrine get scant attention), along with a comprehensive survey of the Company's own bureaucracy, rules, and regulations, the new Company man is ready to graduate. He enters an unreal world, in which he will be "living his cover," that is to say, existing 24 hours a day, 365 days a year as someone else. Another way of saying it would be: *living his lie*. His superficial identity may be that of a quiet young U.S. embassy clerk in Ecuador, while in fact he is the young tiger who "runs" street mobs. Such mobs are assembled by a local agent (for convenient sums paid in gold or deposited in a Swiss bank account) in order to "destabilize" (i.e., overturn) a shaky liberal government and to enable a bunch of fascist officers to take over and "stabilize" the situation, thus (in the standard CIA cliché) increasing U.S. security and holding back that tidal wave of Communism which it sees as rising ever higher.

A mass of personal material about the CIA has recently become available. There are the exposés by Marchetti and Agee, the

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Pg. 102 — Drawstring pullover, Reggie/Peters

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Pg. 103 (upper right) — Hooded drawstring sweater, Guildhall Associates

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rather sympathetic but revealing *Without Cloak and Dagger* by Miles Copeland, and more individually oriented books such as Patrick J. McGarvey's *The CIA: The Myth and the Madness* and E. Howard Hunt's *Under Cover*.

A glance at these works quickly disposes of any notion that, for example, CIA intervention in Chile against the government of the late Salvador Allende was any kind of a freak. The "destabilization" of Allende was CIA business as usual. The CIA has attempted to "destabilize" many governments, sometimes successfully, sometimes not. The suspicions of some Asian governments that CIA efforts have been made to topple existing regimes are accurate. Some attempts have become public, others have not. Two of the most notorious were the CIA effort in Iran against Mossadegh (successful) and that against Sukarno in Indonesia (unsuccessful).

There is hardly a government in Latin America which has not been "stabilized"—that is, supported with U.S. money, U.S. political influence, U.S. aid to the army and the police—through the *normal* operations of the CIA. The CIA has links to the police departments and especially to the security police of countless countries and to those of *every* Latin American government. If the tie chances to be broken because of a coup d'etat it is immediately reforged with the new administration. The same is true of *all* general staffs and armed forces of *all* Latin American countries.

Long ago it became cut and dried. The CIA funnels money and equipment to the police agencies, as well as information from its own espionage network (not all of that information, of course, is true; it is carefully tailored to CIA objectives). Police chiefs and assistants are brought into Washington to attend International Police Institute courses and are routinely put on CIA payrolls. The co-option of Latin American armed forces occurs through "training" programs which bring candidate officers to the U.S. The ties are kept operative by the CIA and its golden stream of funds when the men go back to their countries.

If there are any exceptions to this universal rule, they are chalked up as black marks for the CIA station chiefs. Total subversion of national-security forces is the CIA objective.

Every CIA operation of any size in a foreign country has what might be called a "creative talent" section—one devoted to concocting forged documents, falsified speeches, and other tendentious materials for circulation in the local press. Ordinarily, the CIA doesn't own newspapers; it simply buys editors and provides them with the necessary copy. For example, forged documents were an important element in the CIA-sponsored overthrow of President Arosemena in Ecuador in 1963. The same technique was used to provoke a diplomatic break between Peru and Cuba. The CIA authors are clever. They take genuine materials and insert a few false phrases. Or they take two or three Communist documents, run them together, include a favorable ref-

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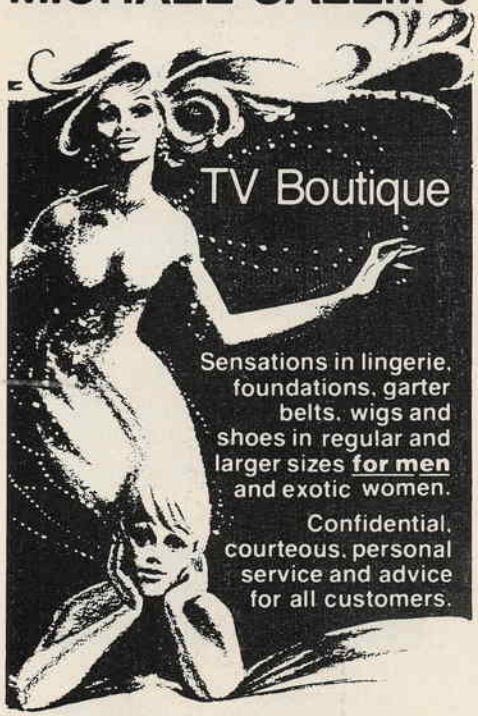
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erence to some local official whose reputation they wish to taint, and then let the materials surface, possibly in an airport customs examination. Or they plant them with the police to be "found" on an innocent victim. The most famous of such concoctions were the "Penkovsky Papers," a compilation of partly true, partly invented materials, supposedly written as a memoir by the famous Soviet double agent.

Anyone familiar with CIA documentary techniques could hardly be surprised at E. Howard Hunt's effort to cut and splice State Department cables in order to create a false document linking the Kennedy administration with the assassination of Diem in Saigon in 1963. Hunt was merely applying the standard CIA "creative" techniques.

Perhaps Iran provides the classic example of CIA "destabilization" and "stabilization." The current government of the Shah is the virtual creation of the CIA. The agency engineered the overthrow of Mossadegh in a coup planned by one of the CIA's most skillful "black" operators, Kermit Roosevelt. The Shah's security forces were trained and equipped by a succession of American and CIA specialists. For many years, the CIA station chief in Tehran was understood by foreigner and Persian alike to be the second most important man in the country. Many felt he was *the* most important. He lived in grandiose style in an exquisite suburban villa and his dinners were a gourmet's delight. The Shah hardly made a move without consulting his CIA adviser.

Gradually, of course, with the increasing flow of oil monies, the Shah began to assert his independence. For the last two years, the Iranian situation has intrigued foreign-intelligence specialists. When Richard Helms was compelled to resign as head of the CIA, he was promptly sent to Tehran, not as CIA station chief but as U.S. ambassador. There are many who believe Helms's secret mission was to build up Iran as a U.S. bastion in the Middle East should Italy go Communist, or should the new non-CIA regimes of Greece and Turkey prove unstable and war break out again between Israel and the Arabs. Another theory is that the CIA sees Iran as a replacement for Pakistan, long a reliable ally but now regarded as insufficiently stable.

How does the CIA work in a foreign country? The constant elements of CIA policy, as revealed by ex-CIA men, are bribery, subversion, corruption, and intrigue. Almost every unsavory suspicion advanced about the agency has been confirmed. It seems, in fact, that there are no redeeming qualities about the covert-operations branch (Dulles, Helms, and Colby in turn have headed this division).

For example, Agee estimates that in a single year the CIA poured at least $300,000 into the Uruguayan police apparatus —in bribes, equipment, and "training" trips to Washington. In Brazil, in a fairly typical election campaign, the CIA funded 8 of 11 state governorship races, 15 candidates for the senate, 250 candidates for the chamber of deputies, and about 600 candidates for

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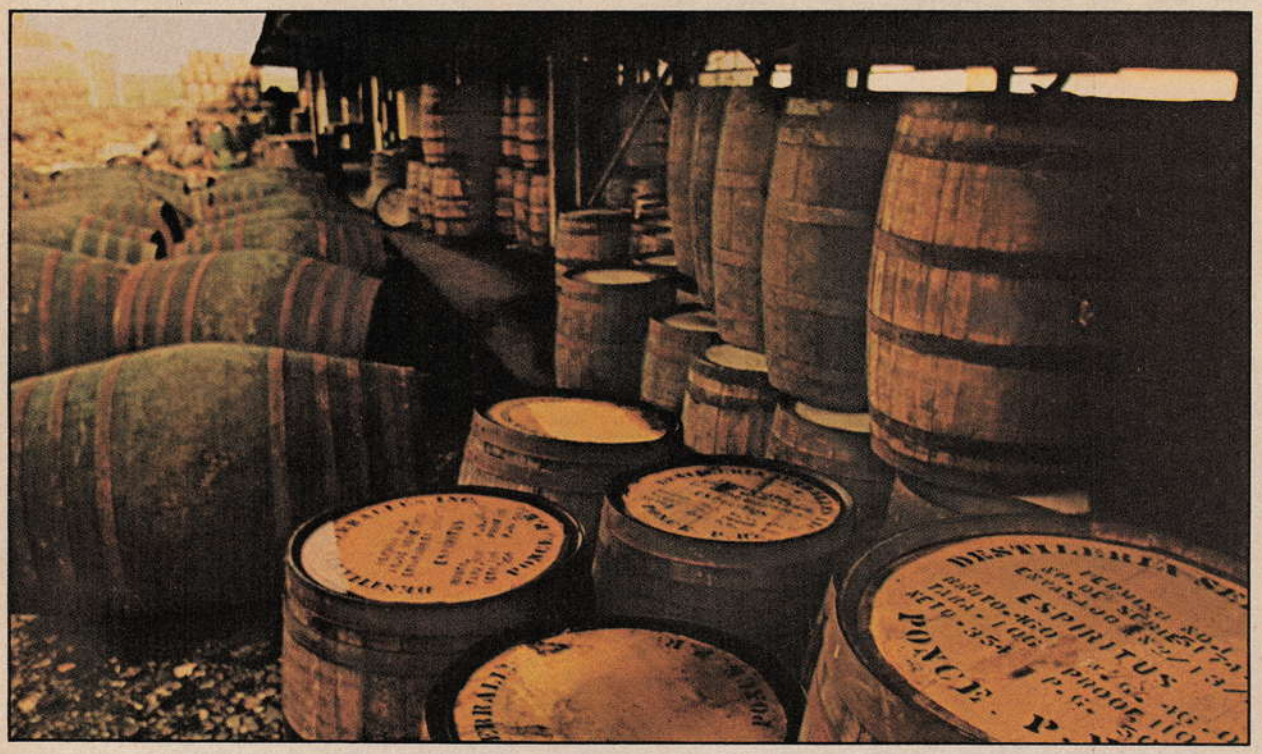

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the state legislatures. The operation cost $12,000,000. There is hardly a political leader, newspaper editor, student leader, or labor chief in Latin America who has not been approached by the CIA at one time or another (usually through third parties) in an attempt, often successful, to put him on the payroll. When an Ecuadorian legislator became vice-president, his monthly CIA stipend rose from $800 to $1,000.

Small wonder that Latin America has been turned into the happy hunting ground of corrupt military dictatorships. One becomes convinced that, as Senator James Abourezk of South Dakota has said, the only cure for this disease is absolute prohibition of any CIA covert operations whatever.

The CIA's effort against Allende did not begin only a year or so before his downfall in 1973. It began in the early 1960's. The CIA was so heavily involved in fighting Allende in the 1964 Chilean election that the Company could not obtain enough Chilean escudos on the open market to finance its operations. It had to send out an emergency call to stations in Lima, Rio, Montevideo, and possibly others to buy all the foreign exchange they could lay hands on. The CIA won in 1964. But in 1970, even more frantic efforts failed to keep Allende from power. His ouster and murder merely culminated a policy that had been applied continuously for a decade.

Dulles always defended himself by claiming that while everyone heard of CIA failures, they couldn't brag about their successes. If true at all, this contention is only half true. Certainly, some of the CIA's failures have defied suppression—the Bay of Pigs, the shooting down of Francis Gary Powers's U-2 spy plane in 1960, and the collaboration with the Kuomintang's opium troops in Southeast Asia.

But so far as "successes" are concerned, the CIA has never ceased to congratulate itself on the overthrow (and assassination) of Mossadegh in Iran in 1953 when he threatened to nationalize British oil properties, the 1954 overthrow of the Arbenz leftist government, and the killing in 1967 of Cuban revolutionary leader Che Guevara in Bolivia. It is not without interest that two of these most-prized coups involved murder.

When the CIA is asked what long-term benefits accrued to the U.S. from "stabilizing" the Shah so that he, rather than Mossadegh, can join in the Arab oil blackmail, they are hard put to answer. One thing they don't mention is that the overthrow of Mossadegh enabled American oil interests to take over a substantial share of the British petroleum investment in Iran.

The extent to which the larger U.S. multinational corporations collaborate with the CIA is a little-investigated area. Many of these relationships are very long-standing and have been institutionalized over the years. Cover is provided for CIA operations and intelligence is traded. Colby often expresses his gratitude for corporate collaboration in his speeches to business groups. The community of interest between U.S. multinational business and the CIA was, of

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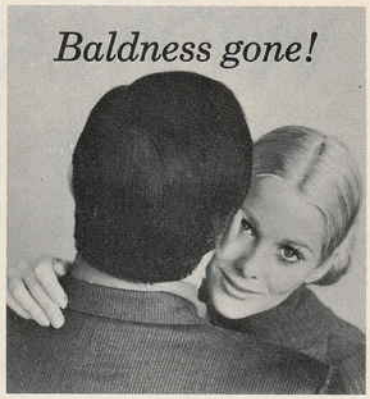

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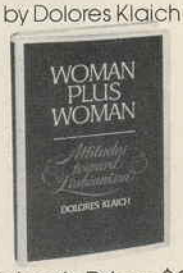
by Dolores Klaich



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course, classically demonstrated by ITT in Chile. The question of Rockefeller corporation assistance to the CIA was raised in Nelson Rockefeller's confirmation hearings. But the careful examination that the subject deserved did not take place.

The CIA shrugs off the dictatorial terror and suppression of democracy that occurred in Guatemala after Arbenz's fall, just as they shrug off what happened in Chile after Allende. They claim the killing of Che Guevara "stabilized" Latin America by halting the spread of Cuba-inspired revolution. But they ignore the fact that Che's Bolivian venture had failed pitifully long before he met his tragic end at the hands of the CIA and its trained Bolivian antiguerrillas, and that the killing's real effect was to turn Che into a martyr.

The CIA's suspect "achievements" must be set against an endless series of negatives. In the late 1940's, the CIA attempted to overthrow the Albanian Communist regime. The effort came just when the Communist regime itself, in fear of Stalin, was moving into the independent orbit that eventually led to its alliance with China. It is difficult to imagine what possible advantage the CIA operatives saw in this intervention. When I was in Tirana in 1957, the Albanians told me angrily that the United States had attempted to overthrow their regime. The idea seemed so silly that I laughed in their faces. I guess I had better apologize. It *was* silly—but, as Marchetti has revealed, the CIA did try. They also tried to overthrow Sukarno in Indonesia but botched the attempt; the Indonesians themselves did the job a year later. Their bungling attempts against Prince Sihanouk in Cambodia played a major role in driving the hard-pressed prince into the hands of the Chinese. The CIA spent enormous sums to take over the famous Gehlen intelligence network in West Germany, only to find over the years that no organization was so badly infiltrated by Soviet agents, so compromised by double, triple, and quadruple agents. The CIA's famous Colonel Penkovsky, its highest-level Soviet spy (for whom it forged the "Penkovsky Papers") actually was an MI-6 British acquisition. The CIA had rebuffed an earlier attempt by Penkovsky to defect to them.

The U-2 incident was only the most famous of a series involving the Soviet interception and shooting down of CIA data-collecting aircraft of various types. In the years 1955–65 one such incident followed the other—almost invariably (like that of the U-2) at a critical moment when a turn toward easier Soviet-U.S. relations seemed imminent. Was the timing of these incidents accidental? Were there those in the CIA (and perhaps also in the Soviet KGB) with a vested interest in cold-war espionage, who feared easier relations might clip their wings? The possibility should not be discarded. Remember, at the time of the U-2 incident both Eisenhower and Khrushchev were deeply committed to the policy of better relations. It is not likely that either of them gave orders to torpedo the policy on which their political fortunes were staked.

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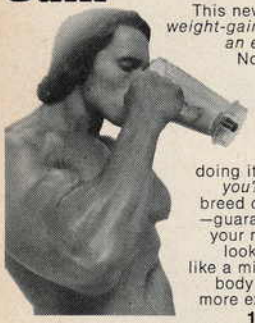

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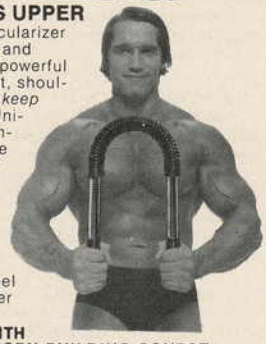

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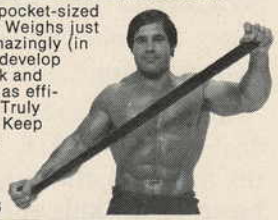

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This space contributed by the publisher.

Harold Ford, a top CIA intelligence analyst who retired from the agency last year, is convinced that many covert operations are generated by "eager beavers" anxious to make a record and enhance the prestige of the "black" operations of the CIA. He does not cite any specific examples but points to the natural bureaucratic tendency of any division to try to enhance its power and status. But in recent years, he believes, there occurred a number of ill-advised "eager beaver" responses to ill-advised suggestions from the top of the government—from, as he put it, "the president and his prime minister." He referred, of course, to Mr. Nixon and Henry Kissinger. Some observers place the Allende operation in this category. The CIA operations against the antiwar movement in the U.S. are another example of the workings of this tendency.

The late Premier Nikita Khrushchev once suggested to President Eisenhower that Russia and the United States could save a lot of money by pooling espionage information. "After all we are both paying the same people most of the time," he observed. It was hardly a serious offer, but there was a kernel of common sense to it.

But, many people ask, isn't the CIA changing? Hasn't Bill Colby opened things up? Isn't he going around the country speaking two or three times a week? Hasn't he ventured into the lion's den by attending the Washington Conference on the Central Intelligence Agency and Covert Action and taking on all comers in a question-and-answer session? Haven't he and his aides appeared before eighteen congressional committees nearly thirty times over the last year? Doesn't he see three or four newsmen a week?

The fact that informed people can ask these questions suggests that the CIA con still works. There is no evidence from the field to support the idea that William Colby —one of the Company's best-known, most resourceful "black" operators—has suddenly gone "white." On the contrary—despite his statements that national security would not be jeopardized if all covert operations were terminated and that, in fact, covert operations have been greatly reduced, Colby is very careful to qualify both these remarks as being true only *at the present time*. Moreover, he has admitted that if he had a covert operation under way he certainly wouldn't talk about it.

When Henry Kissinger visited India last year, he was compelled to give a pledge to Prime Minister Indira Gandhi that the CIA would not attempt to "destabilize" her government. The Indian public heard of the pledge with some skepticism. After all, two young Americans charged by the Indians with being CIA covert operators were languishing in a Calcutta jail at that very moment. They had been caught red-handed in scuba-diving suits in Calcutta harbor. Exactly what they were up to has not been revealed by the Indians, but it is believed they were engaged in an operation against Indian shipping.

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Nor do the Greeks feel that the CIA has sworn off its deep and long-standing involvement in their affairs, despite the fall of the fascist colonels. The CIA and its connections with Greek political and military figures was a major issue in last year's Greek election. Few Greeks think that anything has changed—except perhaps the cryptonyms.

Nor is there any sign that the CIA has changed its spots in Portugal, one of its most "stable" preserves until the Portuguese finally rose up against half a century of dictatorship. For a while, the CIA was rumored to be operating from a ship anchored in Lisbon harbor. Now it has gone back, it is said, to conventional deep cover—that is, U.S. embassy cover and the cover provided by U.S. corporations.

If there are so many signs of CIA business as usual, is Colby's talk about cutbacks in covert operations just another con? Not entirely. There has been a major cutback in volume of operations and expenditures; but this was not really the CIA's doing. It occurred because of the Vietnam settlement and the gradual phaseout of U.S. operations in Southeast Asia. The enormous CIA establishment in Vietnam has been cut to a fraction of its former size. The same is true of Thailand, where the CIA's Air America (now phased out) once was the biggest air transport system. And as for Laos, where for more than ten years the CIA ran a secret war, directing the fighting of some 15,000 to 20,000 Meo tribesmen through a command force of 300 to 400 CIA personnel, the game is over.

When you remove the costs and totals of these covert operations from the CIA budget, you understand how BIII Colby can say with complete honesty that covert operations today are only a fraction of what they once were.

But even this is largely misleading. True, the U.S. shooting is over in Southeast Asia. But those Meo tribesmen haven't lost their CIA connection. The CIA is financing chicken-farming and cattle-raising operations for them now. It's still spending hundreds of thousands of dollars, possibly millions, to maintain its ties with the Meos, and General Vang Pao, who led the CIA's Meo army, is now chicken-farmer-in-chief. Why? One reason may be that the CIA, as several scholars have pointed out, has a vested interest in the delivery of raw Meo opium to some political leaders of southeast Asia. Much of this eventually reaches American addicts.

Some veteran CIA men feel that the great days of the Company are over, that Watergate and more recent exposures have damaged its reputation and morale beyond recovery. They are fearful, too, that the CIA agents and their covert operations have lost out to the technicians of the National Security Agency with its 25,000 employees, its $10- or $15-billion budget (compared to the CIA's $6 billion), its remarkable technology of satellites and electronic interceptors, its electronic (and unbreakable) encoding apparatus, its fleets of planes and ships and remote observation stations.

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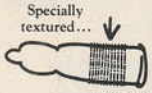

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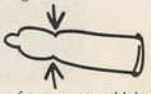

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Some are bitter about the NSA—which most of the public doesn't even know exists. They say that for all its technology it can't really break codes, because all the big powers have the same kind of electronically secure cryptographic methods. "Jesus," an old CIA man said the other day, "they spend fifteen billion dollars a year and all they can read is the traffic between Somali and the Central African Republic—unless they do a bag job."

By which he meant that electronics are fine but the only way NSA could really break the Russian code would be by stealing "one-time pads" (codes to be used for single transmissions and then discarded) in a conventional burglary, copying them, and returning them without the Russians realizing what had happened.

I predict, however, that doomsday prophecies about the future of the CIA will prove naive. The CIA exists as a colossal bureaucracy. Its sheer momentum and weight will enable it to survive the current crisis and emerge even larger and more powerful. For, regardless of failures and stupidities, the CIA gives the president an extra button to push. And they all love to have it—Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Ford.

In the old days, Bill Colby used to laugh at his friends' jokes about him as a superspy. He doesn't laugh anymore. It's far too serious for that. The sentiment in Congress, in the press, and in the public has never been more hostile. Every time things begin to cool off, they are heated up by new revelations. But Colby did not become director in order to preside over the dissolution of the CIA. He's working his hardest to change the public image of the Company while desperately trying to continue operations much as before. It's an uphill fight, but still, who knows? Something may come along—some gift from the gods—another Colonel Penkovsky with a direct link to the Kremlin council chambers; or maybe a new Alger Hiss case to reveal untoward doings in high American counsels; or a new "secret" speech like Khrushchev's to show the agency's ability to penetrate high Soviet circles; or some other unpredictable coup that would give the CIA the kudos it so badly needs to withstand what has become a powerful tide of public antagonism.

Carved on the wall of the CIA's Langley headquarters is a verse from the Gospel of John: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Of course, if the truth can't be dug out, there is always the CIA's creative-talent division. It has turned out some fine imitations of the truth in the past. In the classic annals of intelligence, famous forgeries have often had the most resounding political repercussions—the so-called Zinoviev letter, which caused England to break off diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union in the 1920's; or the famous Zimmerman telegram, which played a role in involving the United States in World War I. If worst comes to absolute worst, maybe the black-chamber boys can cook up some document to help turn the tide. It wouldn't be the first time.

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End using sensation deadening condoms. Get gossamer thin supremely sensative condoms designed for sexual pleasure. W.P.C. offers reliable nationally advertised brands of condoms including Trojan products. Fourex, Featherlite! Order from your own home without embarassment. Shipped within 24 hours. ☐ 12 condoms (4 different brands) only $3. ☐ Deluxe package (6 different kinds) 24 condoms $6. ☐ Super Deluxe package 100 condoms (8 different kinds) $20. For air-mail add $1. postage.

☐ 12 for $3
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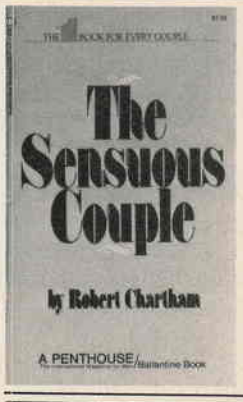

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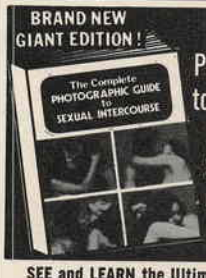

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"Lose pounds and inches in 14 days...or we lose your $9.95!"

"I lost an unbelievable 32 lbs. and 6⅜ inches off my waist...in 24 days...and I'm not stopping there!"

Murray Feinberg tells us... Case #R-027

"I didn't think it was possible... but it happened...and without rigid dieting or complicated exhausting exercises."

Here are 6 reasons why you, like Murray, can start looking years slimmer...in 14 days...if you start using our '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan right away!

1. It concentrates its slimming action on your fatty areas; waist, hips, upper thighs — that give you an aging look. Because it works most of your muscles gracefully—not body part by body part—the Plan stimulates faster slimming action, to help you start fashioning a more youthful looking figure in 14 days.

2. Simple to use. No disrobing. Attach is to any door knob, stretch out comfortably on the floor. Do one '5' Minute continuous, rhythmic, enjoyable exercise, twice daily, whenever you have the time, even while watching TV.

3. Designed to slim fatty problem areas. Choose from 4 different '5' Minute exercises, each created to help slim down the problem fatty deposit areas of your figure in 14 days.

4. No rigid dieting. We suggest you temporarily eat 20% less until you reach your normal weight, without giving up any of the foods you love—eat Ice Cream, Cakes, Pasta, whatever! (It's all in the guide).

5. Safer and saves time. No more running to gyms for complicated, exhausting workouts that can strain you. This simple '5' Minute Plan, that you do at home, leaves you refreshed.

6. Weighs only 16 ounces. Fits any wallet size case. Stores anywhere. Travels with you so you never have to miss a slimming session. Remember, it's the daily sessions that firm, shape and fashion you a more youthful looking figure.

It's Fun With Results..."5" Minutes And Out.

THE SECRET WHY IT BEATS FASTING ALONE, MAKING YOUR FIGURE LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.

Fasting programs, when causing weight loss, unlike our plan usually burn off more active tissue (muscles) which can cause your skin to wrinkle, muscles to sag and create dragging fatigue. Our Plan increases active tissue growth—through the use of the '5' Minute exerciser—while concentrating greater fat loss by (exercise and temporary 20 percent food reduction) making you look years younger as you slim. Within the first '5' minutes you use the exerciser, you start burning off fat, speeding up your metabolism to help burn up stored calories, releasing excess water. Helps curb your appetite without supressants. Increases energy and well being. It's so simple and enjoyable a Plan to follow, we guarantee you can stay with it remaining slim without regaining those inches and pounds. It can put an end to your "gain-and-loss-cycles."

Patent Pending © Copyright Joe Weider, 1974.

USE OUR '5' MINUTE TOTAL BODY SHAPER PLAN FOR 14 DAYS AND WE GUARANTEE YOU THESE RESULTS:

"You Will Lose Inches and Pounds. Improve Your Vitality, Energy, Fitness, Posture, Work Off Body Tensions, Feel and Look Better and Younger — All To Your Satisfaction Within 14 Days — Or Your $9.95 Will Be Refunded."

EXPERTS AND CUSTOMERS AGREE:
It's the no-nonsense way to shape up fast!

Scientific reports and many of our 600,000 customers inform us that sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and other effortless exercisers' are of little or no value in firming, shaping and beautifying your figure. "YOU MUST WORK OFF THE INCHES," experts say. We believe, and results prove, our's is the simplest, safest, most enjoyable Plan to do it.

Here's a sampling of what the customers who have shaped up on our Plan tell us happened to them: **"I lost 25 pounds, 5¾ inches off my waist in 14 days,"** G. C. **"Lost 32 pounds, 6⅜ inches off my waist in 21 days,"** M. F. **"I lost 7 pounds and 5¼ inches off my waistline in 9 days,"** L. S.

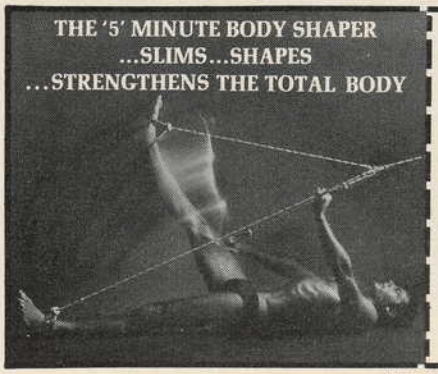
START SHAPING UP NOW!

It is America's most successful body slimmer and shaper. 600,000 customers have purchased our '5' Minute Plan to slim down fast. Results are proven and notarized. Our guarantee to you is in writing. Experts agree our plan works — and works fast. Now, can you think of any reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan and start slimming down today?

Satisfaction Guaranteed!!!

"Use our improved '5' Minute Total Body Shaper Plan for 14 days! See what it can do for you! If it is not what we say it is, simply return it to us, in good condition, for your $9.95 refund."

Weighs 16 ounces.



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I have a lot of pounds and inches to lose. You promise that I will feel glorious and begin to look slimmer in just 3 days.

☐ **I am enclosing $9.95 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.**

☐ Check, ☐ Money order, ☐ Cash. (Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.) Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

Rush '5' Minute Total Body Shaper and Illustrated Guide—in plain package to...

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

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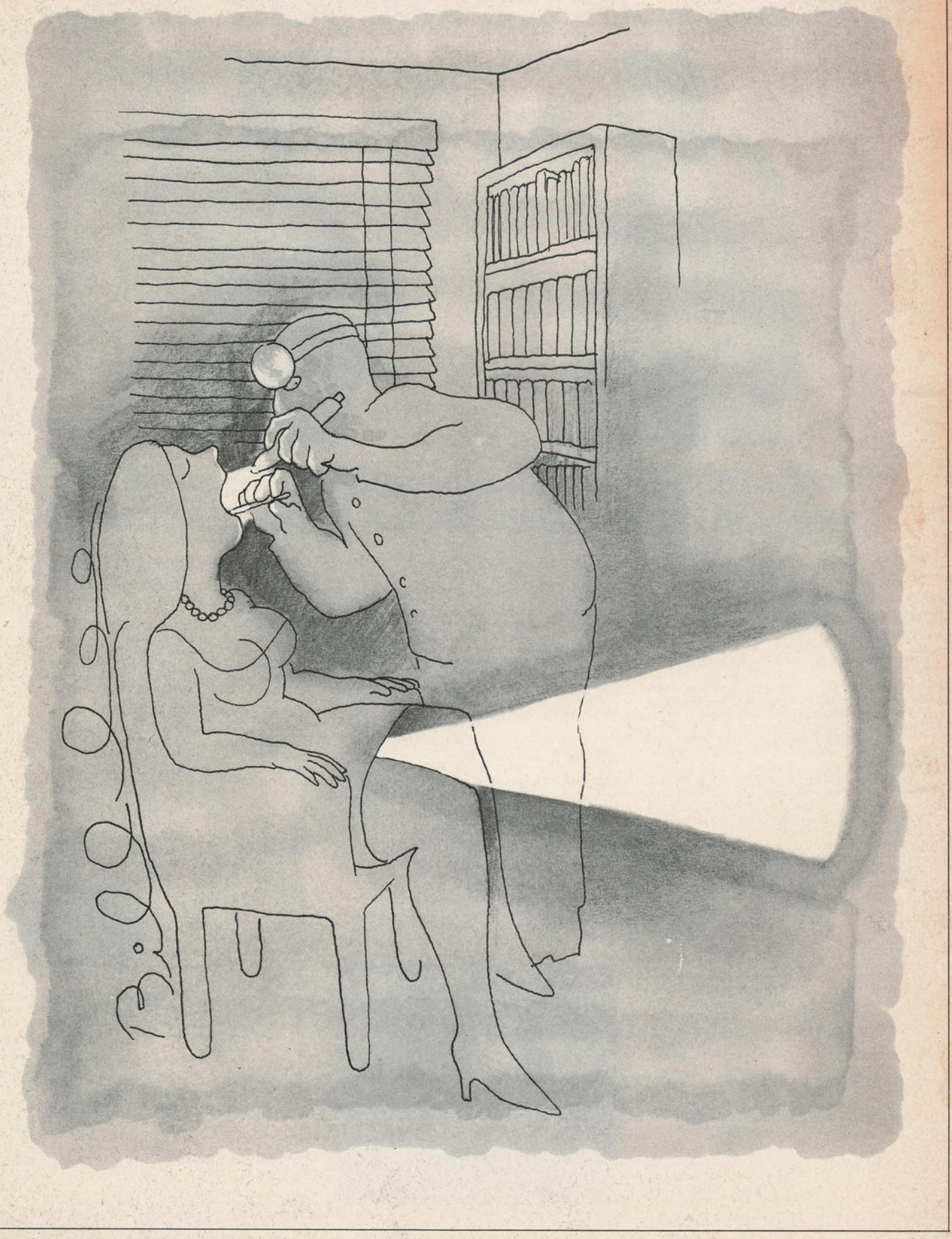
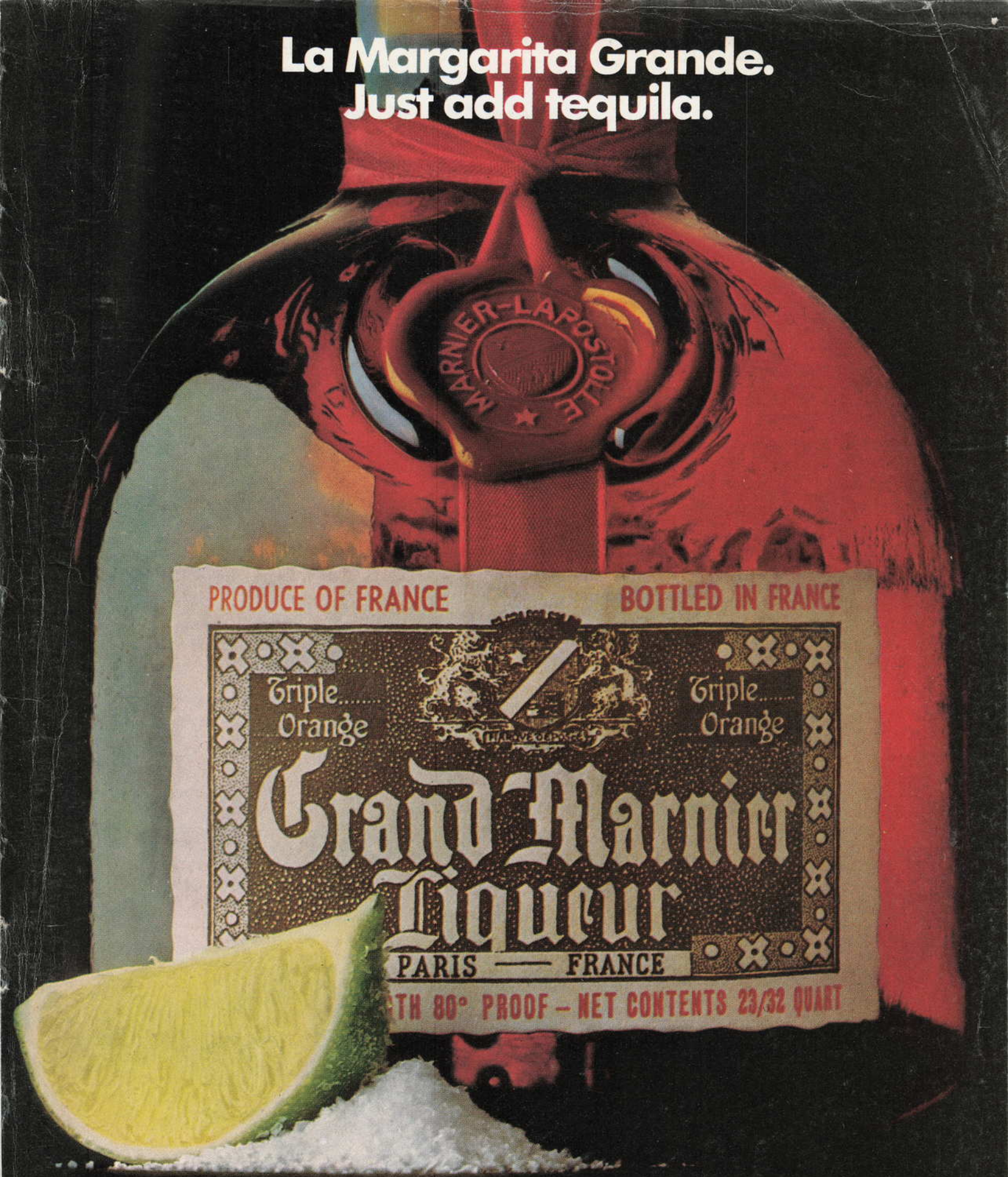
State..... Zip.....

IN CANADA: 5 Minute Body Shaper, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.
IN ENGLAND: '5' Minute Body Shaper, Craven House, 99A Park Lane, London W1Y-3TA
IN AUSTRALIA: 5 Minute Body Shaper, Riley McKay Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 417, Manly, NSW 2095



La Margarita Grande. Just add tequila.



In Mexico, where the Margarita started, the finest restaurants and resort hotels make their Margaritas with Grand Marnier: Chill a cocktail glass, moisten its rim with lime juice, then dip into just enough salt to cling to the edge. Shake ¼ ounce of Grand Marnier with 2 ounces of tequila in an ice-filled cocktail shaker, and strain into the glass. Make it this way yourself. Or ask your bartender to use Grand Marnier instead of triple sec. ¡Salud!

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Carlton is lowest.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for other brands that call themselves low in tar.

	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
Brand D (Filter)	14	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	14	1.0
Brand K (Menthol)	14	0.9
Brand R (Filter)	14	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.9
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Carlton Filter	**4**	**0.3**
Carlton Menthol	**4**	**0.3**

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine

Carlton Filter 4 mg.

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NICOTINE 0.5 MG. . . PER CIGARETTE
*Smoke components commonly but inaccurately called "tar".
Carlton
Carlton

Carlton Menthol 4 mg.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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